# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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**IN THIS NUMBER:** Samuel G. Blythe—Judge R. M. Wanamaker—Anne Warner
Beatrice Grimshaw—Montague Glass—Charles E. Van Loan—Edwin Balmer

# *The* Chester Sack Suit

*(By the House of Kuppenheimer)*

A MODISH soft-roll Sack with narrow shoulders and sleeves. Sufficiently form-fitting to suggest the slender lines of the prevailing fashion.

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THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Makers of Clothes for Men and Young Men

Chicago

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# Big Ben

Made in La Salle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox

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there was an alarm clock who wanted to get up in this world.

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## Here are some good styles for fall

THIS illustration is a good one for you as well as for us. It shows the style in the clothes we make, and the kind of people who wear them.

About all an illustration can do is done in this one; you see the style of the clothes as they look on men and women who wear them. The richness and quality of the all-wool fabrics, the color-harmony of linings and trimmings, the finely executed tailoring, can be known only by seeing the clothes.

### These brief details may interest you

Model 338: Young men's single-breasted 40-inch overcoat, body tracing; a "natural figure" overcoat.

Model 54: You see only the back; a young man's 3-button coat; soft front; waistcoat has 6 buttons, with no collar; trousers specially designed.

Model 51: Young men's 30-inch sack, 3-button, soft front. Specially designed young men's waistcoat and trousers.

Model W 13: Women's 41-inch, single-breasted, soft front overcoat; 3-button through, adjustable collar, raglan shoulders, seamless back, silk yoke lining, patch pockets.

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Look for this illustration enlarged, printed in colors, in the window of the dealer in our clothes. Send for a copy of The Style Book.

# Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

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# THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

## By ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

GIRARD, having definitely proposed to Amorette Carruthers, rose from his seat beside her, crossed to the hearth, and began touching the little silver figurines on the overmantel with the air of one who knows at a glance which are genuine Florentine and which are crass copies.

In doing so his back appeared to great advantage, for he was especially well put together. But Amorette, to her loss be it said, was not looking at it. Still in the corner of the divan, she was wondering why he hadn't remained beside her, wondering it as she minutely scrutinized both her hands and all her rings. Of course he shouldn't have been sitting so near her. But the Heyschotts and the Blackmores, who were stopping in her house, had been so well disposed of that it hardly mattered where any one sat. Still, when a man has been right there and has been so very agreeable into the bargain, why should he suddenly declare himself and then as suddenly bolt? She wondered intensely. Finally she asked him:

"Why are you there instead of here?"

"What does it matter?" he asked back. "So long as I am to marry you, nothing else matters. I only stand waiting to know when."

"Oh, but I am not going to marry you," Mrs. Carruthers said quickly. "There's another man. I'm engaged. I've promised. And I love him too."

"Is that his ring?" Girard queried without turning.

"Which one?"

"You know."

"Yes, that's his."

He came back to his former place then. "Let me see it."

She hesitated and he took her hand. "It seems to be a very good ring," he said after a few seconds' scrutiny. "However, you've no further use for it." And as he spoke he stretched her hand down flat on the velvet between them and suddenly and deftly stripped her finger of the jewel.

"Oh!" cried Amorette sharply. "Oh! And it was wished on too!"

She looked all colors and all feelings. "You ought not to have done that," she added gravely.

"I don't doubt it. But, you see, I wished it off. Who gave it to you?"

The tone was dreadfully cool and unperturbed; but then so was Girard himself, for that matter. As she still pouted and stared and made no answer he repeated: "Who gave it to you? I asked," and returned to the chimneypiece.

"I've Had a Letter From Edgar. He's Coming Home in September, and I Like Him Best"

For a short two minutes Mrs. Carruthers remained stricken dumb by this unprecedented impertinence. Then she said slowly:

"Edgar Carlisle gave it me. You know Edgar. I've always meant to marry him some day. Indeed, I'm sure that I shall."

Girard altered the position of a figurine. "A false prophet," he commented. "You can't possibly reconcile your intention to marry Edgar with my intention to marry you; unless, indeed, you do it over my dead body. Besides, such trifles as mere other men are not worth our discussing. Don't worry over Edgar. I'll send him back his ring safely to-morrow; and he shall always find a welcome and a board, if we have no better bed."

Amorette laughed a little; and her laugh caused her guest to turn and again approach her. At this she started.

"Oh, pray remember the Heyschotts and the Blackmores!" she cried quickly. "And the servants," she added with a gasp as he once more seated himself beside her.

"I am thinking of them all," was his response. "I never forget even the stable boys for a second. But really the pressing need just now is that"—he bent to see her face—"that you look at me."

She looked at him; looked in the queer, entranced way that falls easily within the eyes of all who meet their masters.

"But I'm Edgar's good angel," she protested feebly. "I—I really mustn't drop him. It's awful to drop men. It sends 'em to the devil."

"I've no objections whatever to your being the good angel of all the men in the world, only"—he took her hand—"only I want you to be my wife. I won't mind other men after that."

She still sat staring. "There are so many men," she said in an awed, strained voice. "Wouldn't you really mind them?"

"Not in the least," declared the lover. "Why should I? I'll devote the rest of my life to making you happy with them."

"What! And Captain Cayley? Will you let me go on knowing him?"

"Certainly. I never believed a word of the story about Cayley."

"But the story's really so. Who told you that it wasn't?"

"I felt it intuitively. I'm sure of Cayley's innocence. We'll have him down here as much as you like."

"Oh, I shouldn't want him down here," Amorette protested quickly. "But I'm reforming him, and my conscience won't allow me to stop."

Girard put an arm about her. "You can reform him and all mankind as much and whenever you please. But now you must kiss me."

Young Mrs. Carruthers, who had kissed him before without intending to marry him, now kissed him again, or rather let him kiss her, protesting all the while that she was really engaged to Edgar, that she must reform Cayley, that she never could under any circumstances think of marrying the man beside her, that—and that—and that.

Girard was very patient, enjoying the delight of her conversation, so closely carried on that the words themselves might have been uncertain as to which brain dictated them—if brains have any part in such converse—and appearing not to attach the least bit of importance to what she said. From time to time he murmured fresh assurances and protestations of his willingness to do anything she wished for anybody, and sweetly to share his life and love with any man.

Under the circumstances it was perhaps natural that a bit of time should elapse before either of them recollected the Heyschotts and the Blackmores, who might come in at any moment. It was Amorette eventually who was first to withdraw into a state of re-self-possession, so to speak.

"Thirty-nine, I think, is a very good number to stop at," she observed with some lingering bit of stray dignity.

"It leaves a good balance on the right side," was the way Girard gayly viewed it. Then added quickly: "Of course, nothing is to be said?" It was more than half question.

"Of course. Why, there is nothing to be said. I haven't promised you a thing—not a thing."

"Oh, no, certainly not. I quite understand."

"I am not a bit sure that I will ever have you. It's hard to believe that you really mean what you say about being nice to the others—and I love them so!"

"I know," said the man, with warmest sympathy; "but I assure you that I will make it the business of my life to love them too. I really do mean what I say."

Amorette closed her eyes and sighed softly. "It would seem too good to be true." Then she opened her eyes quite suddenly. "You know you'd mind my going to lunch with Clovelly whenever I was in town," she flung at him.

But he answered calmly enough: "Indeed I shouldn't. Nothing of the sort. What an idea!"

"Wouldn't you really?"

"Not in the least."

"But alone?" she insisted.

"I should hope that you'd go alone. He always bores me."

"And Gilbert Ray—wouldn't you mind Gilbert Ray?"

"I don't know him."

"Yes, you do—Ray, the artist."

"Oh, Ray! No, indeed, I shouldn't mind. He can do your portrait for the ancestral hall that I mean to build some day."

"That would be nice. I should love to have him arranging my hair and my draperies all the time; he's so artistic. I really do care a lot for him. We've been all through Italy together, and that's such a bond. Whenever Madeleine can go along I always go off with them."

"Is Madeleine a relative of yours?"

"No, of his. She's his wife, you know."

"I never knew that Ray was married."

"It is rather a pity. There are seven children too. They set his teeth on edge, they're so inartistic."

"That must be hard! Certainly you shall travel with Ray. I'll take care of Mrs. Ray. Or would you rather that I stopped at home?"

"I shouldn't want you to have to bother with Madeleine much; she looks like a laundress. I don't see why he ever married her. She hasn't any waist line. She's strictly *nouveau art* in the wrong way."

"Probably I'll find something to like in her. I'll promise to try."

Amorette looked at him very suspiciously. "You can never live up to these things you are saying," she said. "You know that you can't."

"Just try me," suggested Girard. And this time both arms went about her.

In a minute she suddenly remembered the Heyschotts and the Blackmores.

"Oh, I must go and dress for dinner!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—and we have arrived at the seventy-ninth without even noticing. Let us make it an even number—say one hundred—and then part."

"No, I must go now. And, oh, dear! I haven't even mentioned De Vourcy; and he's so fond of me. Or ——"

"I will be nice to every one," said her lover benevolently. "Now for the hundred ——"

Perhaps they went a little over the mark; but then certainly they parted.

"I haven't altogether made up my mind yet," she told him at the door. "But if I decide 'no,' you may keep the kisses. I shan't want them back."

"If you break faith with me I'll throw every blessed one straight into your face," he laughed. And then walked off, absolutely content with himself, everything and everybody.

*II*

GEOFFREY GIRARD, on awaking next morning, was at once conscious of the novelty of his position. It is so odd to feel differently from the way all other men in love have felt; but then he had never been much like other men and was used to rare and odd sentiments and sensations. A goodly part of this difference had been born in him—an inheritance, probably, from some remote primordial ancestor—and the rest had come from having escaped at an early age from his native England, with its insular prejudices and its rigid devotion to precedent. His travels had been world-wide, and he had learned human nature in all climes and under all conditions. It was his one great study. He had become adept in applying his knowledge of it; and it had never failed him. Now, while still on the sunny side of forty, he had begun an experiment with it that he regarded as the most important that he had ever undertaken. He had the utmost faith in his ability, backed by his formulated laws of human nature, to make a marriage that would be exceptionally successful.

"Marriage is so often a failure," he mused, "because not one man in a hundred understands woman."

His first meeting with Mrs. Carruthers had occurred nearly a year before, on a transatlantic liner. She had fascinated him as a type, and he had been deeply interested more in watching her than in closer association, during the six days of the passage. She was distinctly different from any of his own countrywomen he had ever encountered. For a time it puzzled him to account for this difference; but he learned eventually that she had been born in the United States of an American mother and an Irish father, who had brought her to London while she was still an infant; the latter having been dispatched there as correspondent by one of the great New York dailies.

The Irish paternity accounted for many things, not the least of which was the type of her beauty. For she was beautiful—with the richest, most lustrous dark auburn hair and the most liquid, deepest blue, long-black-lashed eyes he had ever seen. And then there was her rare Irish wit, and her surprising faculty for saying the most unexpected things at the most apposite moments. It seemed that her father had given up newspaper work after a time to devote himself to the writing of comedies and farces, in which he had achieved an almost phenomenal success, more by reason of scintillant dialogue than for any great originality of idea or ingenuity of construction.

When little more than a child she had married Archie Carruthers, a nephew of Lord Balmurcheon; only to be widowed in less than three months by an accident in the hunting field. But her husband left her well provided for, and she still had a small income besides from her father's plays, which continued popular in the provinces long after their author had been gathered to his fathers. Her mother had died soon after their coming to England, and save for a few kinsfolk in the United States and the Carruthers connections at home she was quite alone in the world.

Most of these facts Girard had gleaned more or less accidentally during a brief sojourn in London after his arrival from America. Then he had gone off to Russia, where his cousin was connected with the embassy. But somehow or other Mrs. Carruthers seemed to have followed him in spirit, for he just couldn't get her out of his mind. And before he had been back in England a week he came face to face with her in a theater lobby, where she happened to be witnessing a play with some of her friends, the Blackmores. And then and there she invited him down to this picturesque old Tudor cottage of hers near Tiverton.

It was now the fourth morning of his stay; which simply goes to show that not the least of his principles of action was that which admonishes the making of hay while the sun shines. He was very well satisfied with his progress so far, and as he lay contemplating his next step a wave of consummate well-being bathed his soul. He thought of writing to Cayley and Ray and the rest, and assuring them

*"I am Not a Bit Sure That We Haven't Been Hasty"*

that he would never interfere with them in any way; but after consideration gave over this plan, refraining because it appeared to him better to give them the pleasant surprise of discovering the fact for themselves.

He rose at length and made a very careful toilet, unassisted, having left his man in his rooms in town, since Mrs. Carruthers' house was not overlarge and the Heyschotts and Blackmores were legion. He believed in careful toilets, especially under the circumstances. Such a little thing sometimes may quite turn the current of acquiescence—an ill-fitting coat or even an inharmonious tie. He was big and handsome, rather of the dragoon type, and more than once had been mistaken for Lord Kitchener by those who knew the great soldier only from his photograph and portraits in the newspapers.

When at length he descended to the breakfast room and met Amorette she was so extremely unperturbed that he almost wondered whether he was dreaming or had been dreaming the night before, or whether it was only that she was fully his match in the wonders of complete originality of motive.

Directly after breakfast she went motoring with part of the Heyschotts and part of the Blackmores, and he was left to a riding party of the rest. This plan had been made before the proposal, and he had rather speculated as to whether she would take it calmly when its hour arrived. But she took it very calmly, and so he matched her. He smiled supremely upon them all as they departed, and she smiled back.

"One hundred and one," he declared cabalistically as he closed the motor door; but she never flushed, or blushed, or turned an eyelash. It struck him afresh how very commonplace and out of date such things would be, and he thanked heaven for having made him a pioneer to better things.

It was an uncommonly fine morning for early March, but Girard did not enjoy his ride with the masculine contingent of the Heyschotts and the Blackmores in the least. His mind was in the car with Amorette, and in spite of her perfect behavior he was sure that her mind was in the saddle with him.

They all returned about noon, and by dint of some skillful maneuvering he managed to secure a word alone with her before luncheon. They were again in the library, but she was on the other side of the long table, and so alert and restless that he couldn't possibly have attained unto her unless he had risked every contingency of interruption and jumped the obstacle. But it didn't matter much, as he did not desire to attain unto her. Instead he folded his arms and stood still.

"Do you remain betrothed to me or have you changed your mind?" he asked quite prosaically.

Amorette looked at him without any affection or compunction whatever. "I haven't changed my mind. I did that yesterday when I accepted you. But now I've gone back. I've decided not to have you, that's all."

He felt an odd little ice-cold thrill charge madly up his back, but his lips remained sweet and immobile behind his mustache.

"Why, please?"

"I've had a letter from Edgar. He's coming home in September, and I like him best."

He contemplated her fixedly as she made this masterly yet sweetly feminine exposition of what had happened.

"Go on," he said with polite curiosity when she had finished. "Surely there's more to the fairy tale."

She laughed lightly. "I've always known that I was going to marry him some day. I have thought at times that I could forget him, but I can't; I see that now. It is quite out of the question."

"Yes."

"There is something about Edgar that has always affected me differently from any other man I've ever known. I don't know what it is. Perhaps it's magnetism. At any rate it's delightful. Whatever he does always seems just right."

"Exactly so."

"No one can explain these feelings, but they are the only ones that really last. I've liked a great many men, but Edgar is the only man that I can ever love. It's quite certain."

Girard thought about Carruthers. He wondered whether he, too, was only in the liked class. He turned his head then and looked out of the window. A peacock was dancing and flaunting and screaming below. He knew that if he ever let her disconcert him or discourage him he would never get her, never; so he refused to be either disconcerted or discouraged.

"Do go on," he pleaded. "I'm so interested."

"I shall never marry any man but Edgar!" she said steadily, letting the words fall with an accent of finality that should have pierced the heart of any rival present.

"It's quite settled then?"

"Quite."

He took a step forward and held out his hand across the table. "I do wish you every happiness," he said cordially.

As she laid her hand in his he saw that her breath came very fast. "I—I've known him—so ——"

"Naturally. Of course. It's all quite right." His tone was briefly noble in its acceptation of her will.

"You—you don't mind?"

"Not in the least."

"Really?"

"Upon my honor."

She hesitated. "I will kiss you once more, if you like," she said. "Edgar won't mind."

A fortnight later Amorette and Geoffrey were married in Paris.

*III*

AMORETTE going down her first staircase as Mrs. Girard was a temptingly sweet morsel indeed. Surreptitiously her husband regarded her with frankly admiring eyes. Her face shone as did the cloudless sun. She was evidently supremely happy. On the fullness of her velvet cheeks there was the delicate pink of the May bloom. Her deep blue eyes were dancing behind their silken sable fringes. Her parted cherry lips, those lips he adored, showed glistening pearls between. And Paris had surpassed itself in the taste and becomingness of her garbing. Yet as to the wisdom of the step they had just taken she appeared candidly uncertain.

"I am not a bit sure that we haven't been hasty," she dared to say. "I was engaged to Edgar and I ought to have married him."

"He wasn't there to interpose at the right minute or he could have stopped it," her new husband reminded her.

"But he didn't know a thing about it."

"He should have known. Fancy being engaged to you and going off to Rome for a year! He deserves his fate."

"Do you suppose he'll see it in the papers?"

"Sure to," said Girard soothingly. "But to make certain that he doesn't miss it, suppose we send him a telegram."

"I couldn't be so cruel."

"I Know You're Afraid it Was Your Picture That He Had in His Hand, But I'm Sure it Was Mine"

"It's kinder than letting him come on it unawares. Think of his coming upon it at the breakfast table," he pictured. "It's liable to spoil his appetite."

"No." Her determination was immovable. "I can't hurt him. I'm sure he wouldn't like it. You see he's always expected to marry me some day, and —— What did you do with the ring, by the way?" she suddenly asked. "That one you took from me?"

"I sent it back to him ——" Girard began, but she interrupted him with a little cry.

"You didn't! Oh, surely, you didn't! Why, it wasn't his at all."

"No, of course I didn't. It's in my box somewhere."

Amorette sighed with relief. "I must always tell you the truth, I see."

"It would be nice."

"Well, then, I wasn't engaged to Edgar at all."

"I'm so glad," said Girard.

"Why? Were you jealous?"

"No, not in the least. But I should feel as if it were almost unfair to expect a man who had been engaged to my wife to ——"

But by this time they had reached a place where they were alone, and somehow the sentence was never finished. It could have terminated in many ways, but just how Girard intended it will never be known. They had a successful tea and a delightful dinner, and all things went in all ways well.

On the day after there arose the question what to do next.

"I won't travel," said Geoffrey. "It's a beastly bore when one is happy."

"And doubly a bore when two are," laughed his bride.

"Quite so. What, then, shall we do?"

Amorette smiled whimsically, and whimsicality colored her response. "I daresay Mrs. Carruthers

*(Continued on Page 53)*

# THE AIR FLEETS—By Glenn H. Curtiss

MILES high in the air, invisible to the struggling hosts on the terrestrial battlefields of Europe, mere needle-points in an immensity of space, thousands of aëroplanes are fighting a dream battle for the supremacy of the air. On the outcome of this unseen and by the masses little-heeded battle may possibly depend the fate of all Europe. For this fight to the death may result in the unleashing of those mysterious dogs of war, the Zeppelins, the stupendous possibilities of which are almost beyond the bounds of the imagination.

That we shall ever know the details of this aërial struggle seems improbable. Of those involved few will know what happens to any machines other than the ones in which they are riding, and reports of personal experience will come chiefly from the victors. For this is a new kind of warfare, where no quarter is possible, and one or the other of each pair of combatants must almost of necessity be annihilated. There can be no taking of prisoners, except on those rare occasions when a stricken aëroplane chances to alight within the enemy's lines with pilot or observer still living.

The awfulness of this combat can be imagined by those only who through personal experience in the upper air have come to realize the insignificance of objects or individuals in this practically limitless space. Away up there, in machines speeding at the rate of nearly two miles a minute, men need in the clearest weather be but three or four minutes apart to be hopelessly lost from sight of one another; in hazy or cloudy weather an enemy may be within easy striking distance before he is either seen or heard. If you can follow the demand of the doctor of philosophy who asks the student to imagine himself a formless, dimensionless consciousness in limitless space, you may get an inkling of the conditions under which this war in the air is being conducted. For in anything but very clear weather these grapplers in the central blue will be seeking and doubtless meeting their foes in a void of stupendous immensity.

Everywhere men are asking: What of the vaunted flying fleets of Europe? What are the aëroplanes doing? Where are the Zeppelins? And as their imaginations dictate other men are writing replies to these queries. Some are saying that Europe has been disappointed in her flying machines; that the results as reported have been negligible; others have invented spectacular incidents that to those familiar with aërial navigation and its possibilities have appeared to be impossibilities. The work of the aëroplanes will probably not appear in one decisive conflict, but bit by bit the cumulative effect of their work is unquestionably having a great effect upon military strategy and tactics. To question the value of aëroplanes in warfare is to question the value of foreknowledge. To Europe's struggling hosts the aëroplanes are far-seeing eyes, that look alike beyond fortifications, hills and woodland, and reveal to the opposing commanders every move of large bodies of troops. Just as long as both sides are well equipped with aëroplanes unlooked-for coups on a large scale will be practically impossible, unless perhaps through the help of the automobile vast numbers of men are carried swiftly under cover of darkness across many miles of territory.

What we have to do with is not the strategy of the earth's battlefields, but rather the strategy and tactics that may result in dominion of the air for one side or the other, after which dominion of the surface of the earth may be more quickly disposed of. Neither side, we may safely assume, is pleased with the idea of having every move under the constant surveillance of the enemy's air scouts, and every effort doubtless will be made to clear the sky of these peering eyes. How best to accomplish this result, while continuing the day-to-day work of reconnoissance, can be decided only by the experimental work undoubtedly now in progress. This presents a series of new questions which actual results under service conditions alone can answer, though an idea of what to expect may be gained by comparing the existing aërial fleets, as to their numbers, as to the types of machines employed and their separate capabilities, and as to the aviators and the systems under which they have been developed for this crisis. Back of the aëroplane forces are the great dirigible balloons, which we may leave for later consideration. Their turn may come when they can be used without let or hindrance. For the moment they may occasionally work under cover of darkness, but they seem too vulnerable to aëroplane attack to be risked in the open warfare of broad daylight. First, then, unless I am greatly mistaken, it will be aëroplanes against aëroplanes until the path is clear for the warships of the air. But if either side can clear the air of its opponent's heavier-than-air craft, then the dirigibles and other lighter-than-air machines will have to be classed with the major forces, such as lightning, cloudbursts, tornadoes and earthquakes.

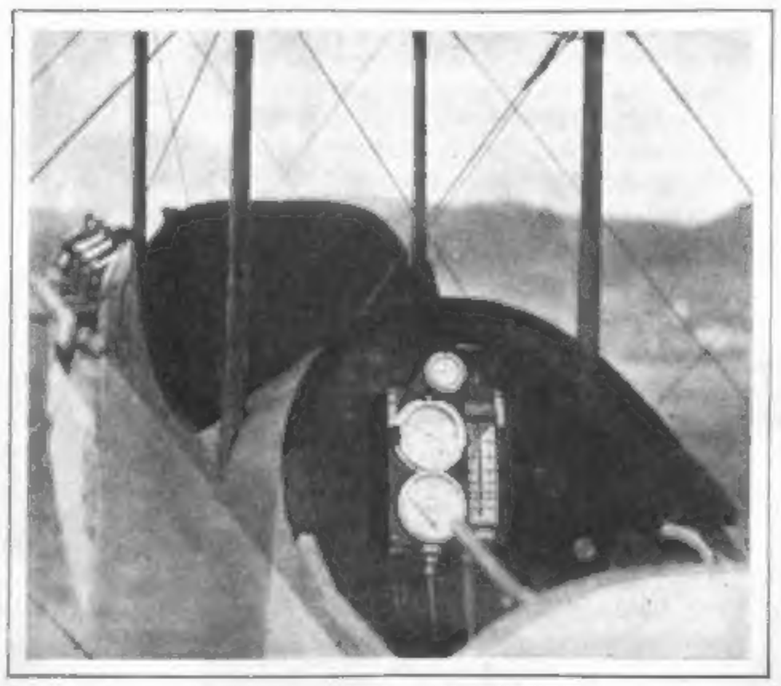
First, however, there remain the thousands of aëroplanes to be dealt with. Each of the countries involved in this war uses more or less characteristic types of aëroplanes, and only the war can prove beyond question which type is the most effective for military purposes, or if, as seems likely, as many kinds of airships are needed to complete an offensive and defensive aërial force as there are kinds of vessels in a modern navy.

To the lay mind aëroplanes are just aëroplanes, all equally dangerous, and scarce to be told from one another except for minor details of no apparent importance. But, as a matter of fact, there are aëroplanes of many kinds designed for different purposes, and though overlapping in their accomplishments at certain points still differing widely

in their capabilities. There are two great general classes of aëroplanes—the monoplanes, which have but a single surface, and the biplanes, which have two superposed surfaces. Either of these classes may be of the tractor variety, which is drawn through the air by a propeller projecting in front of the machine, or a pusher, which is impelled by a propeller or propellers at the rear of the main surfaces. The advantages claimed for the tractor type are, first, that the heavy motor is in front of the aviator and consequently cannot fall on him in case of a tumble; second, that the propeller in front of the machine is more efficient because it is biting steadily into new undisturbed air. For the pusher type is claimed, first, a wider range of vision and action for the aviator, who can see or shoot directly ahead without interference from the propeller whirling directly in front of him; second, greater comfort and increased efficiency for the aviator, who is free from the hundred-and-fifty-miles-an-hour wind blown into his face by the tractor screw. As to the relative merits of monoplane and biplane, it used to be quite generally admitted that the monoplane had the greater speed, while the biplane had greater weight-carrying ability. During the past two years, however, the biplane has made remarkable advances in the matter of speed range, and it is now in more general demand than the monoplane. But these are moot points, and in the aërial fleets of Germany, France, Russia, Austria and England tractors and pushers, biplanes and monoplanes, all find their places among the different minor types of the aëroplane species. They are general types, and we find pusher biplanes among the fleet of single-seater speed scouts as well as among the heaviest of weight-carrying armored aëroplanes.

### *The Mosquito Fleet of the Air*

THE British War Office classifies three distinct types of military aëroplanes, with two supplementary divisions, and designates the main classes as light scouts, reconnoissance aëroplanes and fighting aëroplanes. Reconnoissance aëroplanes are subdivided into Classes A and B, as also are the fighting aëroplanes. Practically the same classes are recognized in all the other countries. The light scouts may be either monoplanes or biplanes, but the fastest of them to-day are the tiny French monoplanes, capable of a maximum speed of not far from a hundred and fifty miles an hour, though almost any machine capable of more than a hundred miles an hour may be said to belong to the speed scout class. They are the mosquito fleet of the air. They are designed to carry only a pilot and as a rule fuel enough for but two to three hours. With their very small surfaces and relatively great power they are able to climb into the air at amazing angles, sometimes faster than a thousand feet a minute, their horizontal speed being as already stated from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles an hour, or faster than anything else in the world but an explosive-propelled projectile. In them everything is sacrificed to speed. Their range of action is very limited, their offensive ability practically nil, and they are so light and delicate that they can be used only from specially prepared bases, with large expanses of absolutely level ground to rise from and alight upon. Because of their speed they are practically immune from attack in limited areas, and can dart out to secure special information or carry special dispatches and dart back to headquarters again with small chance of being struck by rifle bullets either from the ground or the air. Their drawbacks as general reconnoissance machines are due to their limited range, their inability to carry offensive material in the form either of rapid-fire guns or of bombs, the great preoccupation of the pilots, who have about all they can do to keep these tricky little birds right side up and the likelihood that in the course of very little active service they will break themselves up because of their fast landing speeds.



*Interior of Reconnoissance Biplane Showing Instruments of Aërial Navigation*

Almost all of these very fast little fellows are French monoplanes of the tractor type, and they are owned by France, England and Russia. England has another and far more useful type of fast-speed scout in her tiny single-seater biplanes. These have a maximum speed, with their hundred horse-power motors, of considerably more than a hundred miles an hour, and they possess the very great advantage of being able to slow down to less than forty miles an hour for landing. On an ordinary field a machine can be landed safely at forty miles an hour, but an aviator must have a field of billiard-table smoothness on which to land a machine the slowest flying speed of which is in the neighborhood of eighty miles an hour. Germany is said to have similar speed scouts in contemplation, though I have not heard of their actual production. The chief value of these little fellows has been their ability to retain the Gordon-Bennett International speed trophy for France during the past few years, which has kept the eyes of the world on French builders and brought them the business needed to assure rapid development.

Fast reconnoissance machines will play an important part in the struggle for aërial supremacy. The standard requirements for these machines are that they carry pilot and observer, fuel and oil for a minimum of three hundred miles, a surplus useful load of not less than eighty pounds, climb thirty-five hundred feet in seven minutes, and fly in high-speed tests not slower than seventy-five miles an hour, and in slow-speed tests not faster than forty-five miles an hour. Many of the present-day reconnoissance machines exceed these specifications, the Germans in particular claiming for their reconnoissance machines a speed range of from forty-five to a hundred miles an hour. England is at present the acknowledged leader in the development of this type of machine. The business of these machines is just what the name suggests. Fast enough in horizontal speed to escape any antagonist seen in reasonable time, they will sail leisurely over the enemy's lines, while the observers with map holder and camera or sketch pad before them make accurate records of the disposition of the enemy's forces. The observer is armed with a quick-firing rifle and the machines are fast enough to discomfort the mosquito fleet, though as most of them are tractors the observer cannot fire at machines directly in front of him, but would have to shoot from above, below or nearly broadside.

Directing the artillery fire of their own side by finding and hovering over the enemy, signaling the enemy's position to their own gunners by puffs of smoke or lamp-black, will be another important function of the reconnoissance machines. The slower reconnoissance machines, those classified as Type B, are more solidly constructed, and are designed for landing on and leaving even plowed fields should this prove necessary.

### *Death Drops From the Sky*

THOUGH England leads in the development of the fast military tractor, her predicament seems to lie in the fact that she has comparatively few of them, probably less than a hundred when war was declared, and that even though she is able to turn out aëroplanes otherwise complete, she seems unable on short notice to produce motors with which to equip them. France has numbers of machines belonging in this class, and so has Russia, her ally, but France so far has been the main source of aviation supplies, both as to aëroplanes and motors, for both Russia and England; and there is every indication that Germany's first business will be to overrun France and eliminate her motor and aëroplane factories from the contest.

However formidable the fast reconnoissance machines might be if unopposed, they will, I think, have to give way before the weight-carrying or so-called fighting aëroplanes. England demands of these machines a fuel capacity of three hundred miles, a speed range of forty-five to seventy-five miles an hour, a climbing speed of thirty-five hundred feet in eight minutes, while carrying pilot, gunner, and an additional load of one hundred pounds. The machines must offer a clear field of fire in every direction up to thirty degrees from the line of flight, and consequently the English, French and Russian fighting aëroplanes are in the main of the pusher-biplane type. These machines also seem to compose the bulk of the German aërial force, as well as the backbone of the aërial fleets of France and Russia. They carry the pilot and gunner in a little armor-covered cabin or nacelle well in front of the main planes, in which is mounted a quick-firing machine gun or perhaps an accurate bomb-dropping device. As a maximum they may be said to carry an even thousand pounds of useful load, which may be in the form of a pilot and enough fuel for a flight of from twenty to twenty-four hours; or a pilot, a few hours' fuel supply and half a ton of explosives; or two men and a machine gun; or any other combination desired.

On troops the fighting aëroplanes might have no worse effect than that of disturbing their morale, but it seems almost certain that Germany's hundreds of this type of machine will make matters very hot for any loiterers among the speed scouts or reconnoissance machines I have described. If this business in any way resembled the familiar aviation meet, with all machines in friendly competition, starting from the same field in plain view of one another, the faster machines soon would get out of range of these slower fighters. But when you consider that a fleet of fifty or a hundred of these fighting aëroplanes may start at night from some town in the interior of Germany, fly through the dark, and at dawn be hanging invisible thousands of feet above the scene of some impending battle, you may gather some idea of the havoc they may raise with machines of local range attempting to work below them.

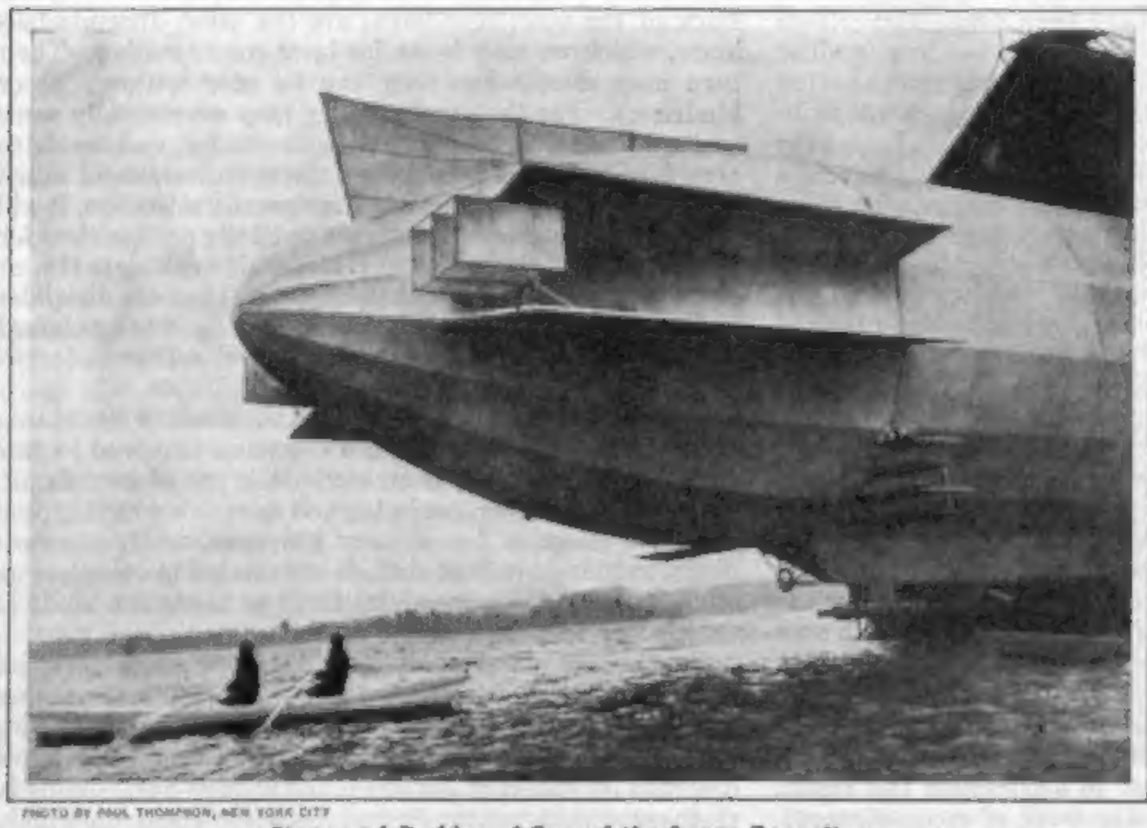
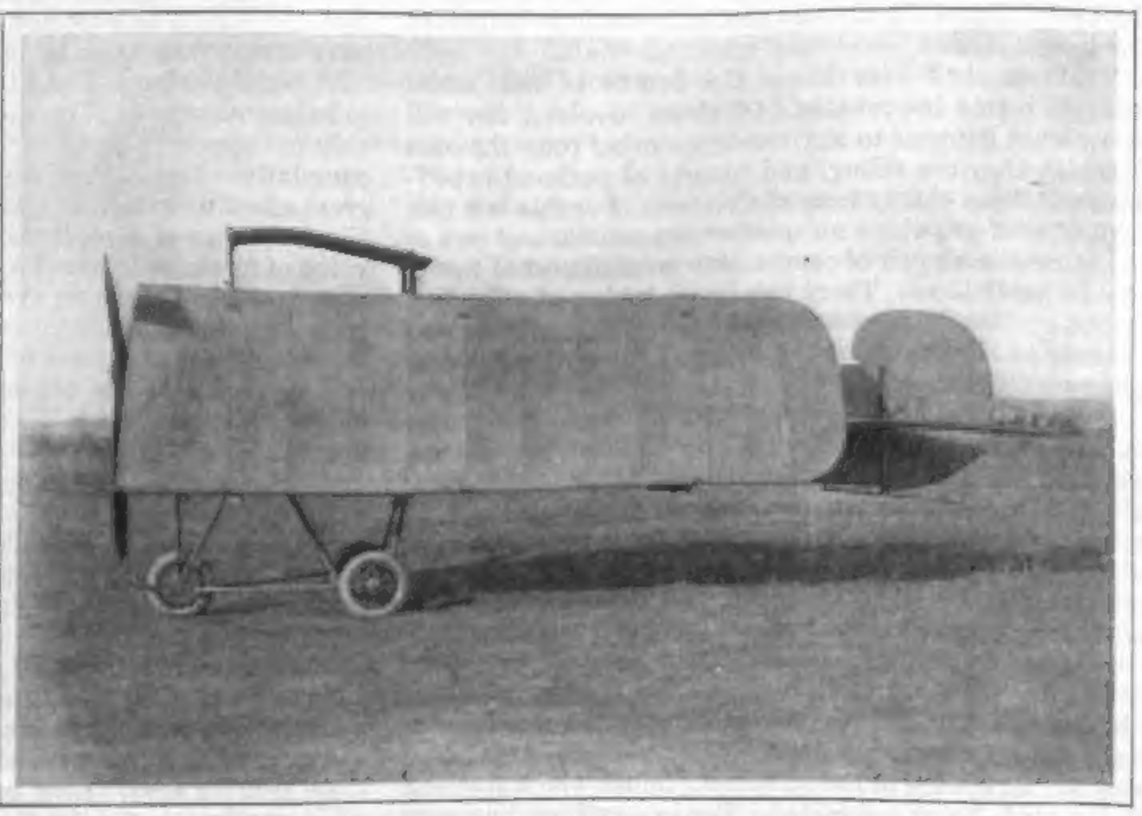


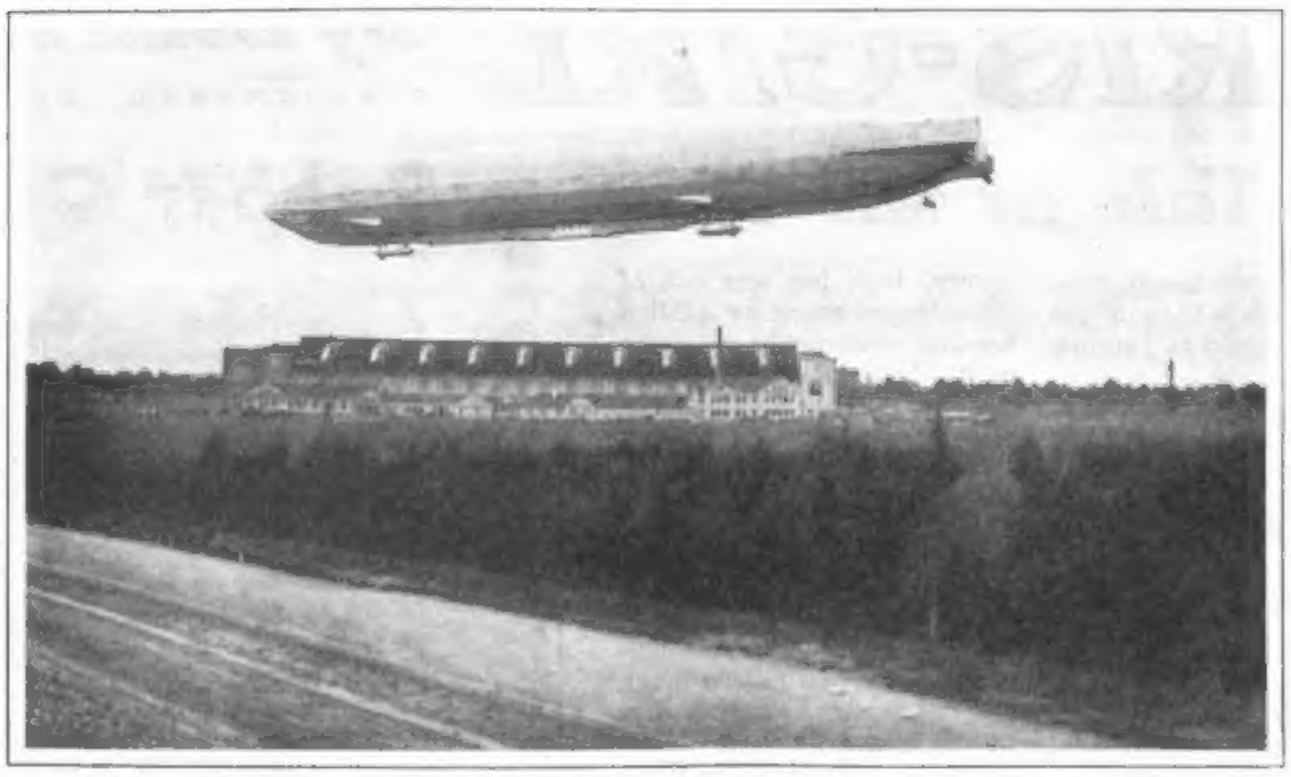
PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

*Stern and Rudder of One of the Large Zeppelins*



*Military Tractor With Folded Wings Ready for Land Transport*

I refer to them as invisible, because only in very clear weather can an aëroplane flying higher than ten thousand feet be seen from the ground, whereas the Germans have an approved altitude record of more than twenty-six thousand feet, made, I believe, with the same type of machine they used in setting the world's duration mark at more than twenty-four hours of continuous flying. It may be these man-made war hawks will follow the fashions of their feathered kindred, and drop like plummets upon their more or less unsuspecting victims. For though themselves unseen, unless by chance they come within the range of powerful glasses, they certainly will be able to examine in detail the panorama spread below them, and the starting out of a speed scout will be the signal for the upending of the watching hawk, who can dive head first at the lower machine at a speed of between two and three miles a minute. A machine's speed in horizontal flight propelled and upheld by its motor alone is not to be compared with that machine's speed in an almost vertical drop through space with the force of its one hundred or one hundred and fifty horsepower motor added to the pull of gravity. About two years ago we held a stop watch on Lincoln Beachey during one of his fast dives. The machine he was flying was capable of perhaps seventy miles an hour in horizontal flight. When he started the drop he was five thousand feet in the air, directly over a point one mile distant from where we were standing. In thirty-seven seconds he stopped the machine on the field beside us. And these heavier war machines of faster lines will drop through space more rapidly than that.



*One of the Big Zeppelins*

### *Grand Strategy Above the Clouds*

NUMBERS of hitherto unanswerable questions are presented by this war in the air. Will the great aërial duel be between the machines of this type and of approximately equal capabilities? I cannot see that the high-speed tractor machines have any more chance of overcoming the armored pushers than a dirigible would have of resisting the sudden attack of a large fleet of the faster little machines. The reconnoissance machines may be able to evade the fighting aëroplanes, but there is a great chance that the heavier machines will, by the development of new plans of aërial strategy, drive the lighter ones completely from the field, or keep them so busily dodging that they will prove ineffective for scout duty. What with the decimation of their ranks by the enemy and the natural wear and tear of active service on these smaller speed scouts, the issue soon may resolve itself into a duel between the fighting machines. If Germany succeeds in overrunning France and destroying her aëroplane and motor factories, her consequent command of the air, which seems an almost certain eventuality in such circumstances, would give her an advantage beyond estimate.

Here will lie the opportunity of some embryo Napoleon of the air. Just as long as both sides are well equipped with aëroplanes the land battles will be fought like games of chess, in that every move will be known almost in advance. The power of divination will no longer play a leading part in deciding the fortunes of war, and the advantage, as some famous general described it, "of guessing what the other fellow is doing behind the hill" will be discounted. Every move will be made in plain sight, and in each case there will be opportunity to checkmate it if its significance is correctly read. But high among the clouds, with hundreds of machines engaged, scarce able to distinguish friend from foe, open to attack from below, above or from either side, each side will plan desperate moves to wrest from the other the advantages of these far-seeing aërial eyes. Clever strategy may win, but more than likely the victory will go to the side with the greatest number of well-equipped machines operated by the best pilots.

For several years I have been more or less closely in touch with the various problems of military aviation, but only since the beginning of this war prompted me to more serious consideration of the opposing aërial fleets have I grasped the significance of many of the events of which I have known. Aviation, as we know it in America, has meant from one to half a dozen machines starting from a fair field and disporting themselves a few hundred feet in the air principally for the entertainment of spectators; but its casualties have made it seem a costly form of entertainment. So, too, with military aviation. It often has seemed that the advancement we made was not worth the sacrifices. But now, in the face of the European cataclysm, I realize that the men who gave their lives for aviation really were martyrs to a cause, and that cause so great a one that it may easily change the map of Europe if not that of the entire world.

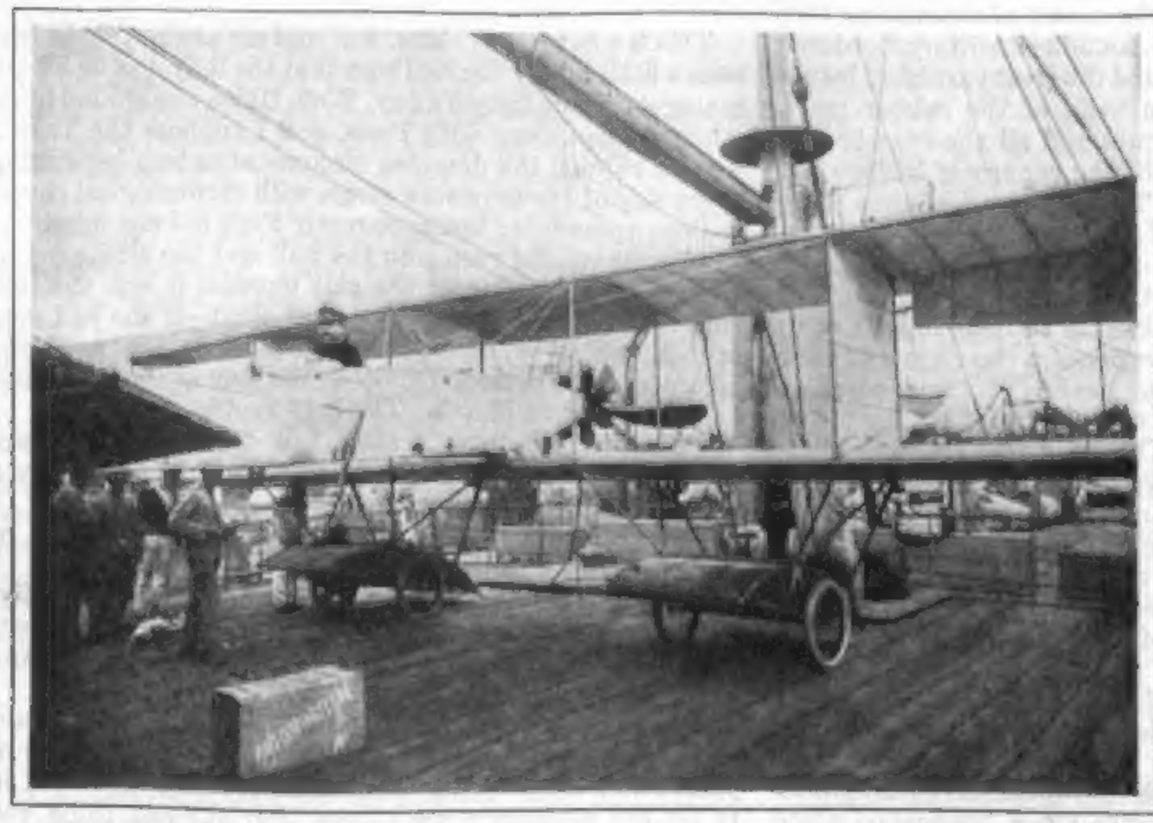
Germany and Russia have exercised so strict a censorship over military aviation during the past two years that it is only when I come to tot up odds and ends of private information that I realize how large a number of aëroplanes are participating in the present struggle. As a rough estimate I should say the number is not far from three thousand machines, divided not unevenly between France, Russia and England on the one hand, and Germany and Austria on the other. I am aware that this does not agree with the current idea that Germany is staking her all on the dirigibles, while France is risking her national life on the success of her aëroplanes. When one gets right down to actual figures France appears to have almost as many balloons as Germany, while the latter country, it seems safe to say, has more serviceable aëroplanes on hand than France. So far as relative numerical strength in aëroplane equipment is concerned, I should place the countries in the following order: Germany, some 1300 machines; France, 1000; Russia, 500; Austria, 200; England, 200. This assumes conditions at the time war was declared. Undoubtedly since then both sides have been turning out machines by the score, working their big factories day and night to the fullest capacity, so unless the aëroplane casualties have been far greater than press reports would indicate the number of machines in service is increasing daily. The figures given do not pretend to estimate the total number of machines owned by these governments, for it is sure that the number of their obsolete machines that are too slow and too weak to be available in such a crisis would add another thousand to the gross figures.

France, I believe, was the first of the European nations to appreciate the military possibilities of the aëroplane. Before the gasoline motor had reached a stage of development where it could be used in aviation the French Government financed the Ader attempt. When the Voisins and Farmans began to make machines that would fly a short distance the French Government soon came to their support. With the development of the aëroplane, following the impetus gained through the demonstrations of 1908 and 1909, French appropriations for military aviation increased by leaps and bounds, and it is claimed that during the past two years they have spent more than fifteen million dollars on this branch of the service. The French would be stronger in the air than they are to-day had they built to a standard; but the ambitions of manufacturers, complicated it is said by politics, have resulted in their acquiring a great variety of machines, many of which are of doubtful utility in the present emergency.

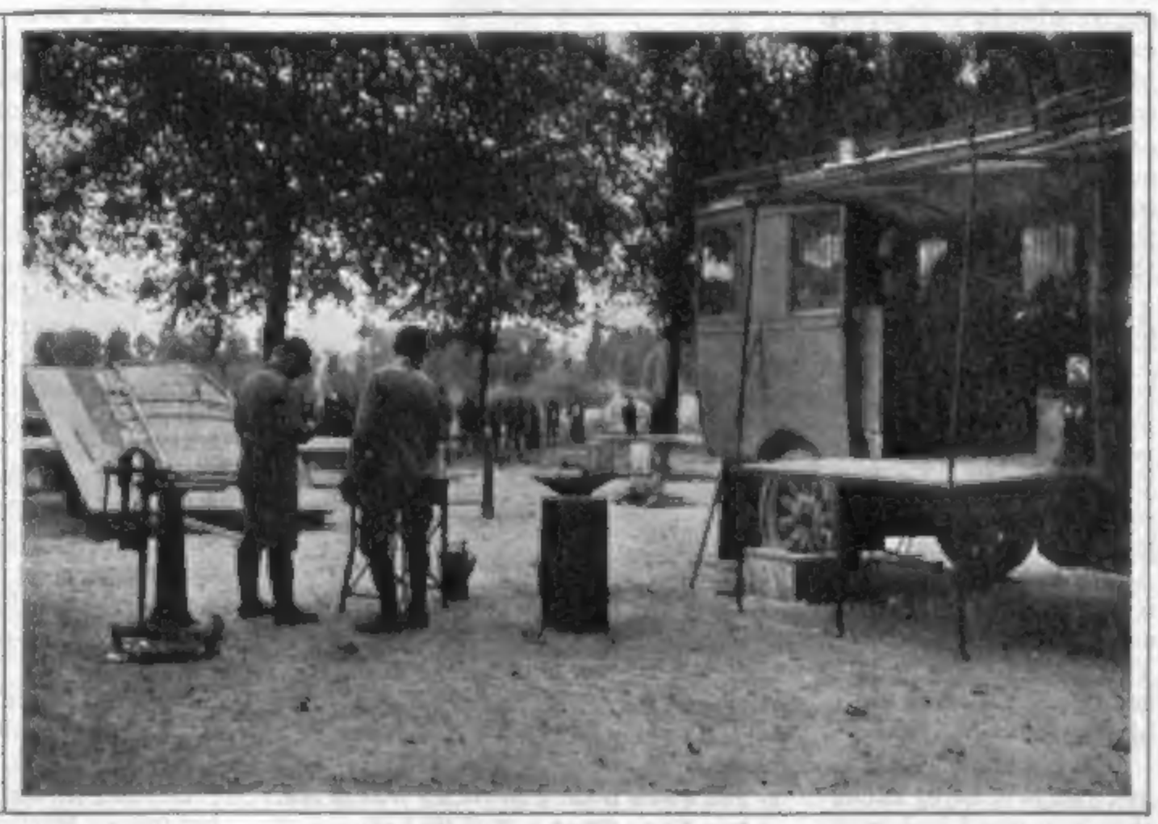
### *The Circus Stunts of French Airmen*

IT SEEMS to me that in order to get miscellaneous foreign business French manufacturers have worked more for the spectacular and less for the substantial. As other governments became interested in aviation they turned to France, the country whose exploits they heard of most, for their machines, and the competition for this business led to wonderful feats of speed, over-mountain flying and similar daro-devil stunts, culminating in Pégoud's famous loops and tail slides. They have machines that will fly more than two miles a minute, machines that can jump over a thirty-five-foot obstacle with a start of only one hundred feet, aviators capable of outdoing the birds, and had they worked with a set end in view they would be leaders beyond comparison. Acknowledged leaders for several years, they have lost first place in the esteem of the aviation world during the past two years. But they have built up a strong industry in the manufacturing of both aëroplanes and motors, thereby creating an invaluable domestic source of

*(Concluded on Page 33)*



*Fighting Aëroplane—Gunner in Front in Armed Nacelle*



*French Aëro Repair Shop for Work on Field of Battle*

# THE KRIS-GIRL

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

## The Tale of the Celebes Rubber Queen

SOMETHING had frightened the birds in the jungle—the white cockatoos flew shrieking from tree to tree; the small bright-feathered things that swing in the sunlight gathered themselves into the innermost clefts of bamboo clumps and whistled pitifully.

Something was darkening the glory of the equatorial noon. Hidden as we three were in the forest we could not see what was happening beyond; but the round white spots of sun no longer sprayed off from the varnished leaves, and the dark of the mysterious gullies and gorges had grown very dark indeed.

"It's going to rain," said the old lady in a thin voice, looking up at the dense roof of palm and teak and cotton-wood, hung with thick cordage of liana, that shut out all view of the sky.

Cristina—I addressed her as Miss Raye, but thought is free—stopped chasing an opal-blue butterfly as big as a swallow and put on the hat she had been using as a net.

"It's going to do more than that unless those birds are fools," she said. "We had better get back to the steamer. Quick march!"

"This is outside the hurricane belt," I put in timidly.

Cristina seemed to have traveled the whole world over and I had never been away from Europe before this voyage; moreover, I had known the girl and her chaperon for only two days—since the Juliana called at Macassar from Singapore and took them on. Still, I put in my word, as I happened to know a few rough facts about tropical conditions in general. It had been my business to know. We are manufacturers and wholesale exporters of—but it would not interest you to hear.

"Oh, yes," she allowed, shortening her dress with rapid fingers. "Still, Celebes can put up a very pretty show at times. . . . Mrs. Ash, dear woman, pull your skirt into your belt and take Mr. Garden's arm; you've got to break your own record in the next three-quarters of an hour."

She was still speaking when an appalling sound broke on our ears—the whistle of the Juliana, unmistakably in a starting humor.

"Oh, the brute! She can't! She daren't!" exclaimed Cristina. "She wasn't due to go until six."

For a moment we stood like figures in a stereoscopic photograph, struck stiff in the very act of turning. Then the Juliana whistled again—the long, loud hoot that means: "Going at once!" We started back down the track at a pace that none of us could have kept up for three minutes; but it was not two before the last long howl sounded up from the beach below.

At this we all stopped, and then began to run again. I dragged Mrs. Ash along as though she had been a sack; Cristina trotted like a little mule. It was all of no avail. When we came out on the top of the great cliff that overhung the shore the faithless ship was just clearing the passage in the reef, half a mile out at sea.

Cristina up to this time had been behaving like a silly schoolgirl, calling the steamer pettish names, stamping her tiny foot in its Cuban shoe whenever we halted for breath, and scolding at everybody in general. Now a sudden change came over her; something that I had not seen looked out from her face. She became calm and her small blue eyes—they were small, though very blue and pretty—grew curiously bright and seemed to be looking at something a long way off—not the Juliana.

*"If You Knew What a Brute He Was to Me, if You Knew What a Will He Left ——"*

"There was a reason," she said. "Weather? Yes, probably. Some reefs can't be passed through unless the wind is in the right quarter. The opening here is to the west and that nasty cloud is rising from the west. And the water of the bay is black-blue-green—no soundings, probably. Yes; if the Juliana hadn't got out she'd have been blown ashore."

The old lady, who had more ways of being silent than any one I had ever known, took her arm out of mine, looked round for a fallen log and composedly sat down on it. Without saying a word she succeeded in making Cristina and myself understand that she held us responsible for the whole thing.

It seemed plain we were abandoned—marooned, practically—in the wilds of the Celebes jungle, no one knew how far from any white man's habitation. We had not so much as a biscuit or a box of matches by way of stores, and no clothes but those we stood up in—which clothes were as completely wet through with the heat of the jungle as though we had been dropped into a river.

The birds kept on crying; a cold wind suddenly blew out of the forest and as suddenly stopped. Up in the open sky to seaward a strange black screen was slowly rising; as it rose the sunlight died.

"Cristina!" said the old lady suddenly; there was something expectant in the tone.

Cristina answered never a word. She seemed to be thinking. It was an odd time to think, out there in the jungle with a storm chasing us from the open sea; and I began to break in with some question or remark, but the old lady shook her umbrella at me and said:

"Sh! Let her alone."

*He Stretched Out His Hands in the Pathetic Gesture That There is No Mistaking*

There was a very short space of silence, the cloud climbing all the while; and then Cristina addressed us briskly:

"There'll be a plantation within a mile or two; the captain calculated on that or he wouldn't have done it. It isn't copra or they'd have been loading it. The only other thing they grow just here is rubber. Take this track, help Mrs. Ash along, and look sharp for rubber trees. Now *pigi!*"

If I had not known the expressive Malay word for Hurry up! I should have guessed it from the look of the weather. *Pigi* we did. Mrs. Ash made wonderful progress, half carried on my arm, her black, thin draperies flying and her featherweight little body scarcely touching the ground. In ten minutes the expected happened. We went out of the dense jungle of palms and creepers into an enchanted forest.

It was a rubber plantation in sober fact. A carpet of fine green grass supported innumerable reddish-colored columnar trunks, holding up a dark, cool canopy of leaves at a uniform height of some thirty feet. Wherever you looked you were the center of a radiating star of avenues, grassy, soundless, solitary, bordered by the red trunks and the great varnished leaves and long crimson buds of the rubber trees. Over all the avenues and all the trees spread that dark, cool, shining canopy of leafage like one huge tent. There were doubtless gaps among the tops of the trees, but from where we stood they did not show. It was a wonderful and a lovely sight.

We had about twenty seconds to look at it, standing on the border of a clearing; and then the sky fell on our heads. This may seem an extravagant way of saying that it rained, but it is the truth. The thick tent above us made scarcely any difference in the way of shelter; the rain simply flung itself down in huge sheets of water, as though a colossal tank had broken somewhere just above our heads. And the sound of its falling on the leaves was like the sound of a troop of cavalry going over a railroad bridge.

"'When the rain's before the wind you must then your topsails mind,'" quoted Cristina in a piercing shout. "*Pigi!* It's coming!"

She fled through the rubber forest, as light on her feet as Botticelli's Flora, her soaked white draperies glimmering among the trees as she led us—I do not know how. Somehow, in a moment or two, we had crossed the corner of the plantation and were out in an open clearing; the rain was bucketing down on short grass planted with ornamental trees, and we were flying along a wide tiled walk toward a house, with steps leading up to the veranda, which had tall white marble pillars in front.

At this point I picked up Mrs. Ash in my arms and sprinted after Cristina, who was running wonderfully. I had heard the wind—it was howling behind us in the forest like a wild beast let loose; and through its long, terrible cry came the crack of falling trees.

The next thing I remember was the slamming of doors—tall mahogany doors set in lintels of marble—and the sudden silence of a great dim central hall furnished with things that looked rich and costly and floored with wonderful painted tiles over which our soaked clothes were dropping mud and water. There were no windows in the hall and all its doors had been shut. It was lighted by a great cut-crystal lamp hung in the center.

Under the lamp, standing with her jeweled hand on a table of Florentine mosaic, was one of the handsomest women I had ever seen. It is difficult to describe beauty, since the terms are almost the same in every case, though the results of different combinations vary infinitely.

Pretty women almost always have straight noses and short upper lips; low-growing hair and plenty of it; good color; enticing corners to the mouth and eyes; well-developed figures; white necks and arms. The variations you must put in for yourself. Pink cheeks, yellow hair, small mouths and blue eyes are not much beloved by novelists on the lookout for originality—I have observed that the tendency of the present-day heroines is toward green eyes and mouths just a little too large for perfect beauty—but the ideal above described is good enough for the average man.

The lady of the marble palace had every advantage I have named and one or two more—just that one or two which you cannot describe and must look for among your own recollections.

This is what I saw. Mrs. Ash told me afterward she had seen a little more; she had seen that the lady was no longer young—close on forty if a day. Well, Helen was around forty when she ran away with Paris, and I suppose the Trojan women rubbed the damning circumstance into her during every day of the ten years' siege, with chronological emendations up to date; but apparently Paris did not mind.

After that wild rush into the hall and the slamming of the doors in the face of the gale outside, it was Cristina who first recovered her presence of mind—if she had ever lost it, which is doubtful. Dripping as she was, she advanced with perfect dignity to the lady of the house and addressed her in Dutch. The lady replied:

"There! For mercy's sake, talk English if you can. You don't sound Dutch; and anyhow I hardly know a word of the beastly language."

I was a trifle startled; the address of this queen of beauty hardly seemed to match her splendid presence.

"I'm so glad you're English," said Cristina prettily. "We're in a dreadful plight. That wretched steamer went off at two minutes' notice when the storm came on and left us to perish in the jungle."

"Oh, she would, with that sort of a gale getting up! Mind you, there oughtn't to be any gale at this time of year, and I suppose she counted on that when she put in to let the passengers see things; but the one thing you

can't count on in this part of Celebes is weather. The steamer would have been on the coral bottom half an hour ago if she hadn't cleared. Listen to that!"

Not even the solid marble walls could shut away the crashing of the wind outside and the waterfall roar of the rain. We could feel the house shake every time a fresh gust struck it.

"The captain knew I was here, all right," said the beauty consolingly. "Everybody knows me; I'm the only white but one for fifty miles. You'll all have to stay until the steamer comes back. She'll be here in a week—and I'd love to have you. I could fair bite my nails off sometimes for loneliness in this great jail of a place. I'm a widow, you know—Australian; married a Dutchman more fool I! and settled down in this awful place because he was rich. He died two years ago and I'm managing for myself. I have to stay because ——"

Here, much to every one's dismay, the lady of the palace suddenly sat down on a yellow-satin chair, put her hands over her face and began to cry.

"If you knew what a brute he was to me," she sobbed; "if you knew what a will he left ——"

Mrs. Ash, dripping mud and water from every pore, stood up stiffly and regarded the lady with the air of one to whom no manifestations of grief, accompanied by bad grammar, could possibly be interesting or touching; but Cristina's eyes had taken on that odd sparkle I had seen before, and she looked excited.

A curious thing followed. She dived into her wet pocket, produced a silver cardcase and handed a card to the weeping lady. The latter read it, rose to her full five feet ten of height, and solemnly embraced Cristina.

"'Miss Cristina Raye.' Why, that's the Kris-Girl!" she said. "My dear, there's no one in the whole world I'd rather see. All Malaysia is talking about you."

"I suppose," said Cristina with a slightly bored expression, "it was the diamond-mine manager's wife who started that?"

"Not so much her as the Sultana who had the gold parasol."

"She has it now," remarked Cristina with an enigmatic smile.

"So she has—so she has!" cried the widow admiringly. "And the Governor whose daughter's dowry ——"

"Oh, please!" said Cristina deprecatingly.

"If you don't like it, my dear—but, God bless us and keep us, you're all as wet as drowned rats! What am I thinking of! Jonges!"

A thin, dark native, in white jacket and red sarong, appeared in a doorway. The lady spoke to him in somewhat halting Malay. Then she led the way into a suite of rooms opening off the hall and began disposing of us in magnificent style—a bedroom, dressing room and boudoir to each. Clothes of her late husband were exhumed from wardrobes for me; other wardrobes were ransacked for the two women.

"They're bringing you all something hot to drink," she announced as she left us. "Just you put it down and none of you'll be a hair the worse."

With the pace of an empress she stepped out into the hall; I am sure Cleopatra never looked any more queenly. As she went she turned her head.

"Don't be too long," she said; "lunch is coming in; and I'm sure you're all fair empty in your insides."

The slightest possible sound, resembling the uncorking of a soda-water bottle, came from Cristina's room. As for Mrs. Ash's feelings, a treacherous ventilator made me master of them shortly after.

"Torchon or crochet is neither here nor there; but real point lace on them makes you feel like Jezebel!"

The storm passed over in an hour or so and we spent the afternoon in siesta. Next day we were taken out in a couple of sulkies, drawn by fiery small Macassar horses, to see the rubber plantation. Cristina, who seemed to have made good use of her time, told me something of our hostess as we bumped lightly along the shaded drives toward the central collection of smoking houses and sheds.

The widow's name was Van Cloon; she had had some unhappy love affairs in her youth and had not married Van Cloon until she was thirty. He was old when she married him, but had lived eight years afterward; he had been dead two years now and his will was, according to his widow, "a sin and a scandal." According to Cristina it was the most interesting thing she had come across for quite a long time. Indeed, the very mention of it seemed to brighten her up; but why, I could not imagine.

I was considerably interested about Cristina herself by this time. During the short trip from Macassar I had heard nothing about the girl except that she was an Englishwoman, traveling for pleasure with her chaperon and reputed to be well off. There was some hint of a tragic story in the background—a grief, a sorrow from which she seemed to be trying to escape by means of wanderings unusually prolonged and wide. And, indeed, I had seen a look on her face that seemed strangely ungirlish and sad.

Mrs. Van Cloon's greeting, however, hinted at something more. Why was Miss Raye called the Kris-Girl? Kris, in Malay, means dagger, the pronunciation being neither Kriss nor Krees, but something between the two. It could hardly be a mere play on her name. Nor did she seem to have any special fancy for or interest in the Malayan national weapon.

I shot a glance toward her as she sat there by my side, handling the reins of the fiery little Macassar horse with an easy, almost careless, touch. She wore a white lacy robe of Mrs. Van Cloon's, fastened up to fit. Her face was shaded by a broad-leaved hat; she looked curiously young and simple to be the owner of such a nickname. Before I knew what I was doing I had asked right out:

"Why do they call you Kris-Girl?"

"They don't," said Cristina calmly. "*Prempooan-Kris* is the word."

"But that's what it means?"

"Yes."

"Well, won't you tell me what it means in itself?"

"It might perhaps amuse you to try guessing."

*The Faithless Ship Was Half a Mile Out at Sea*

She sparkled a little and turned her bright, small face toward me. We were bouncing very fast along an avenue of great forest trees, with green ostrich-feather-shaped leaves and flowers of geranium scarlet, alternated with trees that carried not a single leaf but massed themselves against the sky in enormous domes of brightest heliotrope bloom. The ground beneath the horse's hoofs was thick with fallen flowers.

A good way off, at the end of the avenue, you could see the Bay of Gunong Kuda, like a sheet of blue crystal, surrounded by mountains of blue velvet. The gold and the green and the red and the purple, the smiting diamond-brilliance of the sun, the scents and splendor of the whole thing, almost took my breath away; but Cristina looked at it all very coolly. She was not new to the color show of the equatorial lands as I was.

"I'll tell you something," she said as we drew up in a valley of darkly canopied rubber: "You are to take me to call somewhere to-morrow—on a bachelor; an attractive bachelor, just at the age when Balzac says that ——"

"Hold on about Balzac," I interrupted gloomily. "I'm not so much below that age myself as not to know Balzac was just whistling to keep his courage up when he said what he did."

"Very well, then. To call on a bachelor who is attractive whatever his age. Planter in a small way. Lives near here. A great friend of Mrs. Van Cloon, and has some mystery about him; she won't say what it is, but I'm to go and see, and then I'll understand everything. And you're to go, too, because she thinks dear Ash is unsympathetic."

"All right, Kris-Girl," I said. "I'm beginning to see a little light."

We had to get out of the sulkies at this point and go over the greater part of the plantation marshaled by Mrs. Van Cloon, who certainly came out strongly. I need hardly tell you of all we saw—the tapping of the trees, the milky sap running into neat tin vessels, the coagulating in long, tidy sheds by means of—but you would not care to hear. It interested me very much and I could give you all the chemical formulas; still ——

I asked Cristina how she liked it. She said the smell of the smoking houses was lovely and reminded her of Red Indian stories; also, she took certain specimen balls of rubber, bounced them in her hands, and did amazing tricks with them. She seemed to have the eyes and fingers of Cinquevalli. She shied with determination from all attempts to explain mechanical details, but I thought she enjoyed herself on the whole.

As for Mrs. Van Cloon, she stalked like Semiramis through plantation, manufactory, drying sheds and stores ordering the silent, swift Malay workmen; showing processes and results; discussing percentages, investments, expenses, returns, with the tones of a cathedral bell and the gestures of a caryatid come to life.

It interested me extremely. Rubber has not been one of our specialties, but one never knows; and it was a pleasure in itself to hear a woman discourse so ably on business matters. The place was paying splendidly too; I could not have picked a hole in the management unless it was a tendency toward cutting expenses almost overfinely. There was a Malay overseer, but Mrs. Van Cloon managed for herself.

Next afternoon the sulkies came round again, and we started off for what proved to be a fairly extended drive along a shaded forest track. The place was full of magnificent butterflies like floating flowers; parrots, painted in all the colors of Joseph's coat, flew squawking in and out among the trees; once and again a furry, mocking little monkey face peered down and disappeared.

It was atrociously hot, but Mrs. Ash, with whom I was driving, looked as dry and cool as a chip. More in order to make conversation than anything else, I asked her what she had thought of the rubber plantation.

"Didn't look at it!" she said woodenly.

"Don't you like that kind of thing?" I asked.

"My good man," replied the old lady in a sudden spate of communicativeness, "I like London, Kensington, coal fires, and concerts at Albert Hall."

"Then why ——" I began.

"Because one must earn one's salary honestly—play the game, as they say nowadays. It's in the job—seeing things, I mean. Liking them isn't in the bargain. I hate 'em—hate mountains, lakes, castles, Swiss railroads, gondolas, Buddhist ruins, mines, plantations, savages; hate steamers; hate hotels; hate traveling."

"Good gracious!" was all I found to say.

"But I'm honest," she went on. "I'm paid well and I earn it. I'm worth any money. You can't get a chaperon like me nowadays. There aren't any real old ladies left. They wear little brown wigs, with a hole at the back, and a touch of pink and some white on the top; and corsets down to their knees; and heels—and hats! Look at me—real bonnet, with strings; gray hair grown on my own head since the year forty-five; elastic boots, and stays that are just stays. Cristina knows I'm worth all she can give. It's not in the job that I'm to take an interest; but I have to go and see with her. I've seen the Kremlin, Taj Mahal, Boro Budor, Rio Harbor, Pyramids, Sphinx, Niagara, Victoria Falls, Wistaria Festival in Japan, Chinese New Year in Canton, Brittany Kermis, Panama Canal, Midnight Sun. Don't remember twopence-ha'penny's worth of the lot—don't want to! Been out hunting nasty tigers on the back of a nasty elephant. Been camping in disgusting dump jungles full of dirty lions. Got two more years of it, and then I'll go back to my decent home in Kensington and buy it. Never take a ticket so far as Brighton again."

"Why two years?" I asked.

"Cristina wants to travel for five and we've only done three," was the mystifying answer.

"What's that for?" I asked unashamedly, and Mrs. Ash, biting her words off as we bumped along, replied:

"Wouldn't tell if I knew; but I don't. Some fad. Cristina can be close. I respect her for it. Every one knows

about her fiancé's dreadful death three years ago—bitten by a mad dog and died snapping and howling. She doesn't take it as well as you'd think, even yet. Never has that ring off, night or day, in her bath or out of it."

"That curious old ring, like a long marquise?"

"Yes. Chinese toe ring really. I've never seen her without it; she had it when we first met. She started traveling just after he died and nothing has stopped her since. Five years I'm engaged for, and I'll go through with it if it kills me. She pays well and she's a good girl. And as for cleverness, she's got a great deal more than any girl's got any business to have."

"Why do they call her that odd name?" I was utterly ashamed of myself, but could not stop asking questions.

"The Kris-Girl? Malay name. She's become quite celebrated, since we began traveling, for what the natives here call cutting knots. Give Cristina something to disentangle that nobody else can make head or tail of, and see her cut it clear with a sweep. She's wonderful! Ought to have been a diplomat's wife or a detective's—or something in a circus; she can juggle with her hands as well as with her head. But I don't hold with any of it. In my time girls who lost their lovers stayed at home and took an interest in the poor—a great deal more sensible, and more refined too; but Cristina's parents are dead and she does as she likes."

Mrs. Ash shut up like a tap that has been turned off. I do not think she made ten consecutive remarks in the whole of the next two days.

When we reached the end of the Van Cloon estate—which was a good way off—the widow descended from her sulky and beckoned to Mrs. Ash.

"You and I are going to stay here in the teahouse and wait," she said. "You can trust Miss Raye in Mr. Garden's care, I'm certain sure."

"Got anything you want to show me?" asked Mrs. Ash, her elastic-sided boot hesitating on the step.

"I'm sorry I haven't anything to show you here at all—nothing but the little teahouse I ——"

"I'll stop," announced Mrs. Ash, bringing the second boot after the first.

Cristina and I drove on. If I had had any capacity for astonishment left in me, which I scarcely had by this time, I might have been astonished to observe that Mrs. Van Cloon entered the little rustic resthouse with her handkerchief up to her eyes.

We bounced along for a while through sun and shade, and then I asked despairingly:

"Is everybody mad? Or what is it all about?"

Cristina bubbled with laughter. Despite the shadow that never quite seemed to leave the depths of her eyes she was a merry creature.

"I'll tell you every bit I know," she said. "I have Mrs. Van Cloon's leave. She says you are a 'fair treat,' and I gathered she meant to be complimentary. Well, in the first place, the late Van Cloon was not a good husband; he seems to have been quite half mad with jealousy; but I don't honestly believe Mrs. Van ever gave him cause. He kept her shut up here on the plantation and wouldn't let her go down to Macassar more than about once a year. He used to have parties of people staying here, and then he liked to see her dressed up gorgeously and wearing jewels; but he kept spying and watching round her all the time.

"And by and by—she cried when she told me, poor dear—some one came whom she did care for very much. There's a mystery about him; she won't tell me, because she says I must see him to understand. He lives on a tumble-down little plantation near here, and she used to meet him sometimes by chance in the forest."

"Sounds rather thin."

"Well, she says I'll understand when I see him—and, anyhow, there was no harm in it; I would swear to that."

"So would I; somehow I like the amazing widow."

"Van Cloon got to know," went on Cristina, "and there was a terrible row. He died soon after and left a very unjust will. She was to have the estate and income; there are a lot of charges to relatives of his that reduce it a good deal; but, as you see, she's well off. If she remarries she loses all but five hundred a year. If she marries this man she loses every guilder. Isn't it mean—after she'd spent the best years of her life nursing and taking care of the old villain!"

"It all depends. The other man may be an adventurer."

"That's what she thought I'd think; so she asked me to go and see him. She wouldn't give me a letter of introduction. It's funny! She told me just to say to him she was a friend of mine."

"What's his name and who is he?"

"English—named Captain Ord."

"Army or navy?" I asked suddenly.

"Army," said Cristina.

I whistled. Cristina was too young—yes, she undoubtedly was—to remember about Ord of the Nilgiris and his noble defense of the British fort. What that defense had cost him I remembered now. . . . So Ord of the Nilgiris was living on a tumble-down plantation here at the end of the world, and my Cleopatra of the rubber plantation had been forbidden to marry him!

"Do you know anything about him?" asked Cristina.

I was just going to tell her what I knew when something occurred that made speech unnecessary. We had come to a boundary—a well-made, handsome fence of posts and wire—cutting off the Van Cloon estate from something that looked like a half-redeemed wilderness on the other side. There was a gate in the fence and through that gate was coming slowly, very slowly, an exceedingly tall man, dressed in a khaki shirt and trousers belted at the waist.

The rough-and-ready costume showed off to full advantage a magnificent figure held finely erect. The head was thrown somewhat backward, and the chin was a little raised in a listening attitude. Under the shade of the plantation hat that sat on the man's thick, grizzled hair one could see that his eyes were fixed upward and far ahead; yet here the dense, high forest shut in the track like a wall.

Cristina pulled up the horse, and the man in the gateway moved forward and called out, "Who is there?" still with his head raised and his bright, sword-gray eyes looking up at the forest roof. No answer came at first, and he stretched out his hands in the pathetic gesture that there is no mistaking.

"Oh, poor thing! Poor thing! He's blind!" whispered Cristina with a sob in her voice; and I knew—I cannot tell how—that her pity was not for the blind man before us but for the rich, lonely woman in her empty palace, unable to share her riches with the man who needed them and who loved her.

The last was a doubt solved—for me—in the next few seconds. Cristina sprang from the sulky and walked toward the gate. Waves of hope and fear chased each other visibly over the face of the blind soldier as she came, settling down in disappointment as soon as she spoke.

"Captain Ord, I am Miss Cristina Raye, and my friend, Mr. Garden, is with me. We have come to see your place—if we may."

Captain Ord's hat was already in his hand.

"I'm afraid there is nothing to see—it is a very poor little place," he said courteously; "but come in, by all means. Are you from the Juliana?"

"We were left behind by her and are staying with Mrs. Van Cloon for a few days; she has very kindly put us up," replied Cristina.

The dark, lean face brightened suddenly.

"She's always kind," was all he said. "Ahmet!"

A Malay appeared from nowhere in particular. The captain delivered the sulky to him and gave some order in Malay. Then walking with astonishing certainty he led the way through a wretched unweeded patch of cacao trees to a small brown house in a clearing. It was built of plaited bamboos and furnished very poorly. I do not think it had more than two rooms

Here, under the dusk of the deep-thatched roof, with the fierce white sunlight striking vainly at us through the open door, we sat on native-made chairs and drank from the fresh coconuts brought by the Malay. I do not believe there was another creature about the place—no wonder it looked unweeded—and I do not imagine there was anything in the Chinese box that served for a cupboard except the dry biscuits the captain produced for our refreshment.

The place was perfectly clean and tidy, however, and Ord's own clothes, though old, were mended well. The look that Ahmet cast on his *tuan* when bending down to serve him with a coconut explained many things. I believe the Malay would have died for his master. Well, many a man did, in that year of the forgotten eighteen-nineties, without saving Ord, after all, from something that was worse than swift and easy death.

When the coconuts were finished Cristina announced shamelessly that I was dying to look at Captain Ord's cacao patch; and she chased me out into the hot sun while she remained in the house with her host. For the best part of an hour I was left to wander disconsolately about the weedy patches of bush, pinching pods that seemed unlikely ever to ripen; poking my head into the mean little drying shed, where half a dozen trays of beans lay on a packing-case table; observing here, there and everywhere the naked poverty of the place.

The plantation, I heard long after, had come to Captain Ord as payment of a bad debt some few years after his blindness. God alone knows what disappointment, disillusion and faithlessness had driven him out of Europe into this forest hermitage. Straining my memory I could recollect something about a Lady Aline Somebody. Whoever and whatever she was, she evidently had not stood by him.

I could understand how the big-hearted woman in Van Cloon's great palace had appealed to him, in spite of her surface roughness—even in spite of the fact that he had never seen her beauty. I could understand how she came on him during some of his wanderings in the forest; how perhaps she had led or helped him in her compassionate way—the solitary, afflicted man hungry for love. Yes, I saw the story, plain man of commerce as I am.

When Cristina came out she was very silent, but her eyes sparkled and her mouth was tight. Mrs. Van Cloon and she exchanged some mysterious feminine signal as we joined them and they had a long talk after we got home. I noticed that the widow was unusually bright that evening.

Tropical houses, even when built of marble, are treacherous regarding secrets, because every one lives outdoors on the veranda. Drives or walks offer the only possible chance for private conversations. That is why I could not help hearing something that was not meant for me as we all lay in long chairs on the marble terrace after dinner, watching the fireflies dance among the orange blooms below. Mrs. Van Cloon was some way off, but marble carries sound almost like water.

"I've saved and scrimped," I heard. "I've saved on my very back and belly, so I have—not a new dress for two years, and not even a pudding for dinner when I'm alone; but with all I can do, with the charges on the estate, I can't save enough out of the income to make a capital we could live on for another five or six years. And oh, my dear, my dear, time's creeping up on me like the tide—I'm getting old! And he all alone ——"

"Beast!" was Cristina's reply.

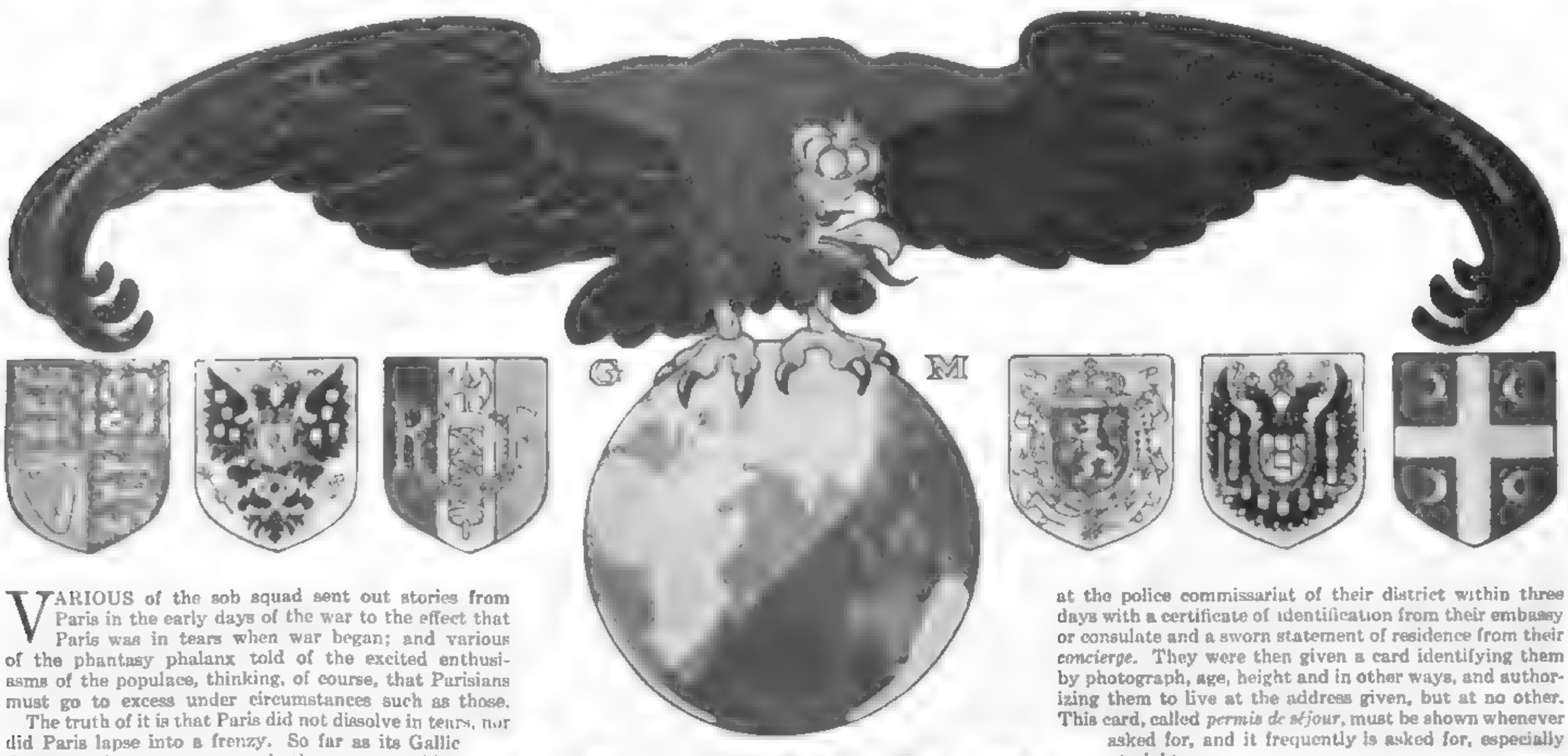
Mrs. Van Cloon seemed to place the epithet where it belonged without any difficulty, for in a minute she went on:

"Yes; that's what he was—and me slaving and nursing all those years, without looking at another man so much as to see whether he had two legs and a head on him or not—except—you know —— And as for these quiet-looking Dutch, you know what they really are, my dear, and the amount of keeping off they take." It seemed Cristina did know, for I thought I heard her giggle. "So there's how it is. Sometimes I wish I had the pluck to go and jump into the Gunong Kuda Bay, and 'a' done with it all; but while he's alive ——"

*The Wind Was Howling Behind Us Like a Wild Beast Let Loose*

(Continued on Page 40)

# PARIS WHEN THE WAR BROKE



## By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

VARIOUS of the sob squad sent out stories from Paris in the early days of the war to the effect that Paris was in tears when war began; and various of the phantasy phalanx told of the excited enthusiasms of the populace, thinking, of course, that Parisians must go to excess under circumstances such as those.

The truth of it is that Paris did not dissolve in tears, nor did Paris lapse into a frenzy. So far as its Gallic demonstration was concerned, there was nothing of the temperamental about the way Paris received the news that France was again at war with the Germans. Paris was not tearful nor was Paris crazed.

Paris was glad—glad that the days of waiting for what every Parisian knew must inevitably come were over, that there was to be another trial to wipe out the shame and humiliation and bitterness and sorrow of the great defeat in the Franco-Prussian War. Paris was calm. All that had gone before ceased to exist. The humiliation of the Caillaux trial, the wide divergencies in the Chamber of Deputies, the bitter opposition to the present government, the social disorders—all individual and individualist passions and propaganda were forgotten.

Paris was about to try again to overthrow the hated "Boche." Paris, and France as well, had waited long for the opportunity. Paris was calm and confident, and Paris was busy. The country, the people, and each arrondissement therein, the departments, Paris as a whole and Paris measured by groups and factions and lines and boundaries, presented immediately a magnificent and a marvelous spectacle of unity. France was united. France turned her face to the foe, and while France and Paris, which is the heart of France, knew the cost would be great, both France and Paris felt confident of the result.

There were some scattered student disorders across the Seine, but they meant nothing and were nothing. They no more type the national spirit than the annual student balls type the national idea of amusement. As a whole the country rose to the emergency, rose gallantly and loyally. And every eligible man between the ages of eighteen and thirty-seven marched away to the colors at the call.

### *A Quick Change From Gay to Grave*

WAR is a paradox in these days; the results of war therefore are paradoxical. Observers expected to see in Paris vast demonstrations, vast enthusiasms, great excitements and much political and social disorder. That is the foreign notion of what logically should happen in Paris at a time like this. What really happened was far different. Paris called to war went to war with a certain insouciance, of course, but with a grim determination and with a spirit that now was the accepted time to regain what had been lost, now was the time to make terrific reprisal on the Germans, that now was the time for France to maintain her very national life—now or never. And, as I have said, the Parisians and all the Frenchmen were glad. They had been waiting for years. They had been preparing—preparing—preparing. All the burden of the great military establishment that had borne so heavily on them was now to become the medium for the retaking of Alsace and Lorraine, for the return of the billion dollars of indemnity that Bismarck took.

The soldiers marched through the streets in groups of tens, twenties, up to hundreds, on their way to the garrisons or the fortifications, and as they marched they sang improvised couplets about the hated "Guillaume." They shouted to the crowds on the sidewalks, and the crowds reëchoed the cries. "A bas les Boches!" the marching soldiers shouted, and the crowds took up the threat. With the soldiers marched their wives or their sweethearts, or ahead of them, or behind them, cheering their husbands or their lovers on to war. One woman, going to the railway station with her husband, threw their baby into the soldier's arms just as the train left.

"Leave him with the station master at the first stop," she cried. "You may never see him again, and I'll go and get him."

The whole affair was amazing in its mechanical execution, wonderful in its precision, marvelous in its completeness of complex detail. It worked like an oiled machine. In an instant Paris passed from a city throbbing with the steady beat of an infinitely varied industry and gay with a thousand schemes of gayety to the somberness and soberness and strict accountability of an intrenched metropolis. There was no more delay or disarrangement than there is when a film showing a happy scene at a moving picture show is taken out and a tragic one shown quickly after. Every man in France who was liable to military duty knew exactly what he was to do, and every man did just that, no more and no less. Instantly, it seemed, great posters signed "Michel, Military Governor of Paris," were pasted on every blank wall. They were read and they were obeyed. These preliminary instructions, and those that followed quickly after, showed that the military managers of France had thought the situation out down to the minutest and the last detail. There was a solution for every problem that could arise or could be foreseen. Apparently nothing was left to the discretion of the people. They were told how to act in every contingency. They were given strict rules for the conduct of their daily lives. They were placed upon a war footing. They were told what they might do and what they might not do. They were compelled to live by rule.

And every person in Paris obeyed instantly. Every person recognized and acceded to the imperiousness of war. There was no confusion. There was no disorder. Paris at war did not linger haltingly over the work or play of the peaceful days. Instead, Paris went to war immediately and gladly and whole-heartedly and confidently. Paris no less than France has a heavy debt to collect from Germany, and Paris set about collecting it with an enthusiasm that was due not merely to a so-called Latin temperament, but primarily to the aroused spirit of a patriotic people.

There were special regulations for foreigners, who were divided into two groups—the citizens of the nations at war and the citizens of allied and neutral nations. Citizens of allied or neutral nations were ordered to present themselves at the police commissariat of their district within three days with a certificate of identification from their embassy or consulate and a sworn statement of residence from their *concierge*. They were then given a card identifying them by photograph, age, height and in other ways, and authorizing them to live at the address given, but at no other. This card, called *permis de séjour*, must be shown whenever asked for, and it frequently is asked for, especially at night.

After the war had been on for a week, or rather after the end of the first week of mobilization, English and all other languages not French were forbidden on any telephone. When a telephone conversation was held in a language other than French the operator first cut in and then explained. Unless the person telephoning instantly used French the connection was closed, and no amount of work or profanity or persuasion could get, nor can get, a word of English or of any other foreign language over any telephone in Paris. A rigid censorship was established at the first moment. Every telegram, both for points in France and for transmission across France, and every cablegram went under the scrutiny of the censor before it was passed along to the operators. Mails were delayed, of course, owing to the instant seizure of all railroads for mobilization purposes, and railroad transportation for private individuals practically ceased for the time being. The newspapers were placed under the censorship and appeared irregularly, and then only with official communications in them, and meager official information as to the progress of the war. No word was said of any movement of troops. The newspapers, in common with every other business enterprise in France, lost heavily of the men who produce them, both in the mechanical and editorial ends, and were much reduced in size.

### *Everybody Walks in Paris*

THE busses were requisitioned, as well as the taxicabs and the private automobiles. The congested traffic of the streets of Paris became a mere dribble. Some of the horse cabs were left, principally because most of the horses dragging them about are not fit for military use, but other horses were taken by the thousand and stabled in the Grand Palais of the Champs Élysées.

Paris was stripped of automobiles. Among the orders of the military governor was one directing all automobile owners to bring their machines to the Place des Invalides—the tomb of Napoleon. They came by thousands, more than were needed, from all parts of the city. It seemed as if more automobiles than there could be in the world were brought to that spot, brought in by millionaires and by poor men, brought in by men with titles and by men who earn a scanty living as taxi owners. They were ranged in great rows in that open space, and whenever an officer took a machine the owner or the driver stepped out uncomplainingly, took his receipt and walked back to his home. It was so with the horses, and with all other stores, materials and appliances needed by the government. France had but to say the word, and all the resources of every man were at her disposal. La Patrie was the sentiment, that and the intense desire to get revenge and reprisal from the Germans.

In order that there might be no epidemic of preventable and filth diseases, special instructions were given, with a view to keeping the city clean and healthy. Vaccination

was urged, and the burning of all refuse other than garbage to lighten the necessary work of collection. Rules were promulgated for the care of infants and of the aged. The mothers were told to boil the milk they gave their children, and were told how to boil it, and directions were issued for the sterilization of all water used.

Inevitably, as in London, there was a semblance of a food panic in the first days of the mobilization. As soon as it was even partially established that war was imminent the cautious French householders, remembering the days of 1870–71, came to the provision shops and bought heavily of flour, sugar, rice, coffee, dried fruits, all sorts of dried vegetables, ham, bacon, salt and smoked fish, and nonperishable comestibles. That was French prudence; but if this war shall not be a long-drawn-out affair then there are many families in Paris and in France that will sit down for a long time to meals that need the savor of a siege to make them palatable.

The small shops were not crowded as the larger ones were, not patronized so heavily. The Parisians turned first to the greater shops and markets. The chains of stores that sell groceries of all sorts at fixed prices as advertised did a rushing business. Long lines of people formed at each one of them, lines regulated by the *gendarmes*. These people were admitted a few at a time, and only a certain amount of food of the staple sorts was sold to each person, a limited supply in each case. Sugar was severely restricted and salt became very scarce, as did various other staples such as rice. This was because the trains were being utilized for moving the troops and all delivery service was paralyzed. During these days milk, butter and other foods dependent on daily distribution failed. As this is written the food supply seems to be normal and the prices about as usual.

The small dealers soon found they could not raise prices. There was no organized or mob demonstration against these avaricious grocers and food merchants, but many a shop was stripped by men who were asked extortionate prices for what the merchant had to sell. One case is typical of many others: A woman priced a bunch of onions. The shopkeeper asked a very high price. She made a protest.

### *Plain Living in the City of Chefs*

"MADAME," said the shopkeeper, "we are now at war. That is my price. You may accept it or not as you choose."

The woman still protested. A passer-by stopped. Then another stepped up to see what the trouble was. Presently there were forty or fifty men there, and after they had heard the story of the woman who wanted the bunch of onions they burst into the shop, stripped it, pommeled the proprietor, and left him weeping over the results of his cupidity after he had been forced to make a public apology and a promise not to be so greedy in the future.

Scores of the little *pâtisserie* shops, which make up so great a feature of the life of Paris, are closed. The bakers are allowed to make nothing but ordinary bread. All pastry and even the finer sorts of bread, such as rolls and rusks, are forbidden. France is at war and her people must subsist on the staples and not demand the luxuries. There is no cake in Paris as this is written, no sweets save those left over from the days before war began, no pastries of any kind. There are no French rolls, no crescents, no fancy breads. The only bread that is being baked is the long French loaf, and that is all that can be procured. This contingency was anticipated also and the bakers have an especial mobilization order for themselves. They are allowed to remain for forty-five days in their shops, in order to get up a large supply of bread and to train assistants, before they must leave for the colors. These new bakers will be boys or old men, for every baker between eighteen and thirty-seven who is able-bodied must go to war.

For some days numbers of workmen have been building pens and barriers on the open spaces to hold the two hundred thousand sheep and cattle that are destined to victual Paris in case there is a siege, and to help provide the armies at the front. The great race courses at Auteuil and Longchamp are utilized for this purpose and all the Bois. The well known Pré Catalan restaurant has been turned into a home for a hundred little girls whose fathers have gone to the front. At the pavilion of the Tire aux Pigeons there is a gallery of Arabs who were venders of carpets and laces and jewelry. Their occupation is gone and they have volunteered for the war.

Transportation has begun to adjust itself as this is written, but only a part of the subway is open to the public. The rest of it is used for army purposes. However, the male ticket-takers are absent, and in their places are their wives or their daughters or their sweethearts holding down their jobs for them until the fighting is over. Very few trams are running because the tram men have gone to the front, and all the auto busses have been taken over for use by the army. Wherefore the bicycle business has begun to thrive. Hundreds of new and shiny bicycles, hurriedly procured, have appeared on the streets, and that portion of Paris that works on one side of the Seine and lives on the other crosses the bridges on foot in the morning and walks back at night. Most of the motorcycles have been taken for scout and messenger service.

One reason for the early disorganization of the big stores and even the smaller shops is that in Paris there are not half so many women employed as there are men. Most of the big places use male clerks and most of the male clerks have gone to war. It is estimated that four-fifths of the salespeople are men and that all of the desk positions are held by men. At that the feminine element is easily taking over the work of the men. For some years past there has been but one female cab-driver in the city, and every tourist has seen her. Now there are dozens. Women street cleaners, formerly numerous but eliminated some years ago, have returned to that work. And it is so in the markets and in the stores and elsewhere. The women of Paris have taken up the tasks of the men.

Shop after shop has been closed, and many hotels. In the daytime where formerly along the sidewalks were long rows of windows containing every luxury man or woman—principally woman—could desire there are now rows of gray iron shutters. The shops on the Avenue de l'Opéra and along the Rue de la Paix around that territory are empty and shut. All the famous places for jewels and perfumes and "robes et manteaux" are dark. Most of the famous dressmaking establishments have closed down. There will be few new Paris modes this fall, in either millinery or gowns, albeit some milliners are open, actuated by the shrewd business perception that the thousands of American women hurrying through Paris from Germany and Italy and Switzerland will stop long enough to buy hats to replace those they lost with their baggage. The milliners argue that no woman will go home in the fall wearing a summer hat, no matter how great her privations have been, and these shops are doing well, for as usual the milliners understand the feminine nature well. Poiret has gone to war, as have some of the other great designers. American buyers are few, and in the department stores the fripperies and the fancies and the laces and the luxuries have been stowed away. The shopkeepers are showing mostly the staple goods, for there is no sale for anything else and but little sale for those. On the day this was written there were but nine possible customers on the main floor of one of the largest department stores in Paris, and they were looking at flannels and cottons and yarns. The clerks have little to do, so they have been set to work making bandages for use by the nurses of the Red Cross.

The Bourse closed early and, as in London, there was an immediate stringency of money. Indeed it is still impossible to obtain gold. Most of the banks still pay nothing but small advances, and there is little fractional currency. For several days after war began it was easy for a man with a thousand-franc note in his pocket to starve to death. There is no change of any kind to be had. Every person hoarded his metal money. When you went into a restaurant and ordered a meal the man serving you told you how much it would cost and demanded to see the actual money in change before service was begun. If you wanted four francs' worth of food you must have four francs, not a hundred-franc bill. Soon there was a special issue of five and twenty franc paper notes, and that relieved the situation somewhat, but many a rich man went hungry for a day or so, many a man who had paper currency in large amounts but in large denominations. Once a piece of gold was produced it was taken and retired from circulation. Foreign money went to high rates of discount and the ordinary credits were worthless. A moratorium was declared that is still in effect.

### *Nobody Left With a German Name*

TWO things happened immediately: Paris bloomed and blossomed with the tricolor. Shopmen sought to protect big plate-glass windows by draping the flag across them. They raised flags on every flagpole. They hung them from the windows. So far as a display of bunting is concerned Paris looks like a town *en fête*. Also immediately the shops owned by men with German and Germanic names were pasted over in front with tricolor notices proclaiming the owners thereof to be loyal sons of the Republic. Instantly strong-armed porters with bottles of turpentine washed from the windows every painted "Man spricht Deutsch," formerly displayed with "Habla Español" and other legends of similar nature to entice foreign tourists within. There isn't a "Man spricht Deutsch" left in France except such as may have come in over the frontier between the time this was written and its printing, if any have so come. English signs were taken off, too, and there was an immediate burgeoning of well-known French names in place of German and English and Italian and Spanish ones. Paris became entirely Gallic in the twinkling of an eye.

As soon as war was declared all Germans living in Paris were required to declare themselves and to leave France. Those who could not or would not go were taken to towns in the western part of France and there held in custody under guard. Some of these have since written to American friends in Paris that they have been and are well treated.

But it is at night that the greatest change is noticed in Paris. The city is silent and deserted after nine o'clock. The street lights are maintained, but the streets seem darker than usual, because electric lights are forbidden in shops and cafés after nine o'clock. All residents of Paris are supposed to be in their homes at that time. The street cafés, that customarily are open always, are closed at nine. In the first days the tables outside the cafés on the *terrasse* were forbidden, but now the Parisians are allowed to sit at the little marble-topped tables during the day and sip their grenadine and discuss the war. Most of the harsh-voiced news-venders have gone to war, and the papers are cried by boys, by old men with squeaky voices or by women.

The hotels and cafés suffered greatly because their cooks and their waiters were called to the colors. Many of them closed. They were stripped of all service. More are closing, for the usual American custom is not there. Americans who get into Paris

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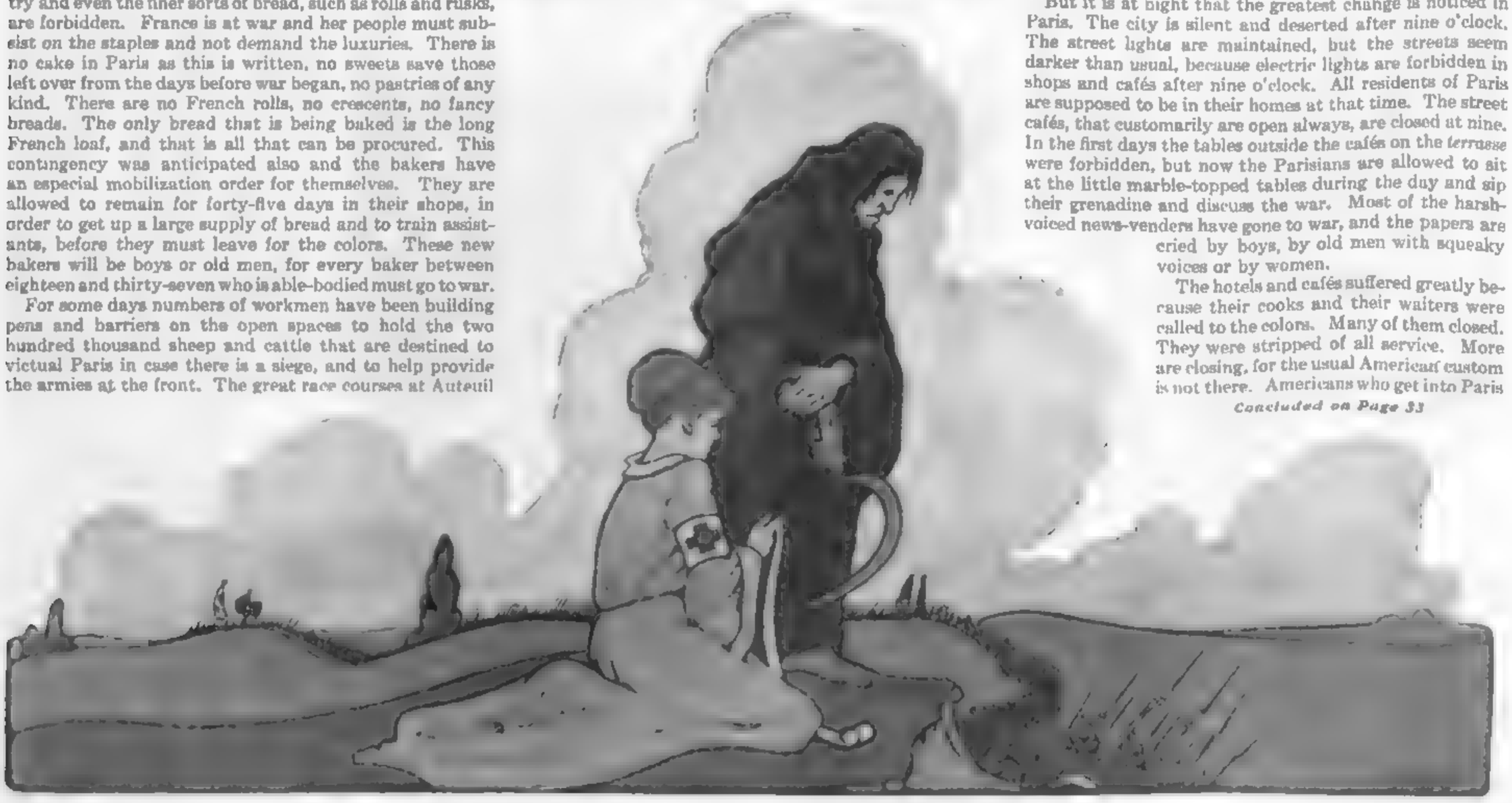

# The Spoils of the Vanquished

## Showing That a Business Man Could Also be a Sitson

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"I Says If Nathan Would Run for Alderman I Would Go So Far as Five Hundred Dollars on Him, and I Done So"

IF I COULD make a speech like Eleazer M. Bleistadt makes it, Mawruss, I would also run for assistant mayor, or whatever it is the feller runs for," Abe Potash said one morning in October.

"Sure you would, Abe, supposing I would be an easy mark like Sam Gershun, Abe," Morris replied; "because while that *Windbeutel* is making a big *Geschrei* on every street corner in Harlem, y'understand, Sam is working his head off in the store till pretty near twelve o'clock every night."

"Bleistadt ain't no *Windbeutel*, Mawruss," Abe said severely. "I listened to the feller for a half an hour last night, Mawruss, and what he says, Mawruss, I give him right. Tommony Hall goes too far, Mawruss. It's a shame and a disgrace, Mawruss, the way them loafers goes to work and takes from ten million dollars contracts, Mawruss, and gives it to a lot of loafers which formerly used to was in the saloon business, they should build houses for the city. Now then, the people should come together and they should show them *Roshoyim* that ——"

"*Koosh*, Abe!" Morris cried. "What are you—a politicianer *oder* something? You would think we got nothing at all to do in the store the way you are talking nonsense round here."

"What do you mean—talking nonsense?" Abe demanded. "I know from what I am saying, Mawruss. I ain't no greenhorn, Mawruss. I got my second sitson papers in 1890 already; and the trouble with the people is like you, Mawruss, which so soon as some one starts to tell 'em a little something about the way the Government is run, y'understand, they don't want to hear about it at all."

"We are in the cloak-and-suit business, not the government business, Abe," Morris retorted; "and the way the cloak-and-suit business is run, Abe, is that both partners is got to work, one like the other, y'understand. And where one partner like Bleistadt is all the time away from the store shooting off his face, y'understand, then it ain't no longer a business. It's a graft and a schwindle for Bleistadt, and for Gershun it's just slavery."

"Gershun should ought to be proud he has got for a partner such a big *Melammed* like Bleistadt," Abe replied. "And furthermore, if you wouldn't know all the ins and outs of politics, Mawruss, then you couldn't judge nothing about Bleistadt, on account politics is like lodges, Mawruss. A feller could do a whole lot of business that way."

"Sure, I know, Abe," Morris observed. "Since we went as partners together, Abe, if we would sold all the lodge brothers which wanted to buy from us goods, y'understand, we could paper already a flat *mit* the composition notes."

"Sam Gershun wouldn't lose no sleep over Appenweier & Murray's account anyway," Abe said. "And I suppose B. Mittenwald is a *Schnorrer* also, Mawruss. Ain't it?"

"What has Appenweier & Murray and B. Mittenwald got to do *mit* Sam Gershun?" Morris asked.

"They ain't got nothing to do with him as yet," Abe said; "but Max Appenweier and B. Mittenwald is both on the Committee of Seventy which is running these here reformers."

"Is Koenig Brothers also on the committee?" Morris asked anxiously.

"I didn't see their names," Abe said; "and, even if they was, Bleistadt ain't trying to steal away any of our trade, Mawruss. He's got enough to do to cop out a few orders from Appenweier & Murray and B. Mittenwald. He ain't running for assistant mayor for nothing, Mawruss."

"But don't he hope to get elected?" Morris inquired.

"He hopes!" Abe said, flipping the fingers of his right hand. "I hope to sell a half a million dollars goods this year, Mawruss, and I stand just so much show to do it as them new beginners would got against Tommony Hall, Mawruss."

"Well," Morris commented, "we wouldn't sell fifty cents' worth of goods if we stand round here all day, because even though we ain't running for dawg catcher even, we still got Koenig Brothers for a customer; and if we don't hurry up a little on their first shipment, Abe, might we would get from them fellers a cancellation maybe."

Thus admonished, Abe retired to the shipping room, where for more than half an hour he impeded the labors of Nathan Schidlowsky, the shipping clerk, with a dissertation on the merits of the forthcoming political campaign.

"Up to this here election," Abe explained, "Bleistadt says the lawyers got all the nominations. For the man which is got to look after cleaning the streets they took a lawyer. For the financial man they took a lawyer; for the feller which sees the tenement houses is run straight—also a lawyer. But now, Nathan, it's a difference matter entirely. This time the business man gets a show he should be elected to run things."

"What does the business man know more about it as lawyers does, Mr. Potash?" Nathan asked. "The business man knows from business, not from tenement houses, Mr. Potash; whereas, Mr. Potash, if they would take a feller which lives in a tenement house and is got his interests already in seeing that tenement houses is fit for somebody better as dawgs to live in, understand me, and if they would elect such a feller to look after tenement houses, y'understand, then you would got something which you could really call an election, Mr. Potash."

"But from where would such a feller get money to run for election, Nathan?" Abe asked.

"That's what I said to the committee," Nathan answered in a manner so forcedly unostentatious that Abe stared at him for more than a minute.

"You says to what committee?" Abe inquired.

"The committee which comes to my house last week and says I should run for alderman."

"You should run for alderman!" Abe exclaimed. "Why, what time do you got to run for alderman, Nathan? You are working here in our place."

"That's what I told 'em, Mr. Potash. And, furthermore, I says to 'em if I would be an out-and-out Socialist, y'understand, then I might consider it running for alderman on the Socialist ticket like they asked me to; but my idee is that if the land is put to the purpose for which it was intended, Mr. Potash, and speculation discouraged by the imposition of a tax on unimproved property in this way, then it's a difference matter, as I will show you."

Thereupon Nathan began a fifteen-minute single-tax speech, to which, by reason of the customary October raise in his flat rent, Abe proved a willing and sympathetic listener.

"You got the right idee, Nathan," he said when the shipping clerk paused for breath. "Up round the *Medeena*, where me and Mr. Perlmutter lives, the rent is very high just because the lots was high when the builders bought 'em."

"Don't I know that, Mr. Potash?" Nathan said. "I live in that same *Medeena* myself. I seen you the other night listening to Eleazer M. Bleistadt, Mr. Potash; and the foolish things that feller says I wouldn't believe he could do it at all."

"What do you mean—Bleistadt says foolish things?" Abe expostulated. "The feller is a big manufacturer, with an elegant rating, Nathan. I'm surprised to hear you you should talk that way."

"Well, in the first place," Nathan declared, "Bleistadt says, for one thing, that the tax rate is at present too high. Now, Mr. Potash, I don't care if you would take the Republican Party *oder* the Democratic Party, the result is that ——"

"*Koosh!*" Morris bellowed. "What the devil you are wasting time round here, Nathan?"

He had entered the shipping room unobserved by Abe, who jumped nervously at the sound of his partner's voice.

"Be a man, Mawruss!" he said. "Don't go sneaking round like a detecative already and scaring people to death that way."

"Somebody must got to be a detecative round here, Abe," Morris retorted, "when even a partner, y'understand, gets off in a corner and fools away not only his own time but the workpeople's time as well."

"People could work and talk at the same time," Abe protested.

"Not politics, they couldn't," Morris said; "so if you want to talk politics *mit* a shipping clerk, Abe, you should make an appointment *mit* him uptown after business hours."

"A shipping clerk has got just so much right to talk politics as a boss, Mawruss," Abe rejoined. "You ain't living in *Russland* now, Mawruss. You are living in a republic where a sitson is a sitson, even if he would be only a shipping clerk; and when you could say that you turned down a nomination for alderman, Mawruss, like Nathan did it last night, then you could talk."

"I didn't say I turned it down exactly, Mr. Potash," Nathan said. "I told the committee I didn't got the money to run for alderman, even on the Socialistic ticket; and they said to me that if I could raise the money then I would ——"

"*Stigun*, Nathan!" Morris broke in. "Who gives a damn what you said to them loafers? For my part you could turn it down or you couldn't turn it down, Nathan. Only one thing I got to say to you, Nathan: either you are running a shipping department or you are running for an alderman, *aber* you couldn't run both." Here he waved a bunch of sample swatches in his partner's face. "Furthermore, I wouldn't stand for no politics round here from any description whatever, Abe," he concluded, "partners not excepted."

II

IF ELEAZER M. BLEISTADT mistook for a high sense of public duty the ability to enunciate clearly in a loud tone of voice, it was at least an honest mistake, and he shared it in common with nine-tenths of our congressmen and not a few governors of states and cabinet officials. It was, therefore, inevitable that public office should seek him in the customary manner—namely, that he wanted the nomination and was solvent enough to pay for it. Whatever the purchase price may have been, however, it cannot be said that he was not getting his money's worth; and he addressed large and small assemblages with a relish that his audiences took for earnestness.

Thus, while Morris Perlmutter was on his way to his regular Wednesday night pinochle game, determined to waste no time over a cart-tail meeting that blocked the One Hundred and Sixteenth Street entrance to the Subway, he found it impossible to resist the dulcet tones of the spellbinder, who was none other than Eleazer M. Bleistadt.

Gradually Morris edged his way from the outskirts of the crowd until Bleistadt was delivering his rounded periods full into Morris' upturned face; and when at the conclusion of his speech Bleistadt leaned down amid the applause and grasped Morris' hand, the latter's civic conscience quickened and he became at once a striver after political reform.

"You are dead right, Mr. Bleistadt," he declared enthusiastically. "Go ahead and give them fellers hell—I mean a big *Schlag*. The people is with you."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Perlmutter," Bleistadt said. "Come round to the back of the truck. I'd like to speak to you for a minute."

Morris nodded, and fought his way to the middle of the street, where Eleazer M. Bleistadt descended from the truck with as much dignity as an undeniably fat man could assume in climbing backward over the front wheel and feeling for the hub with the sole of one shoe. At last the candidate was safely on the pavement and he saluted Morris with what he intended for a winning smile.

"Mr. Perlmutter, I want you to meet Mr. John D. Ribson," he said in the orotund accents that had made him successively Master of Amity Lodge 121, I. O. M. A., Grand Master of the District Council, National Grand Master of the entire order, and at length candidate for borough president on the combined tickets of the Citizens' League and the Committee of Seventy, indorsed by the Republican organization. "Mr. Ribson is chairman of the Aldermanic and Assembly District Committee."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Perlmutter," Ribson said as he cuddled Morris' hand in a moist, warm embrace. "How do you think the campaign is going, Mr. Perlmutter?"

Beyond the information he had gathered from Bleistadt's speech Morris knew nothing of the campaign, but he felt flattered by the question nevertheless.

"It seems to me, Mr. Ribson," he said, "that you fellers is got a big chance, in especially if you could get all the business men to back you up."

"I'm glad to hear you talk that way, Mr. Perlmutter," Ribson said as he exchanged a significant glance with Bleistadt. "You are repeating what I've told Mr. Bleistadt right along. We don't need money, but men."

Morris had grown so agitated that he caught little of Mr. Ribson's observation except the word money; and he began to think he was going a little too far. He was immediately reassured by Bleistadt, however.

"Our campaign expenses will be met out of the pockets of the committee and their friends," he said.

"There's some A Number One concerns on the committee," Morris agreed.

"And on the ticket too," Ribson said; but as Morris knew only three varieties of tickets—price, theater and railroad—he merely nodded his head sympathetically and murmured:

"I bet yer!"

"And there are going to be more of them before we get through," Bleistadt said. "Supposing we go over to District Headquarters with Mr. Perlmutter, Mr. Ribson. I haven't another speaking engagement this evening."

"But I have a date downtown, Mr. Bleistadt," Morris protested; "otherwise I should be only too glad to go with you."

"We won't detain you a quarter of an hour," Ribson assured him.

"I only want you to meet some of the members of the committee," Bleistadt said. "Mr. Mittenwald will be there and I think Max Appenweier too."

Morris concealed his agitation by looking at his watch.

"If it wouldn't keep me later as half past nine," he said, "I might manage it."

In point of fact, however, it was one o'clock before the district committee concluded its deliberations with Morris; and as the interview left him in a highly nervous condition it was nearly daylight before he fell asleep. Hence, by the time he arrived at the office the following morning Abe was preparing to go out to lunch.

"I suppose, Mawruss," he said as his partner entered, "that you stopped uptown to see a couple customers. Ain't it?"

"I didn't stop nowheres," Morris replied firmly. "I come right straight down here from home, Abe, because if a feller is up till all hours, y'understand, he couldn't be expected to get downtown exactly to the minute."

"Well, why don't you set a time limit, Mawruss, and stick to it?" Abe retorted.

"This wasn't no pinochle game," Morris declared as he took off his hat and coat; "which if you got an idee you got for a partner a gambler, Abe, why don't you quit and be done with it?"

Abe grew immediately apologetic.

"You got to excuse me if Minnie *oder* the boy is sick, Mawruss," he said. "I didn't hear nothing about it."

"Why should Minnie be sick?" Morris went on. "A business man don't always stay up late for cards *oder* sickness, Abe. Sometimes a business man could do business outside of business hours, Abe; and, as Mr. Appenweier said to me last night, Abe, when one partner begins to ——"

"Mister Appenweier!" Abe exclaimed. "Do you mean Max Appenweier, of Appenweier & Murray?"

"Do you know any other Appenweier, Abe?"

"Why, where did you meet Max Appenweier?" Abe inquired.

"I met him at District Headquarters," Morris continued with a commendable effort to suppress the importance he naturally felt; "also B. Mittenwald, Abe. And if you and me don't do some business with them fellers, y'understand, it won't be my fault."

Abe sank into a chair, overcome by emotion.

"Did they say their buyers would come down and look at our line maybe?" he asked.

"It don't go so fast," Morris said. "There is certain formalities must got to be gone through first, and though certainly while I don't expect to get elected, Abe, I would ——"

"Elected?" Abe said. "You?"

Morris nodded solemnly.

"To what would you get elected?" Abe demanded.

"Alderman from the Sixty-fifth Aldermanic District," Morris replied. Abe Potash's eyes bulged with astonishment, which rapidly changed to indignation. "And as I was saying," Morris continued, "while there ain't much chance that I would be elected, still ——"

"You bet your life there ain't much chance you would be elected," Abe burst out, "because you ain't going to run at all."

"Why not?" Morris asked.

"Why not!" Abe shouted. "A good reason why not! What for a lunatic d'ye think I am anyway? I should work my head off here in the store while you are running for alderman! An idee!"

"What do you mean—an idee?" Morris demanded. "Didn't you tell me the other day when we was talking about Eleazer M. Bleistadt ——"

"'S'nough, Mawruss!" Abe roared. "Don't mention that *Windbeutel's* name to me."

"*Windbeutel!*" Morris exclaimed.

"And another thing—if you got an idee for one moment that I am the same kind of a *Schlemiel* like Sam Gershun, Mawruss, which I am going to slave round here while you are shooting off your face uptown, Mawruss, you are making a big mistake—and that's all I got to say!"

"But listen to me, Abe!" Morris pleaded. "If us business men wouldn't stand together and put up a fight against Tommony, which as sitsons we should ought to do—why, then ——"

"*Schmooes*, Mawruss!" Abe broke in. "I heard such nonsense already from Bleistadt; and that *Stroheehneider* don't no more believe it as you do. All that big bluffer wants is he should see his name in the papers, Mawruss; and you could take it from me, Mawruss, a feller which is never in the store one hour together would sooner or later see his name in a part of the paper where he wouldn't appreciate it so much; because I give him one more run for assistant mayor, Mawruss, and then the commission houses comes down on him and Sam Gershun."

Morris began to think he had plunged somewhat impetuously into political life, and he therefore drew on his imagination to justify himself.

"Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't, Abe," he began; "but just the same, when I said to Max Appenweier last night that I couldn't afford to spend so much time away from my business, y'understand, he give me a funny smile and says that some concerns' goods is very much like another, Abe, and he felt sure, Abe, that in the end, Abe, I wouldn't suffer none by running for alderman."

"You wouldn't suffer—but how about me?" Abe interrupted.

"And, also, B. Mittenwald heard him when he said it; and he gave me a *Schlag* on the arm and says I shouldn't be scared I would lose money by it," Morris continued, gaining confidence as he proceeded. "And though I couldn't very well ask him to send his buyer and look at our line, Abe, I bet yer if I would go up there to-morrow morning with one of them 2073's and a couple of them furlana capes, the least I come back to the store with is an order for two thousand dollars."

His eyes glistened as well with the prospect as with the enthusiasm of the successful raconteur; and Abe pulled a little red book from his vest pocket.

"What did we get from Koenig Brothers for them furlana capes?" he asked. "Twenty-two fifty, wasn't it?" Morris nodded. "Then we shouldn't ask them fellers for a cent less than twenty-five dollars," Abe announced.

"Why not?"

"Because," Abe said, "it costs money to run for alderman."

A look of pleased surprise spread itself over Morris Perlmutter's face.

"Do you mean," he said, "I should tell the bookkeeper she could charge up my campaign expenses to the firm?"

For a brief interval Abe glared at his partner.

"Go ahead and tell her whatever you want to," he said; "but let her ask me first, Mawruss, because if you was to ask me, Mawruss, I might forget myself and tell you what for a lunatic one partner would be to expect the other partner he should pay half the expenses of proving what a crazy fool he really is."

He seized his hat and clapped it on his head with a noise like a minstrel's tambourine.

"Going on theayter and eating *mit* buyers is all right, Mawruss—and even pinochle I would stand for also," he said; "but if you want to entertain our customers by running for an alderman, Mawruss, you got to pay for it out of your own pocket—and don't you forget it!"

He strode angrily toward the elevators and had pushed the signal button when the telephone bell rang in the office. He returned to find Morris with his nose pressed to the transmitter in an effort to render his conversation inaudible.

"I'll be All Right So Soon as I Get Some Coffee Into Me"

"Either You are Running a Shipping Department or You are Running for an Alderman, Aber You Couldn't Run Both"

"But, Mr. Ribson," Morris said, "I couldn't leave the office just now. Send it down and I'll sign it."

Abe snorted as the receiver was hung up.

"So, Mawruss," he commented, "they are drawing checks for you already?"

"Well, if they are, Abe, it's my own bank account, not yours," Morris said.

Abe was still trying to think of a sufficiently cutting rejoinder when he found himself in Wasserbauer's Restaurant and Café ten minutes later. There he sat down at a table facing Sam Gershun, who was courting death by suffocation in rapidly absorbing some German cheesecake.

"*Nu*, Sam," Abe said, "what's the good word?"

Sam nodded a return greeting, for he was incapable of coherent speech. His breathing was labored, but he stuck manfully to his task; and when it appeared that he must desist out of sheer exhaustion he gave a spasmodic gulp and downed the last mouthful.

"How's your partner coming on *mit* his politics?" Abe inquired after he was well started on a dish of *gedämpftes Kalbfleisch, mit Knockerl*. "Do you think he stands a show he should get elected?"

Sam flipped his fingers in a gesture of indifference.

"I *oser* worry my head what happens to him so long as he gets through *mit* his nonsense," Sam replied. "I shall be perfectly satisfied if we don't lose no customers by it."

"Lose 'em?" Abe said. "Why, you make customers by it!"

"We make customers! Say," Sam exclaimed, "if we wouldn't got the goods that B. Mittenwald *oder* Appenweier & Murray wants it, Abe, they'd buy one small order from us, y'understand, and they're through!"

"Even one order is anyhow something, Sam," Abe said.

"For the sake of one small order from a new account, Abe, I seen lots of people sacrifice old customers—and good ones too, Abe," Sam continued. "For instance, I told Bleistadt he shouldn't drag Tingberg & Slomek into this thing; and he goes to work and gets Mittenwald he should give 'em an order for some little wash suits, y'understand, which it is the same to Mittenwald whether he buys 'em one place as another. Right away Slomek consents he should run for alderman in one of them downtown wards, where a candidate on the Reform ticket is got a show like a Scandinavian in the pants business. It's going to cost Tingberg & Slomek a lot of money and they'll lose anyhow one good account through it. All this Bleistadt does, just so them *Meschuggeneh* Reform people could put up a full city ticket."

Abe nodded and laid down his knife and fork, for all the savor had suddenly forsaken his *gedampftes Kalbfleisch* and the *Knockerl* had grown flaccid and revolting.

"How could a concern lose customers through such a thing?" he asked.

"Republicans you could never lose," Gershun explained. "A Republican don't take it so particular about his politics; but there is some Democrats, Abe, and particularly them Democrats which their fathers used to was in business in Memphis, Tennessee, *oder* Macon, Georgia, and had a couple poor seasons way back in 1863 and 1864, on account of the Civil War, y'understand, and with such Democrats if you are running for office on the Fusion ticket, indorsed by the Republican organization, y'understand, they would no more buy goods from you as a cow would eat that *gedämpftes Kalbfleisch* you got there."

"For that matter, a human being couldn't eat it neither," Abe said, thrusting away the now wholly unappetizing dish. "I guess I would take a cup coffee and a tongue sandwich."

"And so Tingberg says to me that the day after his partner accepts the nomination, Abe, he goes up to see the buyer with his samples; and while he was sitting in the feller's office the elder brother comes in, and so soon as he catches sight of Tingberg he orders him right away out of the place."

"Which brother orders him out of what place?" Abe asked, while beads of apprehensive perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Not Isaac Koenig, but the other Koenig—I forget his name; and Tingberg says —— Why, what's the matter, Abe? Don't you feel good?" Sam Gershun inquired, for Abe's face had suddenly become quite pale.

"That—now—*Kalbfleisch* disagreed with me," Abe explained huskily. "I'll be all right so soon as I get some coffee into me."

Coffee was procured, and after Abe had consumed the entire cup in two inhalations his color returned.

"So Tingberg's got his troubles too," he said.

"I should say!" Sam Gershun agreed. "And Koenig Brothers ain't all, Abe. They also lose Henry Kitterman for a customer."

"Well—*Gott sei Dank!*—we don't sell him," Abe said fervently.

"Why *Gott sei Dank?*" Sam asked. "Kitterman is an A Number One concern even if he would be a crank."

"What do you mean—a crank?" Abe said. "If Kitterman is a crank he's got several other Democrats which is cranks with him."

"But Kitterman ain't a Democrat, Abe," Sam went on. "That's the funny part of it. He also objects to Slomek's running on this here Reform platform, *aber* he's got different reasons, also political; but what they are I couldn't understand at all. His ideas runs like this, Abe." He gulped a glass of water preparatory to explaining Henry Kitterman's political views, when Abe waved both hands in protest.

"Don't tell 'em to me," he said. "It gets my head crazy."

*"Do You Mean to Told Me You Signed Something Without Asking Me First?"*

Sam nodded his head sympathetically.

"If you got that way now, Abe," he said, "what would you do if you had a politicianer for a partner?"

"I don't know, Sam," Abe said helplessly. "What should I do?"

"What do you mean—what should you do?"

"Ain't Bleistadt said nothing to you about Mawruss?" Abe inquired, and Gershun shook his head.

"Would you believe it, Abe? I ain't so much as seen that feller since Monday morning," he said. "What about Mawruss?"

"Nothing about him," Abe replied with a satirical inflection to his voice, "except that he's running for an alderman."

Sam clucked his tongue in shocked surprise.

"You don't tell me!" he said with interest. "In what district?"

"In the district where we live," Abe replied.

Sam rose to his feet and, after putting on his hat, solemnly extended his hand to Abe.

"You got my sympathy, Abe," he said. "Mawruss is in bad!"

"Not so bad as Bleistadt," Abe retorted.

"Worser, Abe!" Gershun concluded as he started to leave. "He's in rotten, Abe, because Mawruss will be elected, certain sure."

III

WHEN Abe alighted from the elevator ten minutes later he found Morris with his hat and coat on, ready to go out to lunch; and, though ordinarily the most he could have expected in the way of a greeting from Morris would have been a demand to know whether he—Abe—was the only one who had a stomach, and whether other people were not supposed to have appetites, too, on this occasion Morris smiled almost cordially.

"Where are you going?" Abe said gruffly.

"Out to lunch," Morris replied.

"You can go out later," Abe said. "Come to the office. I want to speak to you a few words something."

He strode ahead into the firm's office and sat down at his desk with an air so portentous that Morris was impelled to ask: "*Nu!* What's the matter now?" in a pathetic and almost childish treble. The profound tones in which Abe replied seemed abysmal by contrast.

"Get from the safe the partnership papers, Mawruss."

"What for do you want the partnership papers?" Morris asked in amazement; and, by way of answer, Abe sprang from his chair and went to the safe.

After a search, which spoiled his intended dramatic effect and permitted Morris to regain his composure, Abe found their copartnership agreement and returned with it to his desk.

The document, comprising five sheets of legal cap, was closely typewritten in Henry D. Feldman's most cryptic manner; and, though Abe turned the pages many times, he was unable to find any paragraph bearing on the situation that he was capable of understanding, let alone reading aloud.

"*Nu*, Abe," Morris cried at last, "what is it you want from me?"

Abe wet his thumb in grim silence and continued slowly turning over the leaves, whereat Morris rose to his feet.

"I couldn't stay here all day, Abe," he said. "I'm starving."

"You sit right down there!" Abe roared. "I'm going to settle this thing up right here and now. Here is the partnership papers. Read 'em yourself."

"What do you mean—read 'em myself?" Morris protested. "How could I read 'em? You know as well as I do, Abe, Henry D. Feldman got a hundred and fifty dollars for drawing up them papers; so how could I understand 'em?"

Abe folded the agreement.

"All right!" he said. "Don't read 'em, Mawruss; but you could bet your life, Mawruss—it don't make no difference who draws up partnership papers—it's got into 'em somewheres that if one partner loses on the other partner an account worth from two to three thousand dollars net profit a year, Mawruss, he could get kicked out from the firm and sued in the courts yet besides."

Morris removed his hat and sat down heavily.

"I don't know what you are talking about at all," he said.

"Zoitenly you don't!" Abe exclaimed. "I didn't expect you would. You think only of getting a couple orders from Mittenwald *oder* Appenweier & Murray for a hundred dollars or so, whereas Koenig Brothers, which is buying goods from us year in and year out, Mawruss, you don't give a damn for at all—and your partner neither. A politicianer he wants to be! Murderer!"

Morris passed his hand over his forehead.

"Tell me, Abe," he said, "what has Koenig Brothers got to do *mit* my running for alderman?"

"Go down and ask Charles Slomek from Tingberg & Slomek," Abe replied. "Slomek is also running for alderman with them now Fusioners downtown somewheres, and when Koenig Brothers hears about it they right away cancel on Tingberg & Slomek an order for a thousand dollars, and kicks Slomek out of their store yet."

Morris' reception of this news so far exceeded Abe's anticipation that he could not help feeling a little sorry for his partner.

"I know it's all right to try to get business from Mittenwald and Appenweier & Murray," Abe went on in milder

(Continued on Page 43)

# THE MAN ON THE BENCH

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

## IN THE APPELLATE COURT

By R. M. Wanamaker

*Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio*

"WHATEVER is, is right." That is the creed of the conservative. Whatever is, is wrong. That is the religion of the radical.

Whatever is, is right or wrong as it squares with the well-recognized rules of right and reason. That is the program of the progressive.

In the main, all schools of thought, whether in the educational, religious, scientific, commercial or political world, naturally fall into one of these three classes.

The lawyer, from the very nature of his profession, his education, his experience and environment from the time he begins to read Blackstone to the last day of his practice, inclines to the conservative school of legal and political thought. An overwhelming majority of the leaders of the bar, especially among the older practitioners, are naturally and unmistakably of the conservative class.

The conservative type of legal thought is best represented by Blackstone, who was a veritable idolizer of the common law.

The radical type is best represented by Bentham, who was an iconoclast in the common law, and at one time expressed himself as being utterly opposed to it because it did not have "health enough in it" to furnish the foundation for a new system.

### *Like Lawyer, Like Judge*

THE progressive type is well represented by the Apostle Paul, himself a great Roman lawyer, who laid down the sound doctrine applicable to every field of thought, but peculiarly so to the conditions of our present-day jurisprudence: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Indeed, so obvious is the lawyer's conservatism that the distinguished Frenchman, De Tocqueville, in 1835, in his celebrated work on Democracy in America, makes the following observation:

I do not assert that all members of the legal profession are at all times the friends of order and the opponents of innovation, but merely that most of them usually are. The English and American lawyers have retained the law of precedent—that is, they continue to found their legal opinions and the decisions of their courts upon the opinions and decisions of their forefathers.

The equally celebrated English statesman and author, James Bryce, in his great work, The American Commonwealth, published some fifty years later, reënforced the French writer by making the following observation:

In what may be called habits of legal thought, their way of regarding legal questions, their attitude toward changes in the form or substance of the law, American practitioners, though closely resembling their English brethren, seem, on the whole, more conservative.

Upon a general survey of the facts of to-day, as compared with those of sixty years ago, it is clear that the bar counts for less as a guide and restraining power, hampering the crudity or habits of democracy by its attachment to rule and precedent, than it did at this earlier period.

Judge Dillon, a most eminent American lawyer and author, in speaking on the subject of the lawyer's conservatism, said:

"It has been as true in this country as it has been immemorially true in England and elsewhere, that lawyers, as the effect of their studies and position in society, have naturally been attached to what is and are averse to experiments."

Lest some of the more conservative readers shall say that the indictment in a former article of mine printed in this weekly was unduly severe and grossly exaggerated, I desire to reënforce the charges from two very eminent conservative witnesses.

Judge William C. Hook, United States Circuit Judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, in his address to the American Bar Association at Montreal, Canada, September 3, 1913, used this striking language:

It is the general belief that our procedural machinery has become a great aggregation of elements without mechanical rime or reason; that there are a whirring of many wheels and movements of many pistons, with a maximum of noise and a minimum of product; that too much power is required for economical operation and the machinery labors; that many years of patient study fail to give mastery to those in charge and much precious time is spent in nice disputes over its intricacies. Some even say they brought grist and received chaff. But, if ancient precedents can justify, we are quite orthodox and respectable.

An editorial in the very conservative London Times, just after the Montreal Bar meet, is to the same effect:

Just as Americans have overelaborated machinery for politics until the democracy at times seems almost bound and helpless in its toils, so they have magnified the procedure and mere technicalities of law until justice is in danger of being thrust backward and lost sight of. What the United States needs more than anything else is a reformer of the Jeremy Bentham type to restore common sense to its codes and simplicity to their administration.

In criminal procedure especially, America's to-day is very much as ours was in the time of the Stuarts. It is hopelessly enmeshed in technicalities, and neglects justice and perspective in the chase after impossible infallibility of form.

It is this fetish of the worship of forms and rules that has made judicial procedure in America a handicap to justice and a comfort to criminals; and too many decisions of state courts on social, industrial and constitutional issues seem to have been formed with the same quibbling spirit. They have lost touch with life; they have grown petrified in pettifogging abstractions; and no problem that confronts the American people is more urgent or cuts deeper than the problem of how to lead them back to reality and common sense.

Both these criticisms are in entire harmony with what we hear and read almost daily; but they also fatally lack in failing to name the particulars of guilt or the persons who are guilty. They fail to specify both the defaults and the defendants. They also mistakenly endeavor to cast the responsibility solely or chiefly on the codes and the technical forms and rules of procedure.

As a former article endeavored to hold the trial judge responsible for the long delays, for the unnecessary trials and for too many long trials, this article shall endeavor to hold the appellate judge responsible for most of the essential evils complained of in the appellate courts.

Though the grievances directly chargeable to the appellate court also obtain in large measure in the trial courts, still, it is only fair to say that most of the trial courts permit or commit such grievances by reason of the decisions and judgments of the courts of last appeal or review, to which they are and should be properly and respectfully subordinate.

I have sought to emphasize and elaborate the conservative character of the leaders of the legal profession, because the lawyers of to-day become the judges of to-morrow. The judge is only a projection or official edition of the lawyer; and if, as a lawyer, he was superlatively conservative you may have reason to expect—indeed, the conclusion is well-nigh irresistible—that you will find the same man superlatively conservative when he becomes a judge on the bench. This is our everyday observation and experience.

Personality counts for much in all lines of human action, but it is peculiarly potential and determinate in the man on the bench. Notwithstanding the much-quoted language of a distinguished ex-President who said, "I love judges and I love courts; they are my ideals on earth of what we shall meet afterward in heaven under a just God," the common experience of the common people is that our judges are intensely human.

They are made of the same kind of clay from which legislators and executives are made. They are "men of like passions with you." No one has yet discovered any chemical alchemy or miraculous transformation occurring at the time the lawyer leaves his law office to take his seat on the bench. The laws of mental and moral inertia direct and control his activities just exactly the same as they do those of any other man.

### *Too Much Technicality*

IF IN his practice as a lawyer he magnified the importance of strict and formal procedure, if as a lawyer he based his cause of action or his ground of defense on some technical rule of law or some antiquated precedent the reason for which had long ceased to exist, we must expect this same controlling viewpoint and bent of mind to dominate him when he becomes a judge on the bench.

I am giving some illustrations of this superstrict, narrow-minded, technical construction of law by the judge on the bench that show the type of mind presiding, as evidenced by the judgments rendered. Owing to the fact that this will more readily and quickly appear in criminal cases, without the long preliminary statements necessary to show similar examples in civil cases, I have endeavored to collect a few criminal indictments to illustrate my point. It may be remarked that what is true in criminal cases is likewise true in civil cases, because you do not find the mental warp and woof of the man on the bench overtechnical in one line and overliberal in another.

In olden times it was as difficult for an innocent man charged with a crime to escape conviction as in modern times it is difficult for a guilty man to be convicted. Probably in no civilized country under the sun is there so low a percentage of convictions in criminal cases as there is in the United States of America to-day. A few cases will probably show the reason.

In the case of The State versus Skillman, reported in 209 Missouri 408, the syllabus reads as follows:

An information which concludes "against the peace and dignity of state," omitting the word "the" immediately preceding the word "state," is invalid, since it violates Section

Thirty-eight, Article VI, of the Constitution, which provides that all indictments shall conclude "against the peace and dignity of the state."

It is needless to say that this sort of technical tommyrot roused the law and justice loving people of Missouri so that the severity of the criticism is said by an eminent jurist of that state to have shortened the life of one of the judges rendering the opinion.

As showing the effect of such a precedent, the same court in the following case—210 Missouri, 202—found another indictment defective and set aside a conviction on the same ground, with a very exhaustive and exhausting opinion, as is usually required to make the worse appear the better reason, or to make wrong look like right.

A similar decision was rendered by a court in Delaware. The defendant was indicted for stealing "one pair of boots," and the proof was that he stole two mismatched boots, being the right boots of two pairs.

It was objected by his counsel that this proof did not sustain the indictment, and the court held that one pair of boots meant "paired, matched or suited" to be used together. The court reversed the case and discharged the prisoner.

In a recent Georgia case the court of appeals of that state decided that, because an indictment charged that a crime had been committed on a "public road," and the evidence failed to show that such road had ever been dedicated to the state, though it had been used constantly as a public highway, therefore the case was reversed.

### *Specimens of Judicial Jugglery*

IN A MONTANA criminal case the lower court was reversed because it failed to charge the jury that the thief must steal goods "feloniously" or with criminal intent—as though a thief ever stole goods with any other intent!

In a West Virginia case the higher court reversed because the indictment failed to state that a blackjack, designed especially for cracking skulls, was a dangerous and deadly weapon.

In Ohio a conviction was reversed because the indictment charged a burglary to have been committed in a "storeroom" instead of using the word "storehouse," as mentioned in the statute. Of course everybody except the court knew what was meant, and knew further that the word storeroom is much more frequently used than storehouse; but the court decided otherwise and it became the law.

In a more recent Ohio case, called the Goodlove Case, our Supreme Court of Ohio reversed the trial court in a murder case because the state failed to prove an alias, not of the defendant, but of the deceased person, holding that it was a matter of description, and therefore an essential part of the charge.

No wonder men are acquitted of crime! No wonder there is a great public outcry against that sort of judicial jugglery!

I have used the foregoing criminal cases with a view to showing the technical-mindedness of the judge that is continually, though often unconsciously, playing tricks with the truth.

Now, Mr. Reader, you have heard a great deal said about the need of a new code. I grant that, in some respects, a new code might be profitably adopted; but where could you find any new code that would prevent a court from making just such absurd decisions as these? A code can deal with general principles; it cannot deal with specific cases. Your code will be what the court makes it—not what the legislature enacts. You pick your code; let me elect the particular judge who is going to construe the Code—and when my judge gets through with your code it will be a fit subject for a legal freak in some museum.

That has been the uniform experience in the past, notably in the Field Code of New York, which was adopted in the forties by that state, and later on by a majority of the other states and territories. The unsympathetic and actually hostile common-law judges, who were opposed to such reforms, bled the spirit and life of the code to death; so that, after all, running it back to first principles, you always get back to the viewpoint and personality of the individual judge.

I want to give one illustration in a late civil case heard by the Supreme Court of Ohio. The action was brought on a contractor's bond. Now, as everybody knows, a bond is a mere contract; and contracts, oral or written, constitute the foundation for a very large percentage of civil suits. In this case the bond read as follows:

"The condition of this obligation is such that, whereas the said N. J. G., on the seventeenth day of August, A. D. 1909, entered into a written agreement with the said F. Z. R., whereby he contracted to provide all the materials and perform all the work for the erection and completion of the carpenter work, wooden framing, frames, sash, doors, finish, flooring, roofing, *sheet-metal* work, marble, mosaic, mantel and tile work, glass and glazing, rough and finished hardware, for a three-story brick apartment building, to be erected in ——;

As a condition of this contract, to furnish the owner a satisfactory surety bond, as agreed, in the sum of six thousand dollars ($6000) to guarantee the completion of the work comprehended in this agreement, *and to further guarantee the payment of any claims there may be for the payment of material and labor required in the erection of this building;* and

Whereas, in lieu of a surety bond, it is agreed between the said parties that said N. J. G. may furnish a bond signed by individuals;

Now, therefore, if the said N. J. G. shall well and truly perform all the terms and conditions contained in said contract and complete said work as therein provided, *and pay or cause to be paid all claims contracted in reference thereto for material and labor,* then the above obligation to be void; otherwise the same shall remain in full force and virtue in law."

A subcontractor who furnished sheet-metal work in the construction of the building brought suit under this bond, the head contractor having failed to pay him the amount due. The only question was: Can the subcontractor bring a suit against the bondsmen for the amount of his unpaid claim? Four of the judges of the court said No! The other three said Yes.

The judgment of the majority necessarily disregards the italicized language of the bond. It divorces it absolutely from the contract of the bond. It violates a cardinal rule of construction to give force and effect to each and every part of the contract where possible. It makes a new contract for the parties. It gives a literal, strict, technical and unreasonable interpretation of the language of the parties, contrary to their manifest intention.

What was the intention of the parties to this bond from the language quoted if not to protect subcontractors, laborers and material men? In getting at this intention courts should follow the rule laid down by Paul in his letter to the Corinthians, found in II Corinthians iii, 6: "Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

No amount of judicial precedent can justify judicial injustice. More than three score years ago a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, in a written opinion, referred to these ancient precedents in the following language:

"It is at best a mere artificial technicality. And, just in proportion as it lacks reason, it appears to have won upon the affections of the profession."

Case law has become so exaggerated in judicial importance and decision that it is fast becoming one of the greatest curses of our courts. The modern-day lawyer, by reason of this exaggerated importance given to case law, has ceased to be the original thinker, the profound reasoner on first and fundamental principles of law and equity, and has become a legal sleuth, searching for a case that will—on its face, at least—parallel the case at bar. He is assured that if he hunts long enough and far enough he can find some case as a precedent for almost any contention, no matter how absurd, ridiculous or unreasonable that contention may be.

If there could be a general conflagration of ninety-five per cent of the law books published, containing merely case law, it would not only prove a very great blessing to the legal profession and to the public, but be highly conducive to the administration of speedy and substantial justice. As Continental Europe has practically disregarded precedent altogether, the English-speaking courts, especially of the American states, have gone to the other extreme in the doctrine of *stare decisis*, and permit precedents—the more ancient the more authoritative—to determine the issues of justice in our modern-day controversies.

It is urged before our Supreme Court, with telling effect, that the case at bar this September—1914—is on all fours with the case in the twentieth Ohio State Reports, page —— decided in 1870; and that the latter case was decided on the authority of the fifteenth Ohio, page ——, decided in 1846; and that the latter case was so decided on the authority of Lord Coke. Thus we are continually going backward to the legal cemeteries of the past for our modern-day law and modern-day justice.

### *Too Much Precedent*

IT IS with some pride and pleasure that I take occasion to quote from the decision of a great Ohio jurist, delivered in 1846. The question arose on the following state of facts: A is the creditor; B, the debtor. C, a stranger having no pecuniary interest in the subject matter, pays the debt to A. Thereafter A sues B, claiming that—C being a stranger or third party to the transaction or indebtedness—what C paid was not an accord and satisfaction of the debt. The trial court, then known as the District Court, followed the decisions, both English and American, for a period of nearly two hundred years, and held that C's payment did not satisfy the debt. The Supreme Court justly reversed the judgment and established a new precedent.

Chief-Justice Bartley, in delivering the opinion of the court, used this language:

But mere precedent alone is not sufficient to settle and establish forever a legal principle. Infallibility is to be conceded to no human tribunal. A legal principle, to be well settled, must be founded on sound reason and tend to the purposes of justice. . . .

When we consider the thousands of cases to be pointed out in the English and American books of reports which have been overruled, doubted or limited in their application, we can appreciate the remark of Chancellor Kent when he said that "Even a series of decisions is not always evidence of what the law is." Precedents are to be regarded as the great storehouse of experience—not always to be followed, but to be looked to as beacon lights in the progress of judicial investigation, which, though at times they be liable to conduct us to the paths of error, yet may be important aids in lighting our footsteps in the road to truth.

One illustration may aid us somewhat in showing the dangers and evils arising out of precedent law. To-day we talk about employer and employee; and yet the textbooks, digests and encyclopedias of the law, and the decisions of the courts, deal with this question under the heading of Master and Servant. The cardinal and controlling principles of that relation were chiefly defined and announced when four million slaves were the principal working men and women south of Mason and Dixon's Line, and when many millions more throughout the North had a very qualified personal and political freedom. As employees they were merely considered as servants, while the employer was considered as the master.

The relation so designated did much to give expression and controlling effect to the cruel, cold-blooded fellow-servant doctrine announced some seventy years or more ago by Chief-Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts.

That doctrine was simply this: If A was employed side by side with B and in the course of his employment and in the exercise of due care was fatally injured by the negligence of his fellow servant B, C, their master, was not liable in damages; but A was compelled to stand the entire loss of life, limb and future wage.

No; A alone did not stand it, but his dependent family, his dependent father or mother, often sustained the greater loss. Why? Because a judge spoke and announced that as the law. It became a precedent back in the early forties and has been very diligently followed in the American states and the Federal jurisdiction

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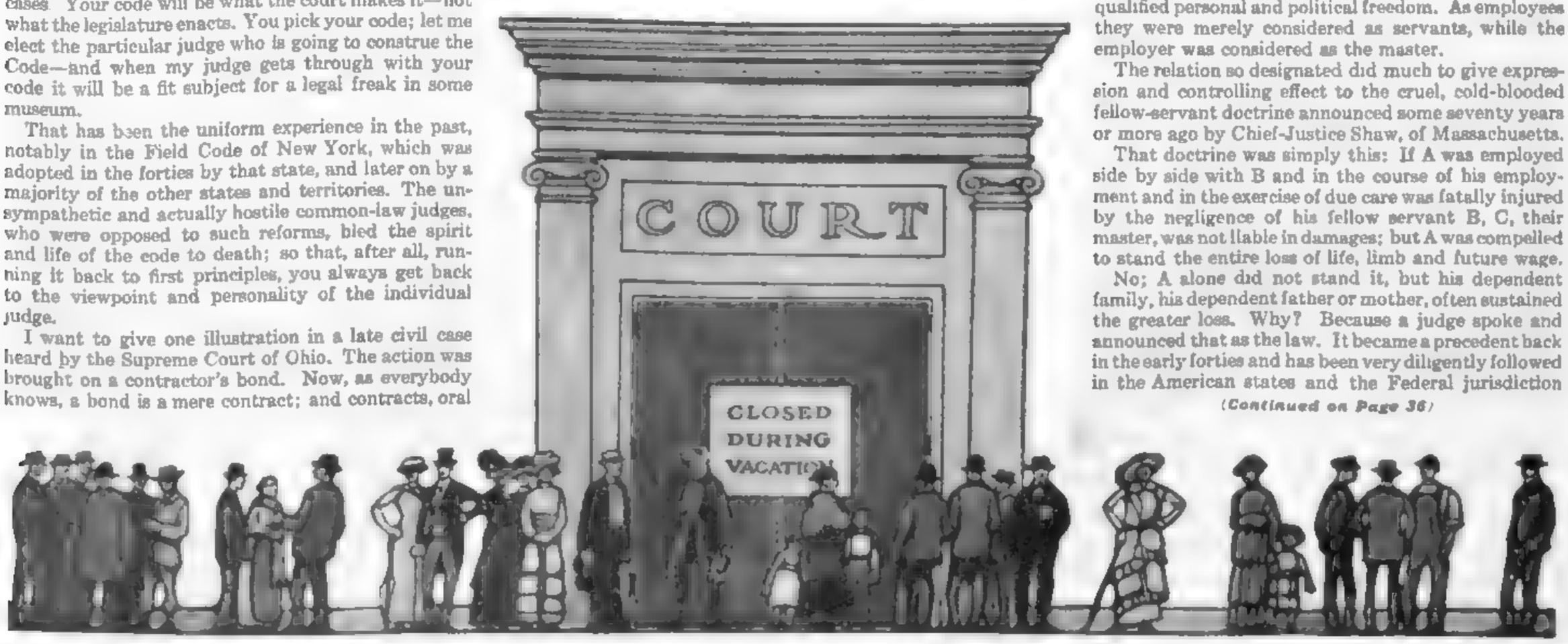


# The Bullhead and the Beeville Idol

## By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

JOHNNY MERRY says I should have told him sooner; but I claim it wouldn't have made any difference. He would have done the same thing if a thousand people had warned him. That's the way with a bullhead.

I wouldn't say it to his face, but John is really quite a manager. When it comes to baseball strategy—laying wires miles ahead and cooking up trouble for the other fellows—he is a wizard; and I can't take it away from him. It's a pity that he's the worst bullhead in the big league. I told him that once and got a rise out of him.

"Where do you get that bullhead stuff?" says he. "Haven't you brains enough to know the difference between firmness and bullheadedness?"

Look out for any man who admits that he's firm. He's bullheaded.

"I've told you how it is, and that settles it." That's John's way of ending a discussion. You can't argue with him. His notion of a friendly argument is to say the first word, the last word, all the words between, and jump down your throat if you so much as open your mouth to get back at him.

*He Took a Wind-Up That Was a Cross Between a Man Directing an Orchestra and a Bartender Shaking a Mixed Drink*

"You ought to be on the Supreme Court bench," I says to him one day. He bit.

"Why?" says he.

"Because," I told him, "right or wrong, hit it or miss it, safe or out a mile, there wouldn't be a thing over your head to appeal to but the blue sky. And if anybody so much as looked cockeyed at one of your decisions you could give him forty years on the rock pile. That would suit you fine. You could step up on the Supreme bench to-morrow and put 'em over the pan without even warming up!"

"The trouble with you, Mike," says he, "is that you are an old crab."

"Even so," says I; "but I'd rather be a crab than a bullhead. A crab has got three speeds and the sense to use 'em. If he sees he is in Dutch he will go sideways or backward and get out. A bullhead has only got one speed—straight ahead—and no brake. That's what ails you, John. You couldn't back up an inch if your life depended on it."

"But I always know where I'm going when I start," says he.

That's John. If he thinks a thing is so, that makes it so; and he won't listen to any evidence on the other side of the case, no matter how strong it is. Mind you, he doesn't have to know it's so. He'll play a suspicion harder than Napoleon would have played a brass-mounted cinch. With half of Johnny Merry's crust, Napoleon never would have been licked—or, at least, he never would have known that he was licked, which amounts to the same thing.

Everybody in the world may think that John is wrong, the newspapers may pan him to a crisp every day in the week, and the other managers may give him the horse-laugh. Will that make any difference to John? Not a nickel's worth! He will only stick out his stomach a few inches, clamp his jaw down tight on a fresh chew of tobacco and tell 'em all where they get off. It must be grand to feel that sure of your own judgment!

If John was on a jury he would take one peek at the defendant and say: "He did it!" Then he would vote for murder in the first degree until the eleven other men dropped dead. The funny thing is that John calls the turn often enough to give him confidence in his system.

His bullheadedness shows up plainest in his handling of young ball players. He goes down to the spring training camp in February and gives a quick look at the livestock. Any other manager will take two months to a job like that and holler because it ain't long enough, but in about three days John has made up his mind and a dynamite explosion won't budge him an inch. After the first flash he knows what he is going to do and everything else that happens is twisted round to fit in with his snap judgment. According to John there are only two things that can be said about a kid player—he's there forty ways or he ain't there at all. X—The cross marks the spot where I go on the mat with him; but in all these years I've never taken more than one real fall out of him.

I fight with him about the youngsters because I find most of 'em. I'm a scout. I draw a salary the year round for digging up bright boys to strengthen John's team. I ought to know a comer when I see him, and I think I do. That's why it makes me sore to work for a man who believes he can tell more about a recruit by the way he ties his necktie than I can by watching him play ball all season.

I've shipped John plenty of lads with class sticking out all over 'em, and he has fired 'em without even bothering to tell me why. Everybody knows Jim Cash, the right-hander with the Grays. Four years ago I ran on to that fellow out in Nevada, and along in February I shipped him to John, with my kind regards and the strongest boost I ever gave a recruit pitcher. Cash lasted just about long enough to get up a good sweat. John tied a can to him and never even looked up to see which way he went. I was sore when I heard it and I wrote John a letter.

"What was the matter with Cash?" I says. "If that bird ain't got the makings of a grand little pitcher I am going to resign my job before the authorities pinch me for obtaining money under false pretenses. What was wrong with him?"

Right away quick I got a telegram. John is great on sending telegrams. He says they save him the price of stamps. This is what he wired me:

"Cash won't do. He showed up here with a badger haircut."

Now, I leave it to you if that wasn't a fine reason to give for turning down a swell pitcher; but it was the only one I ever got out of Johnny Merry. I was mad enough to fight when I got that telegram. Before I could do anything, Farrelly of the Grays got on Cash's trail and landed him in the big league, where he's been a sensation ever since. The day he won his first game from us I wired John.

"Do you like Cash any better now?"

Bing! came the answer right back:

"Not a bit. He's still got that badger haircut."

For the matter of that Cash still lets the barbers cut his hair rounding and shave the back of his neck; but he's some pitcher. That was once that John pulled a boot. Everybody has told him so since, but he'll never put Jim Cash in his error column. A bullhead won't admit anything in the line of a mistake; but let him have luck and put one over and he'll never quit bragging about it.

John goes to the other extreme if it's him that happens to take a shine to a kid. I've known him to pick up a scrub that no other manager could see with the Lick telescope and hang on to him for three seasons, until he made a ball player out of him. He did it in self-defense and because he saw him first. John simply wouldn't let that fellow fall down for fear we'd have the laugh on him. If he took half as much pains in developing the youngsters I find as he does in developing the bums he picks up for himself he'd never lose another pennant. I like to see a man that has confidence in himself, but when he begins to think he's got a corner on human intelligence I can't string with him any longer.

This snap judgment at the spring camp is bad enough, but John has one trick that's a lot worse. Years ago some stranger sent him a letter from California some fellow that John didn't know from Adam's off ox - and he tipped John to a kid first baseman down in the prune belt. It was the usual nut letter, I guess; but this party made it so strong that John took a chance and sent the kid a railroad ticket and told him to report with the bunch in the spring. The kid reported and he turned out to be Plunk Howe, the greatest first-sacker of his time.

Ever since then John has been trying to dig up another world-beater the same way, which is about as sensible as playing the seventeen on a roulette wheel because you caught it once. The seventeen is bound to come again, of course; but when it does show up it owes you money, and if you stay with it you'll go broke.

And then there's nothing in this proposition of taking stock in letters that you get from total strangers. I get a lot of letters about young ball players and I find I can't depend on 'em, even when I know who they're from. You let a fan sit down and take a pen in his hand and he'll lie faster than a horse can trot. He won't mean to do it; but he won't be able to help himself, because he'll tell you that a thing is a fact when he only hopes it is. I always discount every boosting letter ninety per cent for lies and ten per cent for enthusiasm.

Now what gets my goat is that John will pay more attention to a letter from somebody he doesn't know at all than he will to my reports—and I'm supposed to be an expert. That's no way for a manager to do and I've told him so. He read me a batch of those letters one day and I put it square up to him.

*"What Do You Want to be so Mysterious For? Where's He Been?"*

"John," says I, "I'm a scout, ain't I?" I wanted to see what he'd say.

"I guess you are," says he. "You get money for it."

"And I wouldn't get the money unless I was on to my job," says I. "You ain't running a charity institution, John. Scouting is a job that requires special information and knowledge and judgment, ain't it? Wouldn't you call that expert work?"

Well, he wrinkled up his nose some over that one, but he finally admitted that it was.

"All right," I says. "You remember that point. Now, John, suppose they had you in a hospital, feeling rotten and not knowing what was the matter with you. Would you want a regular doctor to look you over, or would you stick your head out of the window and holler to some truck driver to come in and give you the once-over and tell you whether you'd better have your appendix cut out or not? Which would it be—the doctor or the truck driver?"

"What are you driving at?" he says.

"Never mind," I says. "Which would it be?"

"Why, the doctor, of course, you fathead!"

"Aha!" says I, thinking I had him cornered. "You'd want a doctor because it's a doctor's business to know what to do for sick folks. The truck driver wouldn't know. Like as not he'd mean all right, but he'd kill you with the wrong dope. Every man to his trade. Your ball club is sick, John. It needs a second baseman and some pitchers. I'm an expert at digging 'em up, yet you're letting the truck drivers and the bartenders and the counterjumpers write in here to tell you what to do. Why don't you have more confidence in me, John, and chuck these nut letters into the wastepaper basket?"

You'd have thought that he couldn't get past that argument. It never even jarred him!

"Listen, Mike," says he: "A doctor presents his bill whether he kills you or not, and you pay it, don't you?"

Well, I couldn't get away from that one. I had to admit it, though I saw which way he was heading.

"All right!" says John. "You're the doctor and you're getting your bills paid right along; so I don't see that you've got any kick about the truck drivers. I don't pay them a cent. They work for me for nothing. They're my eyes—a thousand of 'em; and they're open day and night. They keep me posted. Why, I never would have got Plunk Howe if it hadn't been for a man in Los Gatos ——"

I reached for my hat and beat it. I knew the rest of that story by heart and I wasn't in any mood to hear him tell it all over again. Now why would a man like that get sore at being called a bullhead?

*II*

IT WAS last spring that John showed me the first copy of the Beeville Weekly Messenger. Beeville is one of those small Iowa towns on the railroad, but most of the trains hoot like an owl when they come to it and go right along about their business, the same as if it wasn't there at all. The Messenger was one of those country weeklies with a line on the editorial page to say that subscribers could pay in cordwood, poultry, fruits or vegetables. I knew a country editor once. His name was Hogaboom, and this was the motto of his paper:

"One country, one flag, and one wife at a time. Onions positively not taken in exchange for subscriptions."

Well, that was the sort of a newspaper this was. There was a column on the front page all hedged in with blue-pencil marks, and this was the heading on it:

WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE OF LOCAL TWIRLER ROUSES FANS TO HIGHEST PITCH. EARLE HEMINGWAY FANS FIFTEEN SLUGGERS

"Read that, Mike," says John, "and let me know what you think of it."

I can give you the exact words of that article because, as it happens, I've got a complete file of the Messenger up to date. Here goes:

Once more the Pride of Beeville has demonstrated that he is the peer of any amateur pitcher of modern times. Once more Earle Hemingway has given proof of his right to be classed with the Immortals of the National Pastime. Yesterday, before an enthusiastic throng which taxed Skinner's Park to the limit, this sterling young athlete held the strong Milltown Club helpless before his blinding speed and sweeping curves.

Hemingway, whose escutcheon is still unmarred by defeat, probably never appeared to greater advantage than in yesterday's contest. His control was marvelous, his curves baffling, and his fast ball, which has been favorably compared with Amos Rusie's and Walter Johnson's, mowed down the opposition like men of straw. Time after time the Milltown batters swung at a third strike after it was safely ensconced in the catcher's mitt. Like the King of France, with thirty thousand men—or was it forty?—the invaders marched up to the plate and then marched back again, their futile bats trailing in the bitter dust of defeat; their proud crests humbled; their heavy artillery spiked by the skillful hand of the local wizard of the horsehide.

Fifteen of the visitors died on strikes. Others, swinging blindly and with small hope that victory would perch on their banner, fouled out or popped to the infielders. But two safe hits were made off Hemingway's delivery and one of these was a scratch single of dubious complexion.

*The Door Opened and Let in About Six Feet Three Inches of Rube*

The spectators, who crowded on the field after the unequal contest was over, were a unit in declaring that no more remarkable pitching feat had ever been witnessed at Skinner's Park. They all but smothered the victorious twirler with their congratulations; but he bore his heaping honors with becoming modesty, responding to one and all that he had but done his best.

It is rumored that Earle Hemingway's extraordinary performances in the box have roused interest in the highest professional circles; but there is little likelihood that the local idol will relinquish his amateur standing and the career he has chosen for himself to become a big-league star.

There was more of it, but that was enough for me. The Pride of Beeville got off on the wrong foot the minute I saw that they spelled his first name E-a-r-l-e. Like as not his ma told the preacher who did the christening that it was E-a-r-l. My wife has got a sister that they named Alice, and a pretty name too; but now she spells it Allys, and it's all I can do to be decent to her.

"What do you think of it?" asks John when I got through reading.

"I think Early's press agent is no piker," says I. "Right off the bat he lines him up with the Immortals, and he doesn't give that fast ball any the worst of it when he compares it favorably with Rusie's and Johnson's. How do you reckon he came to leave out Radbourn, Tim Keefe and John Luby?"

"Well, Mike," says John—and I nearly fell over when I saw he was taking that newspaper stuff in earnest—"you say yourself that all the great pitchers come from the small towns. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if this bird should turn out to be a wonder."

"There you go again!" says I. "Taking somebody's word for it! If I'm going to fall for a tip on a ball player I want something better than the write-up of a bush reporter, John."

"Look at that box score!" says John. He was getting mad. A bullhead always gets mad when you don't agree with him. "How can you get away from fifteen strike-outs?"

"I don't get away from it," I says. "I'd just like to see the men he struck out—that's all. Any tramp pitcher is liable to fan fifteen yaps."

"But the paper says it was a hitting team!"

"You can't depend on a press agent," I says. "I'll prove it to you right out of this article. When did the King of France march up to the plate with his standing army and then march back again? It wasn't in my time—that's a cinch. A fellow as careless with history as that is likely to say anything!"

One thing led to another. John got hot and so did I, and we had it hammer and tongs. He actually had the nerve to suggest that I take a run out to Beeville and give Early the once-over and the up-and-down.

"You want me to travel two thousand miles on the word of a bush newspaper man?" says I. "You'd bust up my whole itinerary because somebody you don't know sent you a jay weekly. I've got a second baseman planted down in Jacksonville and if I don't see him pretty quick somebody else will get there first. My trips are planned weeks ahead and I'm dated for two months now. Be reasonable, John."

"I'm always reasonable," says he. "That's why I think we ought to get a line on this Hemingway. Beeville may be only a whistling tank in the Corn Belt; but you know and I know by experience that there ain't any place in the country where a great pitcher can hide."

Well, he was the boss and I had to humor him. I promised to run out to Beeville the first open time I had. Then I went to Jacksonville and wasted a week on a lemon. While I was there I got a telegram from John:

"Paper in mail. First game no fluke. Hurry up and see this fellow."

A couple of days later along came another marked copy of the Beeville Weekly Messenger. The press agent was on the job again, strong:

SINGLE-HANDED, EARLE HEMINGWAY WRESTS VICTORY FROM FAYETTE FENCE BUSTERS IN THRILLING EXTRA-INNING CONTEST. BEEVILLE IDOL FANS EVEN DOZEN

Here is a piece of the write-up:

Battling into the dusk of an extra-inning contest with steady nerve and unfaltering courage, the Pride of Beeville yesterday snatched a brilliant victory from the jaws of defeat. Errors behind him placed the final result in jeopardy; slack and inefficient fielding populated the bases with visitors, but never once did Earle Hemingway show the white feather. He did not quail when the shadows of undeserved defeat fell thick about him; he did not flinch when the famed Fence Busters faced him; but, with the pluck of a Mathewson, the reckless insouciance of a Waddell, the fortitude of a Plank, he stuck to his guns until the fourteenth inning, when the crown of victory was won.

A glance at the last column of the box score tells the tale more eloquently than the limping, halting pen of ye scribe can hope to do it. The Beeville infielders, usually dependable, had an off day, contributing no less than ten errors, to say nothing of serious misplays in the outfield and behind the bat—a total of sixteen!

Any other pitcher would have thrown away his glove in disgust and resigned the thankless and unequal task—but not Earle Hemingway. He is made of sterner stuff. No word of reproach fell from his lips; no coldly accusing

glances pierced the hearts of his erring teammates. The Pride of Beeville but pitched the harder, and his dauntless courage and unwavering resolution so inspired his companions that they rallied their broken cohorts and in the fourteenth inning drove home the run which ended the long struggle.

That stopped me. I stood for lugging in Gum Boots and Rube and Gettysburg Eddie. I stood for the "steady nerve," the "unfaltering courage" and the "reckless insouciance." I stood for the "sterner stuff"; but when Hemingway's press agent pulled that line about no word of reproach falling from his lips I quit. Sixteen errors behind a pitcher and he didn't bawl anybody out? Ten errors in the infield and not even a coldly accusing glance from said pitcher? There ain't any such animal! I sat down and sent John a telegram, collect:

"Hemingway either deaf and dumb or too good to be true."

John hit it right back at me on a line:

"He's got a pitching arm, anyway. When do you start West?"

Well, I guess I would have had to make that Beeville trip or lose my job, but about that time I got a touch of sciatica and it fixed me so that I couldn't go anywhere except to bed. I was laid up in the hospital at Trenton for a month, and every week or so John sent me a marked copy of the Beeville Weekly Messenger—to cheer me up, maybe. I got a lot of fun out of the papers at that, because Early's press agent was on the front page every time, whooping it up for Hemingway, whether there was a ball game to write about or not. You can bet the Pride of Beeville didn't get any the worst of it when great pitchers were being mentioned.

One week he was there with two columns about the spitter that Early was developing for use against the Brickville Reds. It must have worked fine, for the next paper had an account of the game and the Reds were shut out with one hit. The press agent took a long draw at the bamboo and said that Hemingway's spitter reminded the fans of Ed Walsh in his palmiest days. I never heard of anybody learning to control a spitter in a week—or six weeks, for that matter—but a little thing like that didn't seem to cut any ice at all with the sporting editor of the Messenger.

The last paper I got had an article over on the editorial page. It wasn't marked and I wouldn't have found it if I hadn't been reading the paper through for amusement. This is it:

BUDDING GENIUS RECOGNIZED

Earle Hemingway, of our fair city, the brilliant young amateur pitcher whose slabwork for the Beeville Blues has attracted such wide attention in this section, is tasting the sweets of Fame. He has received a most flattering offer from the manager of a big-league club, the name of which we are not at liberty to mention at the time this article is written.

When interviewed by a representative of the Messenger Mr. Hemingway admitted that certain overtures had been made and stated that he was considering the matter from every angle, but as yet had reached no definite conclusion. He is torn between fidelity to the honored profession that has already claimed several years of his life and a passionate devotion to our great national pastime, of which he is such an able exponent. He realizes that the time has come when he must choose between Beeville and the metropolis—an honorable career among those who know and love him, or a brilliant success on the far diamonds of the big league. Needless to state, Mr. Hemingway's final decision will be announced in these columns.

"Aha!" says I to myself. "Somebody has been sending some more telegrams!"

They say if you speak of the devil he appears. I hadn't any more than got the words out of my mouth when John stood there in the doorway.

Well, we talked about my sciatica, how the team was going, and so forth, what a grand chance we'd have with another winning pitcher; and then John sprung something that wasn't any news to me, though he thought it would be.

"You won't have to make that Iowa trip, Mike," says he.

"No," says I; "I hear you've saved me the trouble."

"Who told you?" says he; and then I was certain he hadn't seen that article on the editorial page of the Messenger.

"Nobody told me," says I, "but I got on to it just the same. Running round the country or flat on my back in a hospital there ain't much that gets away from me. Did he holler about giving up his chosen profession, whatever it is?"

John looked at me and grinned.

"You old fox!" he says. "I'm beginning to think you're a regular scout after all. How did you find it out? I haven't told a soul. Have you been in touch with him too?"

"In a way," says I, carelesslike; "in a way." But I didn't tell him what way. There's no sense in showing the audience that the rabbit was in the plug hat all the time. You get no credit then.

"Yes," says John, "I've sent him a railroad ticket and he'll show up some time next week. I've arranged for an exhibition game over at Newark a week from Sunday, and I'll stick him in there and see what he's got. With you in the hospital I couldn't take any chances on somebody else grabbing him off."

"Uh-huh!" says I. "Was that a round-trip ticket, John?"

That was touching a match to his powder magazine. He went off with a bang.

"There you go!" says he. "You make me sick! Do you think you've got any patent on discovering players? I suppose if this fellow should be another Walter Johnson you wouldn't admit it because it was me that found him! Probably they'd throw all his winning games out of the records unless you O. K.'d him!"

"You never O. K.'d Jim Cash," says I. "Did they toss out the ten-inning game he won from you last week?"

I thought that would fetch him and it did. John turned loose in earnest and the nurse came in on the run and ordered him off the grounds.

"Such language!" says she. "You ought to be ashamed, and you're making the patient feverish."

"You've got the wrong pig by the ear, ma'am," says John. "The patient is making me feverish. He's a confounded old hardshell crab—that's what he is; and it will serve him right if he stays in a hospital the rest of his ornery life!"

"I'll fool you, John!" says I. "I'm going to see that exhibition game in Newark if it's the last official act of my life. I'm going to see the Pride of Beeville put some of that reckless what-do-you-call-it on the ball if they have to wheel me there in a chair."

"Bring a stretcher!" says John. "You'll need it."

III

AS IT happened I didn't need the wheeled chair. A week from Saturday I was in the downtown office of the club, waiting to see the secretary about some transportation.

While I was reading the morning papers the door opened and let in about six feet three inches of rube—young rube, with soft white fuzz on his upper lip and his chin, and a million dollars' worth of freckles scattered round the rest of his face. He had one of those old-fashioned leather valises which was big enough to hold a house and lot; and by the way he carried it, it was loaded to capacity.

His coat had enough padding in the shoulders to stuff a mattress—one of those long coats it was, about five years behind the fashions. The sleeves hit him high up on the wrists and there was about three inches of white sock showing between his pegtop pants and his shoes. Anybody could tell at a glance that he had done considerable growing since that suit was bought. Like as not it was one that a Chicago mail-order house had left over when the styles changed and Sandow shoulders went out.

The first thing the rube did was to put his valise on the floor and then stand straddle of it, as though he was afraid somebody might try to take it away from him. He lugged out a silver watch the size of a doughnut, looked at it and put it back. Then he fished out a telegram. It was pretty near worn through from being handled so much—and that was when I tumbled.

I'd had a sort of a mental photograph of the Pride of Beeville—a small-town Berry Wall, with a blue-bordered silk handkerchief sticking out of his breast pocket, brilliantine on his bangs and a lot of cheap smartness that he'd picked up from traveling men. I hadn't been looking for a real rube, and that was why I didn't make him when he first came in.

"Hello, Hemingway!" says I.

Well, you should have seen his eyes light up! If he'd been a lost puppy and heard his owner's whistle he couldn't have acted any more tickled. He grabbed up his valise and made a bee line for me.

"Is this Mr. Merry?" says he.

That was where I did some pretty quick thinking. You never can tell from the way a fellow looks in his clothes how much stuff he can put on a baseball. I can name a couple of big-league stars that broke in wearing Congress gaiters and celluloid collars. If Early was half as good as his press agent said, I wanted to know it, and I wanted to know it first. It would give me an ace in the hole with John—and a chance to hedge my bet if I found I was wrong.

"Mr. Merry?" says he.

"No," says I; "but I'm the man you want to see just the same. My name is Mike O'Connor. I scout for Merry. He'll be at the ball park this afternoon, but he'll be too busy to do any more than shake hands with you. He wants to work you to-morrow in an exhibition game; so what you need is a chance to limber up a little bit. I know just the place where you can get a good workout. Got a uniform with you?"

"Yes, sir," says he; "in my valise."

"Come on, then," says I.

I've got friends in the Fire Department. At one of the chemical houses in the suburbs the boys play baseball between alarms and I knew I could get Lieutenant Murphy to put on a catcher's mitt for half an hour or so.

On the way out there Early didn't have much to say. He nearly broke his neck rubbering at the tall buildings and the automobiles and the women; but when he did talk it was about baseball.

"I never pitched on a Sunday before," says he. "I don't think my folks would like it."

"It's only an exhibition game," I says.

"Professionals, are they?" says he.

"Yes," says I. "They take money for playing. It ain't much of a hitting club. If you pull some of that Walter Johnson speed on 'em you can set 'em down."

"Yes, sir," says he, and shut up like a clam.

When we got to the fire house Early went upstairs to change his things, while I explained the situation to Murphy.

"Good!" says he. "Glad to oblige, Mike. Why not ring in some of the boys to hit against him when he gets warmed up? I've got a Wop here named Lagomarsino who certainly can hammer the cover off the ball."

"Fair enough," I says. Then I read him some of Early's press notices and I thought Murphy would laugh himself to death.

"But you never can tell, Mike," says he. "He's a tall, rangy boy, and he may be another Johnson at that. And as for —— Ho-o-ly cat! Give a look who's here!"

It was the Pride of Beeville, six feet three inches tall and nine inches wide, all diked out in a red baseball uniform—red, mind you!—cap, shirt, belt, pants and stockings; and the reddest red I ever saw in my life.

"Je-e-erusalem the Golden!" says Murphy. "He looks like a three-alarm fire!"

"I don't care what he looks like," says I. "The question before the house is: What has he got?"

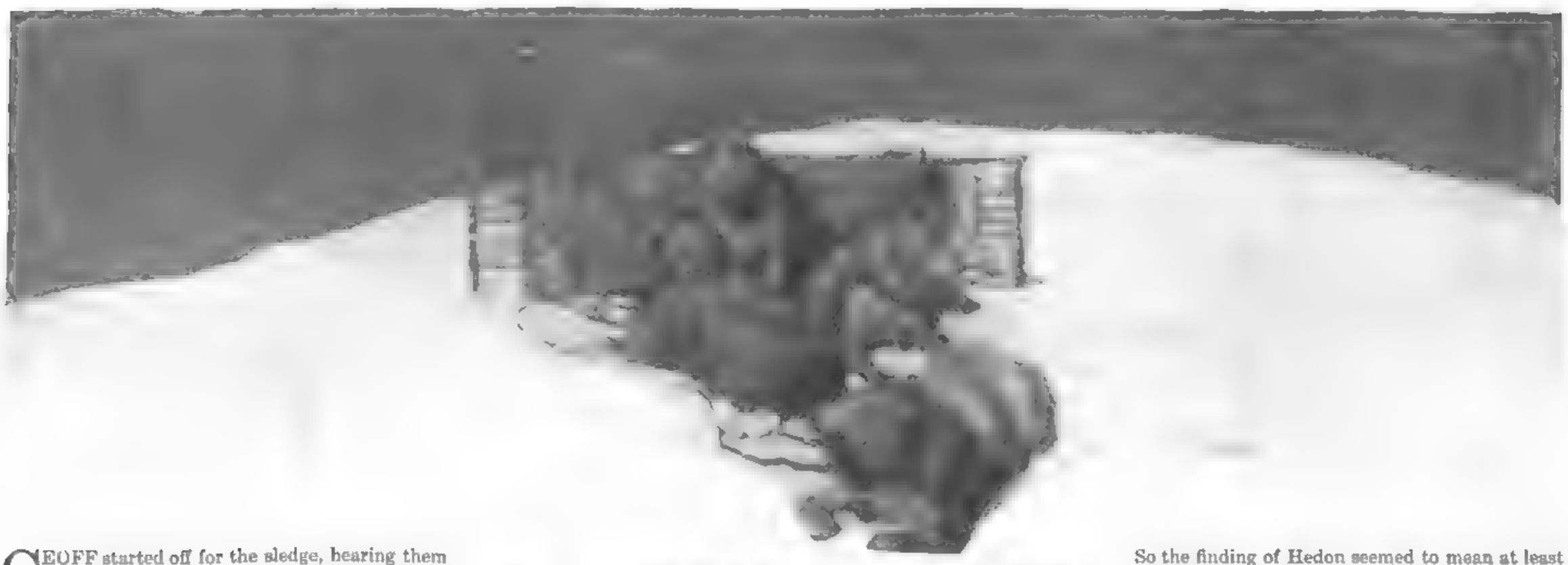
Murphy reached for his mitt.

"I'll tell you in a minute," says he.

(Continued on page 41)

"One Pitcher in Good Order. Sign Here, Mr. Merry"

# A WILD-GOOSE CHASE



By EDWIN BALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

GEOFF started off for the sledge, hearing them still talking behind him. A hundred questions, a thousand wonders, rushed to his mind; but he put them off and hurried ahead. Wherever Hedon had come from and whatever he had gone through, he seemed to be strong and in fair shape. The wound in his head, even if not dangerous, would have more disabled a weak man. As Geoff was climbing the first ice ridge toward the camp he saw figures before him. An empty sledge pulled by a man who must be Michaelis and another figure which must be Margaret were coming toward him. Evidently they had heard the shots and afterward seen that something was wrong.

"Geoff," Margaret recognized and hailed him, "what is it?"

He stopped, panting, and let them come up. As they climbed the ridge they could clearly see Brunton and Koehler half carrying Hedon between them and Latham walking alongside with the guns.

"What is that? Who is that?" Margaret cried quickly. She saw that another man was there and that the trouble was not an accident to one of the hunters.

"Margaret, it's Eric!"

"Eric!"

"He was coming to meet us."

She had stopped, but now she was running ahead of the others toward the group. They did not see her coming, or at least only Latham might have. They were picking their way over very rough ice. Then Hedon looked up. As Margaret approached in her Eskimo garments he could not have known her at the distance, yet something made him certain it was she before either of the men holding him saw her. He freed himself from their help as though they only hindered him, and with a summoning of his strength he sprang forward and toward her.

She ran to him with a cry; then, controlling herself, she called to him to stop, to wait, and she called to Koehler to catch him. Hedon laughed and tried to shake off his helpers as they seized him, then he stumbled dizzily. The surgeon had his arm round him and was supporting him when Margaret reached them.

She had pulled off her mittens as she ran; and now, as she saw how Eric had been hurt, she put her bare fingers to his face and touched him softly. In his dizziness he clung to Koehler, his eyes closed; and for an instant after he recovered from his faint he seemed not to dare to open his eyes, as though if he did either she must vanish or he could not bear more emotion at that moment. So he clung to Koehler as he felt her fingers satisfy themselves as to his hurt and heard her quick breathing.

"Margaret!" he murmured. "It's really you? Speak to me again. Let me hear your voice." All the time she had been examining his hurt she had been repeating his name ceaselessly: "Eric! Eric! Eric!" till it ran into a murmur.

"It's I—Margaret!" now she cried to him. "Eric, open your eyes; look at me!"

He obeyed, and for the first second of his sight of her face he seemed strong again, but again he reeled and was weak as he tried to stand without support. She helped to hold him while Michaelis brought up the sledge. They set him on it and supported him there.

"Margaret, why did you come?" he repeated to her again and again, as Brunton and Koehler and Geoff put themselves into the harness with Michaelis and Linn and slowly and carefully drew him on toward their camp. Margaret marched on one side, supporting him; on the other side Latham walked. "They told me—I mean the ship that came from Alaska—that you started on the Viborg. But I couldn't believe it, Margaret. I couldn't believe it even a minute ago when they said you were here."

"Every one else said you were dead, Eric," she explained; and once having said his name to him she must speak it over and over again—"Eric, Eric, Eric. But I knew you must be alive. I believed if every one else failed I must find you. So I came."

"And I knew you had come when they told me," he confessed; "really I knew it was so. For I knew—you!"

So they brought him to their shelters. As they took him in and as he met McNeal and Linn, for the first time he sensed that disaster had happened.

"Why, Jerry, what's happened? Old fellow, you've—why, you—what's happened?" he appealed. "Why, you're all here!" he realized; "Linn, you and McNeal." He named over the others. "Koehler, where's the ship? Whom have you left on the ship?"

The doctor, unable to put off the news longer, met him. "There's no one on the ship, Eric."

"You mean ——"

Koehler still hesitated; then Margaret, as though that were nothing now that she had found Eric, told him.

"The ship's burned."

"Burned?"

"Yes, north of here—two months ago."

"What?"

Now that she had started she saw no way except to tell him all.

"It burned with almost all our supplies."

"I see." Hedon looked at McNeal, then about the circle of men, and then round the little shelter. "Where were you going?" he asked.

"South to find the Eskimos."

He winced.

"What is it?" Margaret cried with concern.

"The Eskimos are south of here—just a little. You've almost got to them. It was one of them told me you were here. But"— now he hesitated, and looked from the girl to the others, and then told them—"I was trying to get to you to turn you back to your ship as soon as I could. For the Eskimos themselves are starving. The hunt was bad this fall and they're getting almost nothing this winter. They've not got food enough for themselves. There's no living on this part of the country this year."

### XVII

THE news that Hedon brought struck the party with a shock. Margaret alone was unaffected by it; indeed, it was doubtful if she heard it at all. Geoff would have said that his thought also had been entirely occupied with Eric and the fact that he had been found. But now he realized that concurrently he had been thinking of more than that. His thoughts had been running thus:

Eric must have been living on the country for at least a year. He spoke of the Eskimos and mentioned that they had seen the party; therefore the Eskimos could not be far away and must have food and fuel.

So the finding of Hedon seemed to mean at least the putting off of starvation. But his news, as he gave it in greater detail, was most serious. In the fall and winter of the year previous, when Eric alone came down the coast, there had been more than the usual amount of game of all kinds. But this year, as the Viborg party already had reason to know, was one of those seasons in the North when, for reasons unexplained, animals seemed to desert great districts.

Hedon's story of his own adventures was simple and direct. As he had written in his record at Mason Land, he had left the hut in the spring of the year before, expecting to travel directly south over the ice before it broke up Crossing the island, he shot a bear, and before leaving land built a cairn at the southwest cape and left there a report which, if found, would save any relief expedition from crossing to the cabin. He then had six dogs in good condition and one sledge. The ice broke up early, but by careful travel he managed to work his way down to the large Prince of Wales Land before the sea was entirely open. There he found plenty of game through the course of summer, and with the autumn freeze-up he crossed the channel to Victoria Island.

As caribou were plenty that fall he had an abundance of meat for himself and his dogs till he got down to where the Eskimos were, and he lived with them till the spring on deer meat and seals which they caught. Then he traveled to the south shore of Victoria Land and found a whaler, the Nares, which had been wintering there. He was aboard this vessel on his way south by way of Alaska and the Bering Sea when it met the Kadiack at the end of the summer. The Kadiack had come directly from Nome and brought reports of the Viborg's starting up to Mason Land by the original route of the Aurora. Hedon immediately changed from the Nares to the Kadiack and returned with it into Coronation Gulf, where it was to winter. Taking supplies from the ship on his sledge, and accompanied by one Eskimo, Eric returned more than four hundred miles on his trail as rapidly as he could to meet any relief party that might have found his cairns and be following his route.

On this trip he lived on the country after his supplies from the Kadiack gave out. For a while he found caribou; then game of all kinds became very scarce. The Eskimos he met were in want and having a very hard time. He gained a village about twenty miles below the camp of the Viborg, where an Eskimo hunter told him of seeing a party that he had supposed to be the strange white *kabluna* traveling south over the ice and later going into camp after the storm. The Eskimo had been afraid to approach and had hidden. Hedon took this man and started with him and a sledge; but as they approached the camp of the *kabluna* the Eskimo lost courage and deserted, so Eric came on alone.

Many details were not then told; but what was related made plain that at least one of the cairns Eric built on his journey south had been erected upon a shore visited by the Viborg after leaving Mason Land. Geoff could not be sure, from Hedon's description of the place, whether the cairn which had been missed by the searchers sent on shore had stood in one of the spots explored only by Latham. But Geoff learned that it was Eric who had visited and had photographed the stone house near the spot where the Viborg burned. Further, Eric had built the Aurora cairns where Geoff had discovered the stones strewed in front of the lonely little hut. The message left there told simply that he had reached that spot safely and was traveling on south well supplied.

There was no longer doubt in Geoff's mind, after he learned this, that Latham had found both cairns and destroyed them. But Koehler was watching Geoff as he questioned Eric; and the doctor checked the boy as he saw Geoff's hot impulse to turn upon Latham with his charge. Koehler drew him away from the others gathered in the little shelter.

"He knew Eric had crossed the sea from Mason Land safely when he tried to make us all go home!" Geoff cried.

"We don't know that. We can't prove it," Koehler cautioned.

"Who but he could have knocked down the cairns before that stone house?"

"Animals—bears sometimes destroy cairns."

"You know they didn't destroy those!"

Koehler made no direct denial. The men of the party, except Latham, were coming out of the shelter, where they all had gathered to hear Hedon's story, and entering the second hut. Latham and Margaret were left with Eric Hedon, and after a few moments Latham also came to the other shelter. As he appeared Koehler signaled to Geoff to make no charges before the others.

"Come outside with me a moment!" Geoff therefore invited Latham.

The man, looking at him suspiciously, complied. The two walked out in the bitter cold alone. The moon was just setting, but the last green rays showed to each man his companion's face.

"What do you want?" Latham demanded.

"Price, how did you come to miss Eric's cairns?"

"What are you getting at?"

"You know what I'm getting at!"

"Tell me!"

"I will!" Geoff defied. "I'll tell you I believe you found—or at least could have found if you'd decently searched one of his cairns on those first islands below Mason Land."

"You confounded ——" Latham began.

"Shut up! I told you that because I'm sure of it. Either you found his cairn there or you didn't look where you said you did. But pass that; I can't prove it; I just know it. I know you found and knocked over and said nothing about his cairns before that stone house where we found his camera spool."

Latham waited menacingly for him to go on.

"Koehler and I found the stones of the cairns under the snow. We thought then they were Aurora cairns, but we weren't sure of it, so we said nothing. But now we know Hedon built cairns there; and that you found them and threw them down and then came back and denied you'd seen the place when we told about the house."

"That's exactly true!" Latham caught Geoff off guard with the sudden admission.

"Then you did it?"

"I found those last cairns, and I would have told you so myself in a moment," Latham returned.

"Oh, you would?"

"Anywhere else and under any other conditions I'd knock you down for what you've said," Latham faced him. "Call Koehler out here and any one else you've told that to."

Geoff hesitated, then obeyed. The three stood together on the ice.

"Koehler!" Latham addressed the older man and now disregarded Geoff. "He's been telling me you found the cairns by that stone house knocked down. I want to tell you now I found those cairns and got the message saying that Hedon had passed that point almost a year before. I took it out and knocked down the cairns."

"Well," questioned the doctor quietly. "Why?"

"Because I felt that in our condition at that time nothing should influence our movements but our own interests. I could not trust the rest of you not to be fools and try to follow up a man who'd been by twelve months before. I acted in the interests of all."

"I see," said Koehler quietly.

Latham turned away and went back into the shelter with the other men.

In the farther little snow hut Margaret Sherwood and the man she loved and for whom she had promised herself to another were left alone. Eric lay on the sleeping shelf of snow where Koehler had commanded him to remain after his wound had been dressed and where he had told his story. Beside him Margaret sat. Now that they were alone he tried to rise, but she, instead of coming closer to him, drew away. He sank back a little and gazed at her with a question.

"My dear!" he cried to her softly. "My dear! Why, what is the matter? What has been the matter, dear?"

"Don't say that!" she forbade him, and shut her eyes as he stared at her.

"What? Don't say that anything is the matter, Margaret?"

"No; don't say—don't call me as you used to!"

"I don't understand! I have seen that something is strange, of course, Margaret; but—tell me, what is it?"

"Help me to tell you, Eric!" she appealed.

"Why, Margaret! Help you how?"

"Oh, surely, surely you saw!" she motioned dumbly.

"Latham, you mean?" he questioned. "Yes, I saw he stayed here after the others. He—there were other things in the way he spoke to you, looked at you, looked at me. I see, Margaret; then I did not just imagine them?"

"Imagine them—no!"

"What do you mean?"

"How can I tell you, Eric?"

"They mean"—he and she both had forgotten what the surgeon had warned them; he drew himself up now straight and faced her in his direct demand, the blood running hot to flush his face and a ruddy spot welling through the cloths of his bandage—"they mean he has some claim on you?"

Then she told him, beginning with the report of McNeal and Koehler and the others who came back from the Aurora that he must be dead.

"Yes!" he nodded to her. "I knew that, of course. At Mason Land I realized that they would tell you that I was dead. That's why I went over the ice in June—after poor Thomas was dead—and didn't wait till the freeze again. Margaret, I had to try to get to you."

"And every one was sure you were dead—every one, every one, Eric," she went on. "They all said I must forget you; I must give you up; I must marry him. My father and mother had wanted me to marry him, you know, and so did every one else. They said even if you came back I should put you away, but that surely you were dead. But I wouldn't believe it."

"Go on, Margaret!" he cried.

"Then came the message of the wild goose!"

"What?"

*Had They Seen There Before Them a Son of the Old Vikings of Greenland?*

She told him of that.

"What a strange thing!" He stared at her for a moment. "And how nearly true that was!"

"It was true; that was it, Eric! Oh, my love—forgive me, but I had to say it that once—that message made me almost mad. I knew it mightn't be real—that is, I knew it might not have been sent by you; but everything in my soul told me that what it said was true. You were safe. You needed help. And I had to send it to you!"

"My poor sweetheart!"

"Eric, you must see how it was with me. I sent at once for my cousin—Mrs. Chandler, you remember her. She told me I was a fool and scolded me. I could get no money from her. I knew I should be laughed at in the same way by other people, and I had no time to seek other people. I had to do what I was to do at once, you see that, else I could have no chance of sending a ship for you that year."

"Of course I see, Margaret!"

"Then Price and Geoff came. They were against me, both of them, as I knew they'd be; but I was desperate. Eric, you see I thought of you starving, dying—perhaps dying a day before I could get a ship to you, because I delayed. I wasn't afraid to risk myself to save you."

She choked and halted again. "I must know it all now, Margaret!" he commanded her.

"Then Price made his offer to me. I didn't have the money; I couldn't get it. But he would give it to me that day, that moment, if I would give you up in case we sent a ship and couldn't find you. So we made the bargain."

"The bargain?"

"Yes. We arranged that he would give me a ship to send to you at once. I could have it and go in it myself to Mason Land; only, if I failed to find you there, I was to give you up and—and ——"

She faltered.

"Marry him?"

"Marry him."

"But," Eric cried, "there you found ——"

"That you had been there and gone and were to build cairns if you got to the islands south. We searched them week after week, but you hadn't got there. I couldn't show that you'd got there. He said that your own message proved you must be lost and he ordered the ship south. He said there was no use in our looking for you longer; that he'd filled his part of the bargain. So he claimed me."

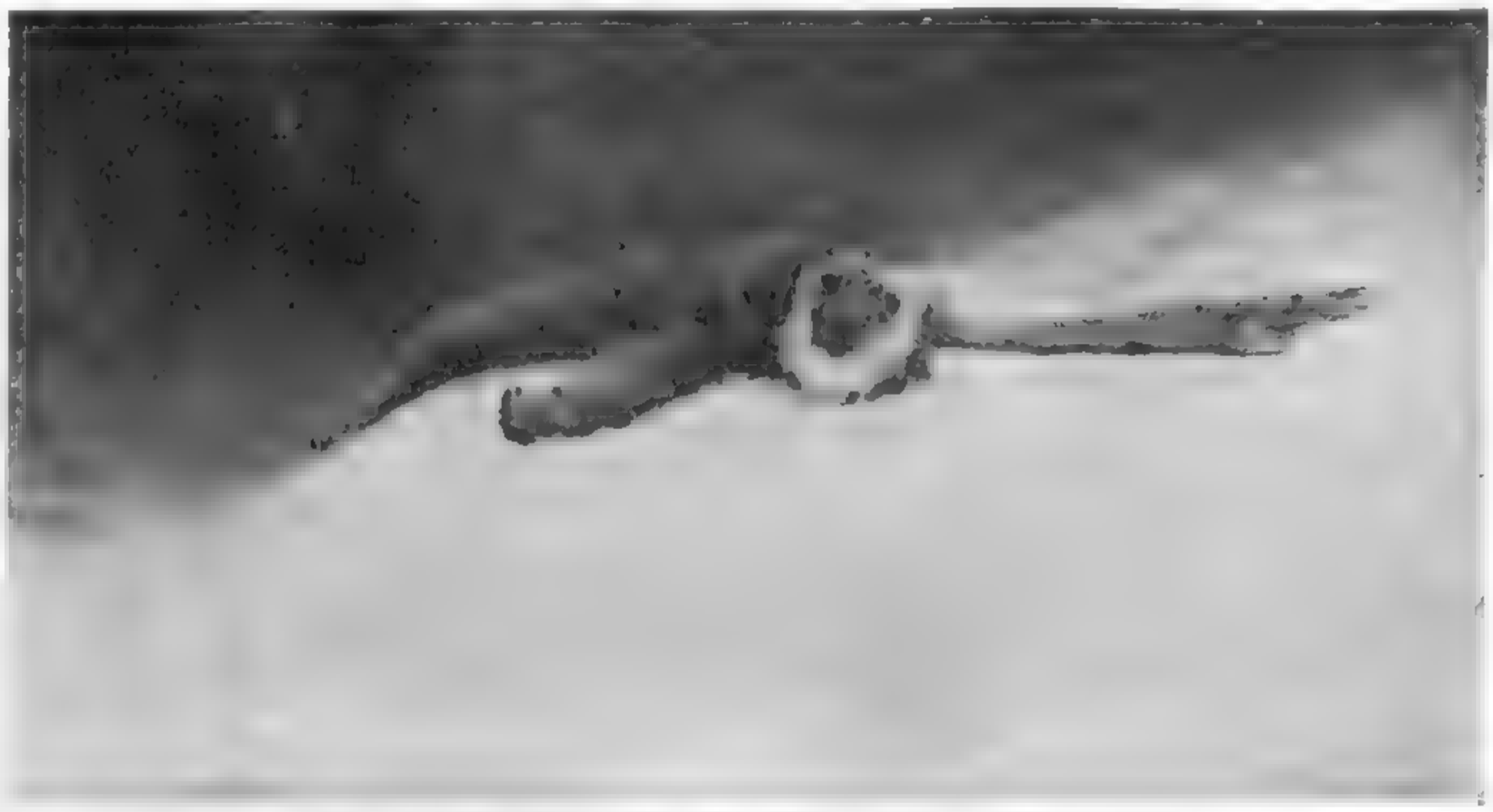
"Claimed you?" Eric let her go and his eyes glowed.

"The men turned on him and refused to go back. Then he said I'd tricked him; that I meant to cheat him all along; that I used the men to force him to stay beyond his bargain. Eric, it was true; from his point of view it was true. I didn't care about anything else but finding you; I was afraid he might make them go back. So I told him he'd done his part and I'd do mine; but he must stay and search longer, no matter how hopeless it was. Then he did."

"And you—you?"

"He has my word that he can claim me when we get home."

For another moment in silence Hedon stared at her, then shut his eyes



*It Was the Partner Who Lay on the Snow With the Stain of His Blood About Him*

and swayed in a faint. She caught him as he was about to fall and laid him down gently on the sleeping shelf.

"Margaret," he murmured to her, "I know how you offered it."

"It was because I couldn't think of anything beyond finding you that I did it," she cried to him. "And now—Doctor!" she called. "Doctor!"

Koehler came in. He took Hedon from her and after a moment sent her away. Though outwardly she was controlled, inwardly she was beside herself when Geoff came to her and told her of the cairns.

"What?" she cried. "How do you know Price had found one of Eric's cairns before he tried to turn the ship back?"

Geoff told her how they had found the cairns by the stone house thrown down, and that Latham had admitted doing it.

"But that can't help me," she cried; "that was too late. Nothing he did then could change my word of honor given him. But before I gave him my word on the ship, Geoff, can we know he had seen a cairn of Eric's then?"

Geoff had no answer for that. No one could answer that question but Latham; and already he had given his answer. He had seen no cairn and had known no more than any of the others when he had required

and taken Margaret's word, which now bound her to him though Eric Hedon was found.

### XVIII

REALIZATION of her position came to Margaret then; but the immediate emergencies of the party at least prevented her dwelling upon it. Though Eric had brought word that the Eskimos farther down the coast were in want, their condition was not so desperate as that of the whites. The eight from the Viborg had fuel for barely another day and full rations for less than a week. Seals were the only animals that might be got at that time of the year, and they furnished both food and oil. But the Eskimos had told Eric that the shore upon which the *kabluna* had encamped was absolutely devoid of seals, and this had been shown to be true. The Eskimos had built their snow village on the ice of the best bay for seals, which was some thirty miles to the south.

Preparations were made at once, therefore, to push on to that bay; and immediately after moonrise twelve hours later the party started south. McNeal insisted on walking for a while, though the sledges now were very light. Eric had regained enough strength to hold the slow pace of the sledges.

He had lain in the larger of the two shelters, where Latham also slept. Margaret had not seen him alone again, and now on the march there was no time to talk, but she did not need to have him tell her how he felt. She had told him that she considered herself bound in honor to another; and he would do nothing and would take no attitude toward her that demanded breaking her bond. But he avoided Latham, as Latham too avoided him. She could see that Eric at times tried to conceal before the others his repulsion for Latham; but he did not succeed.

It was another moon day of great cold, but there was no wind. The march took the trail of Eric's tracks the day before, and the party came upon the marks of the Eskimo who had turned back with the sledge. They camped where Eric and the Eskimo had slept the night before and moved on with the next rising of the moon. The trail took them out now over the sea and round a point beyond which lay a long bay. On account of the protection of the high shores on three sides, the water seemed to have frozen more smoothly there than elsewhere. Little rough ice appeared and few ridges, and all was covered deep with snow. As the nine white people turned into this bay, far ahead over the smooth snow showed a score or more of tiny snow roofs, and scattered away from these in every direction were dark spots—the Eskimo seal hunters watching for seal to spear for food for their hungry people.

These saw the *kabluna* turning into their bay, and as alarm ran from man to man forty figures swiftly gathered, men armed with spear and bow and long knife, and standing watching, silent and wary, the advance of the strangers.

"In this bay are just so many seals—enough, the Eskimos hope, to give them food to scrape through the winter," Eric said quietly as his party halted. "They don't know where other seals may be got; and they look upon those here as their own, as we would a herd of cattle. I'll go forward to meet the hunters; they know me. Some one else ought to go with me as a sample of the rest of us."

"Unarmed?" objected Latham, as he watched Hedon put down his rifle.

"Koehler or Brunton or you, Geoff, you'll go?" Eric disregarded Price.

The surgeon had already stepped forward; so he and Eric advanced slowly, their empty hands held out away from their bodies. Three Eskimos, in similar posture, advanced to meet them. Would the savages, themselves starving, take in nine strangers to share with them what they had? If they would not—but the parley seemed progressing favorably. The Eskimos, assured that neither of the strangers had knives concealed, approached and talked. Hedon stayed with them while Koehler came back.

"They aren't taking enough seals each day to feed themselves; they're living now on the last of the caribou meat they got in the fall," the doctor reported. "But they'll share with us while it lasts."

Hedon now motioned his party forward, and at the same moment the main body of hunters moved to meet them. Flanked on both sides by gaunt, swarthy savages bearing seal spears and long knives, the nine white strangers entered the Eskimo village.

The snow houses stood in a rough crescent; before them silent, staring women and children grouped, attempting to smile as the strangers were proclaimed to them as friends about to become guests. Half famished and dying dogs skulked about and bristled at the smell of the visitors and their foreign dog teams. This was one of the tribes that had never seen *kabluna* till Eric Hedon came on them; but they had heard of the whites from other tribes.

*Kabluna*, in the reports of these people, were strange men with ways of their own. Sometimes they appeared in possession of monstrous wealth and in large ships well supplied, and then they gave to the Eskimos only in barter—a needle for a fox skin, another for a seal. But at other times the *kabluna*, starving and with empty sledges, sought out the Eskimos for food and fuel and skins. This was one of those times now; so, as other tribes had done before, the Palugmiut opened their larders. Fresh seal meat, as they had said, was scarce, and what had been taken already was eaten: but there still were a few carcasses of caribou saved from the fall hunting. These were brought forth, and it was made plain that as long as this food lasted the Eskimos would share with their visitors.

No one could say just how long this food would last, for each day the Eskimo hunters brought in a few seals. This fresh meat was distributed and eaten at once, and with it each day some of the meat stored from the fall hunting.

From the day on which the whites joined the Eskimos Hedon and the seven men from the Viborg joined in the watch for seal. At that season the seal, of course, were living under the sea ice. As this ice had frozen over the bay the seals had gnawed holes in it for air, and as the freezing continued had kept these holes open by gnawing. These holes were now hidden under the snow, and the Eskimo dogs were used to smell them out. Beside each hole thus located a hunter stationed himself, sitting silent on a block of snow, spear in hand, ready to stab instantly when an animal rose.

Day after day, in the manner of the Eskimos, the eight white men sat, each on his block of snow, seal spear poised. Seal hunting offered their only hope of obtaining food, their only way of keeping alive. The feeling of incredulity that such a desperate necessity could be real now no longer came to Geoff, and he could see also that no longer it came to Price Latham. Instead of this seeming some strange, impossible, outlandish dream of slow starvation, which one could banish merely by shaking oneself awake, now it was established as the only actual condition of existence.

As Geoff thought of his life at the club and at home, that life sometimes seemed not six months but six thousand years away, and not in the past but somehow far in the future. Among men of the stone age—living or dying according as to whether they were able to stab a spear through the brain of a seal as the animal rose for breath and before he dived again—Geoff and the rest had become as men of that age, with civilization thousands of years ahead.

The moon waned and was gone; and in the endless darkness of the arctic night, with only the aurora to light the sky, the hunters shivered and froze their faces, hands and feet as they sat at their seal holes. Each hunter, Eskimo or white, stayed out in the terrible cold as long as he dared; but all together brought back not enough meat to feed the village; and the few seals that were caught were nearly all caught by the Eskimos. The dogs, except a few spared to find out fresh seal holes, now were let die unfed; the people stared at each other from sunken eyes and their children cried with hunger. Yet the Eskimos shared alike with each other and with their white visitors.

*"He Said I'd Tricked Him; That I Meant to Cheat Him All Along"*

The moon came back; but though the Eskimos moved their village once and then again to try different parts of the bay, the sea hunters found little success. The cold more quickly numbed men not half fed. The white hunters stubbornly stayed out through the moonlit period; then they retreated into their igloos, which the Eskimos' seal oil kept warm.

### XIX

FIVE of the men were gathered in one of the snow huts after an absolutely bootless day.

"We've got to get out of here," Latham said desperately.

"Where to?" McNeal questioned practically.

"We can't get through the winter here."

"Then we can't do it anywhere else. This is the Eskimos' country. They know it. If we can't get along with them giving us food, we'll be worse off by ourselves with no one to help us."

*(Continued on Page 57)*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## Emperors and Socialists

FOR at least ten years all Europe has been steadily preparing for war, and the only large, organized, formal protest against such preparation has come from the Socialists. All other important political sections have with cheers voted for more battleships and battalions; but the Socialist party represents the workmen who, with the peasants, must finally pay the war bill in blood and coin; and unflinching antimilitarism has always been a cardinal tenet in its creed.

With four and a quarter million votes, and with one hundred and eleven members of the Reichstag out of a total of three hundred and ninety-eight members, the Socialist party is stronger in Germany than in any other country; and there it has preached antimilitarism in the face of proscription and persecution.

Last year, however, the Kaiser demanded his extraordinary military contribution of a quarter of a billion dollars, on top of the ordinary military taxes. This ominously hinted war; but the Socialist members voted for it solidly. In order to inaugurate this European war the Kaiser asked for an appropriation of five billion marks, and the hundred and eleven Socialist members voted solidly for it.

In his explanatory speech the leader of the party referred feelingly to the Socialists' protests against war, and to their brother toilers in France, whom they were going to fight; but the real issue, as he saw it, was to prevent a "triumph of Russian despotism, weltering in the blood of Germany's noblest sons. . . . Therefore we must to-day justify what we have always said: in its hour of danger Germany may always rely on us."

Of course the French Socialist, the Russian Socialist and the English Socialist can vote for war on Germany with exactly as good consciences. We will talk peace, but we will vote war taxes; and when the bugle sounds we will fight.

In view of this action by the party that represents four million German workmen, why blame it on the Kaiser or look for any particular scapegoat?

## State Debts

THE states of the Union, generally speaking, undertake few public works and borrow little; in fact the net indebtedness of the states is less for each person than it was a generation ago.

Pennsylvania's sinking-fund assets exceed her entire debt. The net indebtedness of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, New Jersey and Oregon is less than fifty cents a head. Minnesota and South Dakota are just over that mark. Massachusetts and New York owe almost half the total net indebtedness of the forty-eight states. New York leads the list, but her debt is only nine dollars a head. In debt for each individual Massachusetts is first, with nearly twenty-three dollars a head; but the government of that commonwealth has done many useful things that some other states might copy with profit.

The small indebtedness of the states—as shown by the recent census bulletin from which we are quoting—presents a rather pleasing contrast to the prodigal expenditure of public funds in certain other places, yet fairly raises a question as to whether the resources of many states might not be somewhat more largely drawn on, to the ultimate benefit of their inhabitants. There is the still-standing question of good roads, for example.

## Seeking a Scapegoat

STRONG ties of trade, tradition and language draw the sympathy of the United States to Great Britain. It was the French fleet that enabled Washington to corner Cornwallis and win our independence. For France's superb achievements in art and science we owe her an everlasting debt of gratitude, beyond all calculation. It is probably true, moreover, that Emperor William could have maintained the peace of Europe if he had been unflinchingly determined to do so.

However, all that should not blind us to the facts of the case, or betray us into the cheap delusion of loading all the blame on the first crowned head in sight. France is as democratic as the United States. Yet for forty-four years she has preached revenge and nourished hatred.

Tearing Alsace and Lorraine from her was a crime. In time long past both territories had been shuttled back and forth from French to German rule; but the former had been part of France from the days of Louis XIV—the latter for more than a century. A majority of the people living there wished to remain under the French flag.

For Germany to take the provinces was a crime; but for more than a thousand years the history of Europe was full of such crimes. Sometime a statute of limitations must run. Sometime the nations must accept the existing situation in good faith and build for peace on it. Otherwise there can be no peace.

When Frederick the Great decided to grab Silesia he had no trouble in digging up a moldy Prussian claim to it. There is hardly a state in Europe that could not, by going back far enough, unearth the bones of a claim to territory now under another flag.

Our Southern States suffered crushing defeat and accepted it in good faith; and binding peace has grown out of that acceptance.

If France, after she signed the Treaty of Frankfort, had bent all her splendid energies to peace as assiduously as she bent some of them to revenge on Germany, there would probably have been no war this year. There can be no binding peace while nations nurse vengeance and hatred.

## Hyphenated Americans

WHATEVER American citizen cherishes a hyphen in these days ought to take it off and have a good look at it in the cold light of facts. He is going comfortably to his business and pleasure as usual, with nothing worse to fear than a punctured tire or a crowded street car. If he has sons above eighteen years of age he knows they are snug at school or at home.

If he were still under the flag to which his hyphen sentimentally attaches him he would probably have comparatively little business left to look after. A dark, chaotic welter would constitute his outlook on the breadwinning side. Heartbreaking search of the lists of dead and wounded would be his chief domestic occupation if he had sons of military age.

And all for nothing—all for paper dogmas of statecraft which have not the least relation to his own real interests and the interests of his neighbors. If he were French or German, Austrian or Russian, or even British, he would be caught in the vast destruction wrought by a failure of government and civilization in Europe. The flag to the right of his hyphen is the only big one left that stands for those things that make the lot of the twentieth-century Caucasian better than that of the sixteenth-century Indian.

Having looked at his hyphen in the light of these facts, maybe he will stop parading it. This is the worst time there ever was to invite American admiration for any European system.

In the main this war proves the essential solidarity of the American public, and no one objects to any citizen's entertaining in private whatever sympathies he pleases; but if any exceptional citizen of foreign birth or foreign-born parents feels so indissolubly wedded to his hyphen that he must flourish it in other people's faces, the logical course for him is to take the next east-bound steamer and shoulder a musket.

## One Trouble at Home

GROSS receipts of the railroads of the United States for the first six months of this year were smaller than in 1913 by some eighty-five million dollars. Expenses of operation were reduced by about thirty-four millions, leaving a decrease in net earnings of approximately fifty millions. This latter decrease occurs in the fund from which the railroads pay interest on their bonds, pay dividends on their stock, and pay for permanent improvements.

That there is not much doing in the way of permanent improvements goes without saying. In August there was only two million dollars' worth of new financing by all the railroads of the country—that is, of calling in new capital for extensions, betterments, equipment, and so on. That was perhaps largely an effect of the war; but the war promises to continue some time.

There is probably not a railroad in the United States to-day in a position to undertake any new work of importance, and it is doubtful whether any railroad would have been in such a position irrespective of war. The railroads are the biggest employers of labor and the largest purchasers of materials. When they buy only to meet pressing necessities, the effect is felt in many lines of trade.

The Interstate Commerce Commission admitted that the carriers needed more revenue and gave them much advice as to how they might eventually get it without raising freight rates; which reminds us of the man whose doctor said, with the most encouraging air:

"I am not at all alarmed about your case."

And the man replied:

"There is no reason why you should be!"

## Royal Blasphemy

FROM events in Europe since the closing days of July we make the following deduction: A democratic country can go to war without adding blasphemy to its other crimes; but an autocratic country cannot.

The most illustrious of the Hohenzollerns was a professed atheist. If there is any rule of human conduct for which divine sanction can be claimed that has not been violated by the Romanoffs—especially by the two ablest members of that family—we should like to know what it is. For some eight centuries a Hapsburg has had a finger in the European pie, and has made more or less of a mess of things about nine times out of ten.

The way the present representatives of those dynasties proclaim the approval and coöperation of God for their bloody business is one of the shocking incidents of the war. What you hear when a couple of inebriated truck drivers lock wheels in a traffic jam sounds rather gracious by comparison.

## The Two-Edged Sword

WAR doubled the price of sugar, and that ought to be good news to sugar-beet growers; but from Western beet districts expressions of alarm have been pouring in.

"Utah and Idaho may face a sugar-beet famine as a result of the war now raging in Europe," says the Salt Lake Herald; and a like lugubrious view is expressed in California:

"Germany produces the sugar-beet seed for the United States. Though Utah, Idaho and California raise better beets, the soil is not so well adapted to the growing of seed as is the German. Experiments have been made in growing seed in Western America with some success; but so far the production has not been on an extensive scale."

Los Angeles advices, quoted in the Journal of Commerce, say that—unless the war ends so as to permit importation of seed for the December-January plantings—the sugar-beet crop must be a short one, in spite of the high prices.

Always war cuts both ways.

## Regulating Food Prices

THE British Cabinet Minister who corresponds to our Secretary of Agriculture attributed the jump in food prices at the beginning of the war partly "to the panic and greed of the better-to-do people, who really disgraced themselves by placing long queues of motor cars at the entrances to stores and carrying off as many provisions as they could persuade the stores to part with." In short there was a spontaneous outburst of fear and greed, which no legislation could effectually have forestalled; and that, in our opinion, largely explains the jump in food prices here.

Otherwise the British situation is different, in that a great part of her food supply is imported, and thus is far more liable to malevolent manipulation than the food supply of this country. To meet that condition Parliament empowered the Board of Trade to take food supplies by requisition, substantially as the army is empowered in time of war to take private property that is necessary for its safety or maintenance, the price paid for the requisitioned food to be settled by arbitration before a judge selected by the chief justice.

Mr. Runciman, however, explained that the main purpose of this Parliamentary measure was simply to allay popular apprehension, and that the powers so delegated would not be used except in a very plain case of unreasonable holding of food supplies for the purpose of extorting unconscionable prices. That explanation was necessary, because it is of vital importance to England that an ample supply of foodstuffs be shipped to her from foreign countries; and any suggestion that the price of the foodstuffs was to be left to the mere arbitrary will of the government would shut off the supply.

In this country consumers want food cheap, but producers do not. Arbitrary intervention by the Government would do more harm than good.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### The Englishman of the Hour

THE first order Earl Kitchener gave after he became Minister for War for Great Britain was typical of the English estimate of the man. As he went up the steps leading to the War Office he stopped for a moment at the door.

"Is there a bed here?" he asked the veteran who stands there.

"No, my lord."

"Get one!"

And he went on to take up the direction of England's part in the greatest war of all the ages

That types Kitchener to the English—Kitchener, on whom they have staked all their hopes for such success at arms as they may have in this tremendous affair. They think it will be the same with him when he wants another army as it was when he wanted a bed. They fancy the conversation will be about like this:

"Is there a second army?"

"No, my lord."

"Get one!"

You see, getting what England needed at the time has been a sort of specialty of Kitchener's. Twenty years ago, in the Sudan, England was in sore straits for a reconquest of that turbulent and bothersome territory. The Mahdists were to be crushed. Revenge, reprisal and reconstruction were wanted, and wanted badly. So they sent Kitchener in.

"Are there any dead Mahdists here?" he asked.

"No, general"

"Get some!"

Whereupon Kitchener and his men proceeded to get some; and he was not a bit fastidious as to how they were procured. Inasmuch as dead Mahdists in large quantity meant safety for live Englishmen and peace in a country that was entirely too belligerent and noncivilized to comport with English ideas, Kitchener reduced the quantity of live Mahdists by such means as were at hand, and did not stop the process of reduction until the reduction was complete.

Then, later, there came the Boer War, which began so disastrously for the British. What England needed at that time was a victory and a demonstration of prowess which had suffered sadly in reputation and regard by its failure against the Boers.

"Have we won a fight?" asked Kitchener after he went to South Africa.

"No, my lord."

"Win one!"

Kitchener won several, and won the war as well. Thus, when this war broke, engulfing Great Britain and most of the remainder of Europe in its bloody depths, the English turned to Kitchener. He was not of the dominant party. In time of peace that would have raised a fog of protest. But they had to have him. He is the soldier par excellence in the British mind. They know him as the stern, uncompromising leader who slaughtered the Mahdists at Omdurman; and they know him as the man who gathered up the tangled ends of the British campaign in South Africa and achieved a success. It was good politics for the government to choose him, as well as good sense. Every Englishman felt a bit more secure when he heard that Kitchener was in control of the army.

Those who know Kitchener well say that, in addition to being the ruthless and skillful soldier, he has developed into a wise counselor, and that his services will be invaluable. There is no doubt that he has already injected many direct business methods into the conduct of the army's share of the war; and there is also no doubt that, so long as he remains, there will be a fresh tradition and conventionality shattered every hour.

Kitchener is more than sixty years of age, but his increasing years have not changed his chief characteristic, which is his firm belief in and operation on the proposition that the end justifies the means.

#### Warfare Without Frills

THE English have a softer way of putting it. They say: "The available means must be employed for the object in view." They cribbed that from Moltke's definition of strategy, which was that strategy is "a series of expedients, or an adaptation of available means to the end in view." Inasmuch as the end in view at the present time is to whip the Germans and the Austrians, there is nobody in England, so far as I can discover, who is not satisfied that in Kitchener they have the best adapter for ends in view the empire affords.

Kitchener is not a tactician. The pundits of the War Office have had ample opportunity to criticize and condemn both his fighting record and what he has said on military tactics and strategy—that is, they have pointed out that he has at times devoted himself to the entirely nontactical scheme of licking the enemy in any manner that came to hand and was most convenient and efficacious, rather than of doing it according to the rules set down in the books. He has not been scientific in some of his campaigns. With him it has been a procedure rather than a principle. Indeed, his chief concern seems to have been to win, and he has had no compunctions in killing opposing persons in the process.

However, the critics are all in their holes in the wall at this time. There is not much of a question of tactics before the English people as this is written. What the English need is a man who can supplement their small army by another; who can train and direct both the old and the new; who has the nerve and the courage to break through and trample on the prevailing regimental system; and who can present an adequate front to the enormous enemy. And that is what they depend on Kitchener to do. They do not need a tactician. What they principally want is a man; and they think they have him in Kitchener.

I saw him once at a Lord Mayor's dinner in London. He was ablaze with decorations and uniformed in scarlet and gold. He walked down the aisle alone in his capacity of field marshal, and he was the most imposing figure of a soldier I had ever seen up to that time or ever expect to see again. He is tall and erect; and his face is the face of a man who has absolute confidence in himself. His eye is hard and gray, and he shows intense nervous energy in every action. He looks as cold as a wedge. He probably is, though they say he has softened to some extent of late years. He is just the sort of man you imagine would turn machine guns loose without mercy, and who would not give an order to cease firing until the enemy had ceased to be

Kitchener's chief commander is Sir John French, who, as an active soldier, is held to be the best Great Britain has. Kitchener's task is to provide everything for Sir John French—everything! He has unlimited credit and he is held to be a great organizer. Moreover, his recent services in Egypt have given him an insight into the other side of government as well as the war side; and the double experience should count.

Kitchener has two qualities that make him valuable, aside from his military genius: He is the most taciturn man in the army of England, and he has a supreme contempt for what any and every person says of him or of what he is doing. He says nothing, and cares nothing for what others say. Hence, he is in an admirable position to brush aside tradition and precedent, cut red tape, and go straight to his mark, which is to put the army of England in such shape as it should be to bear its share of the burden of war.

In a way England, so far as its army is concerned, is in the same position as the United States. It has a small army, but it is now fighting two nations that number more than a hundred million people and that can and have put millions on millions in the field. The emergency is the same as the emergency that would face the United States, in an army sense, if the United States were attacked by a first-class Power.

Kitchener must provide more army. Kitchener must supply an army that will hold England's place in battle, and be of sufficient consequence to give England her part of the spoils when the time comes for the peace settlement—that is, England must put up her full quota—she must have her share of chips in the game—if she would partake of the pot.

It is possible that Kitchener will be obliged to raise an additional half million men; and that will be a hard task, for the men he is getting now, on his first call, are so raw that it will take months to make soldiers of them.

However, England thinks he can do it, and so does he. And if he cannot get them by asking he will get them by force. You see, with Kitchener the end justifies the means. War is his business, and he puts no frills on it.

The Pied Piper

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# "The Lost Provinces"

### By ROBERT SHACKLETON

THERE are distinctive differences between Alsace and Lorraine. They are, however, alike in aversion to German rule. They are bound together as one united province—Elsass-Lothringen. They adjoin one another and therefore might naturally enough be alike; but there is really not much similarity except in their dislike of the Germans, and there are differences in the degree of dislike.

The people of Lorraine are essentially French; but Alsace, much more populous than Lorraine, is essentially German. Alsace has a great deal more fertile soil and many more manufacturing industries than Lorraine. Lorraine is hilly. Alsace has much level land and also a range of real mountains. Alsace borders the Rhine. Lorraine has the upper Mosel. And there are differences in the types of inhabitants.

Alsace and Lorraine were part of France continuously for two hundred years previous to the Franco-Prussian War; and these two hundred years fixed firmly the desire for French rule, though at the same time, so far as Alsace is concerned, did not interfere with the almost universal use of the German language. It is a remarkable feature of the situation that though in the course of the long French domination the people of Alsace became devotedly French in feeling, they continued to speak German. Alsace talks German and loves France. Lorraine loves France and talks French.

From time to time France tried to introduce the French tongue. I remember having a man of Mülhausen tell me of how, when he was a boy at school, the children were told to study and recite in French, and to use no German words, even in play among themselves. "And when one of us happened to use a German word, and it would be reported to the teacher, the boy would have to pay a copper. The schoolmaster then kept the coppers, and whenever there were enough coppers he took us all on a picnic with them!"

Does not one get an idea of the pleasant and care-free character of French rule in Alsace? And does one wonder that the French Government made itself loved?

In 1871, when the Germans took Alsace and Lorraine, they at once sharply ordered that the German language should be the only language in local government affairs and in the courts and schools—not a difficult order to enforce, so far as Alsace was concerned; and they put in force compulsory education of every child over six.

Lorraine is the more turbulently inclined of the two regions and has, therefore, been the more closely watched and severely repressed. Alsace, whose dislike of Germany has not been so intense, has been a little more trusted, though even there the espionage has been severe. Zabern, where a few months ago there was a serious outbreak of anti-German feeling, is in Alsace, but in the northern part and close to the Lorraine boundary.

### *German Tongues and French Hearts*

When an Alsatian speaks of France he will likely take off his hat. I have seen it done, especially with the words: "I was born a Frenchman!"

"Should the French invade," I remember hearing an Alsatian say, "our women would cook for them and run out of their houses with food and drink, and our young men would fight—but they are with the German colors!"

He gave me a distinct impression of receptive rebellion, though I do not remember his German expression of it. This was some little time before the outbreak of the present war; and though it was an abstract expression of feeling it was also more than that, for the Alsatians have looked on another conflict for their province as inevitable.

In taking Alsace and Lorraine, in 1871, Germany wanted territorial aggrandizement; but at the same time she aimed for something else that would be almost as important—she wanted strategic position. Lorraine was to be a vantage region for attack. Alsace was to be rather a vantage region for aiding in German defense.

France, however, at once set about building a line of fortresses along the entire border of the two provinces; fortresses technically of the first and second classes, so strong and so many that Alsace and Lorraine both seemed to be shut in, with the strength of their strategic position quite nullified. So close together are these border forts, built with every detail of modern strength and given the most modern cannon, that any German army that should ignore them and endeavor to pass into France would find itself under direct fire from the long-range guns of one or two forts, except in a few places where the openings have been looked on as traps.

It is obvious that if Alsace and Lorraine could really be shut off from France by this string of forts all danger of direct invasion from German soil would be done away with; for Alsace and Lorraine cover the entire boundary between the two countries. Alsace and Lorraine, it will be noticed, are not mere names, not mere sentimental memories.

France really defeated her own ends, however, by not realizing that if the Germans saw themselves faced by too strong a wall they would look for a gate; and that two wide gates were very handy—namely, Belgium and Luxemburg. Luxemburg could not fight. Belgium was not expected to; but Germany estimated that, even if it should, it would mean less loss to fight through Belgium into France than through the Alsace-Lorraine wall of forts.

### *The Home of the Marseillaise*

The German fortifications have been of a very different kind. Metz, the principal city of Lorraine, tremendously fortified and surrounded by a large circle of great forts, is deemed impregnable and stands for all of little Lorraine, for Lorraine cannot be invaded without gaining Metz—and Metz is impregnable! And yet, say the French, ready to learn by their own defeats, they themselves lost Metz—and with it lost a stupendous number of men in 1870, though Metz was even then deemed impregnable; which proves, so they like to say, that nothing is really impregnable. And they grimly add that nothing is impregnable to starvation.

Alsace is practically without great fortifications except those of Strasburg; but the Strasburg fortifications, with those of the forts that encircle this city, are of immense strength, though not quite equal to the defenses of Metz.

With the exception of Strasburg, Alsace is practically unfortified. Nowhere else are to be found defenses on a really great scale. Numerous minor fortifications were dismantled. And this explains why French troops very early began to march about here and there in Alsace, reporting "invasion of German territory," and why the city of Mülhausen changed hands several times in quick succession, that city being a busy manufacturing center, without strategic importance and without strong defenses. Such a city ought not to be defended, for by peaceful submission to an invader it escapes bombardment and possible destruction. There are, however, exceptions to the rule, as in the case of our own capital, Washington, which was seized and burned by the British in pure wantonness during a twenty-four-hour occupation of the undefended and undefendable city.

Germany has trusted mainly to Strasburg and to the great and swift-moving German armies for defense and attack by way of Alsace.

Strasburg, in a practically level region, demanded great skill in defensive engineering, as it did not lend itself naturally to strong defense, being different from Metz, which is among hills; and, indeed, it may be said that Strasburg is a fortified camp, as distinguished from Metz, which is a great fortress.

The Alsatians are a fine, upstanding race. As a people they are not particularly large, yet they are assuredly not small. They are keen, alert, wiry, with clear-cut features, their noses being especially clear-cut and fine. And I think every one I noticed had blue eyes. They are temperamentally loquacious, earnest and vivacious. Their names are far oftener German than French—as Kessler and Heitz and Drach and Werner.

The fact that Alsace and Lorraine possess monuments of birth or death to such


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winners of French victories as Desaix and Kléber and Marshal Saxe, and the still more famous Marshal Ney, makes strongly with such emotional people for the continuation of French feeling there; and even more important as an aid to French en[illegible] the mayor's banquet in that city [illegible] Marseillaise was [illegible] that the cry in it of *Aux armes* [illegible] recruited Revolutionary soldiers in Strasburg for France. Its composer, Rouget de Lisle, even called it the War Chant of the Army of the Rhine; for those were the days when France had an Army of the Rhine.

Following the Franco-Prussian War the most earnest partisans of France were induced or permitted—the precise word is not so material as the fact—to remove to French soil. There was a great exodus of this sort throughout Alsace and Lorraine, and markedly in Metz, to which city the German Government sent thousands of Germans to take the places of the emigrants and to assist in giving German tone and feeling to the city.

The Germans who were sent in were chosen men. I talked with one, a fine-looking, capable man; and almost shyly he showed me his Iron Cross, won for gallantry at Gravelotte, the fearful battle fought near Metz in 1870. "And at that time I never thought of living here!" He was still mildly astonished by the twist of fortune.

The emigration to France after the last war was a sorrowful thing—the old folks still tell of it; for in the two provinces [illegible] Alsace and Lorraine nearly fifty thous[illegible] prepared to move rather than live under the German flag. They were permitted to sell their property, but naturally were not in a position to get good prices. They were cordially welcomed in the French towns and countryside; and to those who were willing to go to Algeria the French Government made tempting offers as to land, equipment and taxes. Quite a number really went there, and they or their descendants are prosperous Algerian farmers.

A man of Colmar, in Alsace, said to me: "My uncle went to Algeria, with all his family. He is still alive and owns a great place there. He is glad that he left Alsace, for he is still French; but, as for me, I was a boy and I stayed here with my mother. But some day ——" And I knew that his unuttered thought was that some day the French would recover the territory.

We are all rather inclined to think of Alsace-Lorraine as being rather a small region, sparsely settled; a region with nothing but little Erckmann-Chatrian towns and villages. The little Erckmann-Chatrian places are still there and there are still sparsely settled regions; but there are also the big manufacturing centers and the rich farm land. In all there are over five thousand square miles and a population of almost two million people. Of these some three-fourths are Roman Catholics, which is a point to consider.

### *The People of the Provinces*

The people are very industrious, and there are iron mills that turn out a product of some forty million dollars a year. Textile manufactures are almost as important. In the fertile plains of Alsace there are diligently cultivated fields of oats and barley and hops. The two products that especially appeal to the imagination of the people themselves, however, are white wine and wood. Both Alsace and Lorraine are immensely proud of their wine. And how lightly, by comparison, they hold the wines of the Mosel or even of the lower Rhine itself!

And here is something about their vine culture—particularly in Alsace—that I think illustrates the character of the Alsatians: When an Alsatian hoes his vineyard—the vineyards being on the lower slopes of the hills and mountains—he does not do it in the easy way, standing below and pulling his hoe down, but invariably stands above and draws his hoe up, thus making much harder work of it, but with vastly better results as to erosion and conservation of soil.

And as to the forests that thickly cover the higher slopes of the mountains, the Alsatians both use their forests and keep them—that desideratum which seems so impossible of attainment in America; for Alsace-Lorraine, taking lessons from the superb forestry of the neighboring Schwarzwald—the Black Forest—immediately across the Rhine, maintains the wild and romantic beauty of its forests, and at the same time gains a large revenue from the wood. A great part of the Alsatian forest is owned by the towns and villages as communities. One-ninth of the revenue of the united province is from the forests.

That Alsace-Lorraine is a region of small individual land holdings has a great deal to do with making the inhabitants a prosperous, self-contained, ambitious and industrious folk. This land tenure goes back to the time of the French Revolution. Scarcely anyone owns a farm of more than fifty acres, and the great majority of farms are still smaller. Small farms and individual holdings—that makes for an intense love of the land. And it is notable that emigration has been extremely light since the big migration following 1871.

That the people of the towns just about balance the people of the farms in number is another point for prosperity. There is no preponderance of the one over the other. It makes a fine balance.

You hear the region often spoken of in Germany as the Empire Land, because its government until recently has been under the oversight of the Emperor of Germany personally. Within the past few years, however, a *Landesausschuss* has been organized, giving the province quite a measure of self-government and power of initiative as to lawmaking, the formidable-looking word meaning only a Committee of the Whole Territory.

### *The Watch on the Rhine*

A narrow strip running northward from Switzerland, with the range of the Vosges Mountains on the side toward France and the Rhine on the side toward Central Germany—that is Alsace; at the north, an arm to the westward—that is Lorraine; the two together not unlike a carpenter's square in general shape, the long arc being a hundred and eighty-five miles and that to the west a hundred and five miles.

There are excellent railroad communications through Alsace-Lorraine, and there are excellent roads for wagons and motor cars and cannon. The roads average better within the province, connecting important points, than do the roads leading out into France, though there are two particularly good motor roads converging on the strong French fortress of Nancy. A fine road leads from Metz, through the Pfalzburg of Erckmann-Chatrian, to Strasburg; and a similarly excellent road runs northward from Mülhausen to Strasburg.

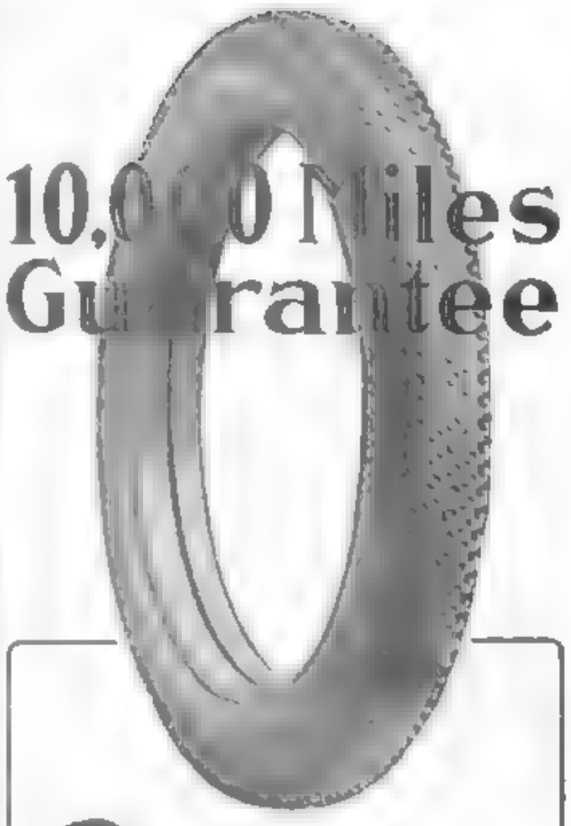
It may be mentioned that the Prussian eagle is not the municipal bird of Strasburg; but this is entirely outside of any comparison between France and Germany, for the municipal bird of Strasburg is really the goose, as known in the world-famous, mouth-watering *pâté de foie gras*. And a bird that runs a close second is the stork, Strasburg being, more than any other European city, the one where that family bird may oftenest be seen standing on one leg on a chimney top.

I think the oddest feature of the entire situation is the fervid enthusiasm of the Germans for The Watch on the Rhine; for in the sense in which they mean it—the defense of the Rhine against France—there is no Watch on the Rhine at all, that river, so far as France is concerned, being entirely within the German boundary lines.

The Germans do not watch the Rhine where it flows masqueradingly into Holland under such names as Maas and Waal, and they do not think of it as needing watching where it flows through broad areas of Germany on each side; nor do they particularly think of it where it forms the boundary against Switzerland, and they forget all about it in its upper course.

To all Germans there is no Watch on the Rhine except against France, and they have gone on singing and talking about it as though they had quite overlooked the fact that the acquisition of Alsace put the Rhine, so far as France is concerned, entirely within German possession.

However, that only meant that they knew all along, as the French knew all along, that there was to be another conflict, with Alsace and Lorraine once more as a principal stake. That is why, in Berlin, they sang *Die Wacht am Rhein* on hearing that war was declared; and why, at the same time, in Paris, they were madly tearing off the mourning crêpe that had so long swathed the colossal statue of Strasburg in its place in the superb circle of French cities, the Place de la Concorde.

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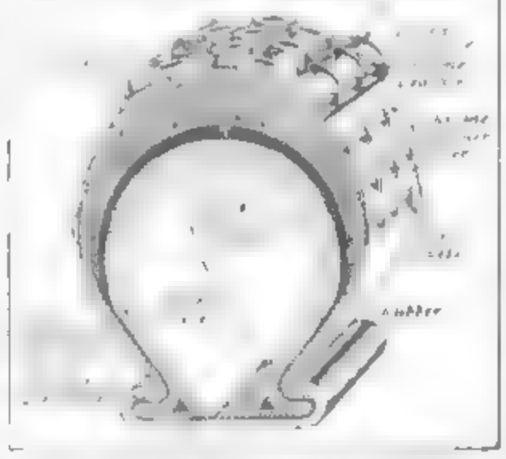

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Your Faculty of Observation

THERE were three Crees, hight Napisusis, Piu and Chuck-gun; and these three, with heathen fervor, hated a certain member of their tribe whom all suspected of witchcraft—the Weestigo, they called him.

Now a Weestigo is either a medicine man or a fakir, a wizard or a cannibal, or one who is nutty, batty or bughouse—or all of those things, as the case may be. Had the Crees been negroes they would have accused the Weestigo of putting a spell on them. Had they been Western white men it might have been said that the Weestigo had them "buffaloed."

Certainly the Weestigo lived without much work. He had all the hunters of the band so afraid of him they did not dare go out to run their traps, lest the Weestigo lie in wait to eat them Perhaps, after all, the Weestigo was nothing worse than an epileptic or a lunatic; but to the tribe he was bad medicine, and they all had for him that curious awe which the Indian holds for any one whose mind is touched.

Though fear of the Weestigo paralyzed the business activities of the band no hand was raised against him by any man. At last a certain baptized woman, by name Eliza, declared the men were not brave. So she took an ax and therewith did seriously tunk the Weestigo on the head. Whereupon Napisusis, Piu and Chuck-gun finished the business, until the Weestigo was a jolly dead fellow, which nobody could deny.

Then, because all his life he had been of a cold heart, they cut open his breast and poured him full of hot tea in order to warm up his heart, it being their intention to give him a better start in the world to which they had sent him. This act showed their kindliness. It also proved fully enough that in killing the Weestigo they had no idea whatever that they were committing any crime.

The Government, however, had different views. By and by officers of the law came and carried off to a prison far to the eastward the three men, Napisusis, Piu and Chuck-gun. It was all a surprise and a mystery to these latter, and it was not until after a long time that they became aware that possibly they might be hanged for waking and laying the ghost of the Weestigo.

They were peaceable and pleasant prisoners and made no trouble. They talked little, but observed much. By and by friends came to them and advised them to get a lawyer; but when they learned what a lawyer was they declined. They had now been in jail many weeks. In all that time they had declined to talk about their case. They did not mention the Weestigo. "Yes, maybe he is dead," they admitted; "but we know little of it and we do not like to talk of the dead."

### The White Man's Law

The prison life was hard for them. By and by Chuck-gun began to fail, and presently died not long before the time set for the trial. Friends still advised the two survivors to employ counsel or to say something about their own case. They declined. "We do not like to talk about the dead," said they, and kept up their policy of watchful waiting. They said little, but observed much.

The day came when Napisusis and Piu were brought before the bar of justice and asked to plead.

"Yes," said they, "it is true the Weestigo is dead. It is true also that Chuck-gun is dead. But why do you ask us about these things? We do not like to speak of the dead. We do not like to talk of Chuck-gun, because, as we have known all along, it was Chuck-gun who killed the Weestigo; and Chuck-gun is now dead! As for us, we are innocent. If Chuck-gun were alive he would say so. Therefore, let us go free."

No lawyer could have devised a better defense; and, as a matter of fact, they were set free, because nothing could be proved against them.

The point sought to be made is that these red savages, thrown into a situation of extreme danger among strangers and enemies, got themselves out of their plight simply by observing and studying for themselves. How they got their knowledge of the white man's law no one knows; but, as a matter of fact, by saying little and looking much they pulled themselves out of a bad hole.

The Indian is extraordinarily observant. He makes his life secure by means of his age-old education of the faculty of observation. You may find many other instances of his shrewdness when placed in the white man's environment. For an instance, once I was at a luncheon in New York where one of the guests was a Blackfoot chief. One item of the menu was terrapin. The old Indian ate it. After a time his host asked him what he thought of it.

"I knew all the time it was snake," said he, pointing to the little crooked bones on the edge of his plate, so strikingly resembling snake-ribs. "In my country we do not eat snakes; but before I left home I told the priest that in all things I would do as the white men did. You see?" The old man was not only observing but dead game.

Once, when the first Hudson Bay steamboat plied on the Athabasca River, an old Indian welcomed the new Indian agent who came up with the steamer.

"Ah," said he, extending his hand, "I see the Great Father has built a great canoe. It is well, because the canoe needs to be large in order to carry all my pigs, which I suppose you are now going to bring me. I would rather have my pigs alive and not done up in cloth, with so much salt on them."

"Pigs! What pigs?" demanded the new agent of the old man.

### A Compromise in Pigs

And then, to his consternation, he discovered that twelve years before another agent had carelessly promised the old man a pair of pigs.

Now a promise is a promise in the North, and the Government dare not break a promise made to an Indian. The new agent was perturbed when the Indian showed him some pieces of board covered with marks which he had scratched into them with his knife point.

"All pigs," said the old man, "have each year as many little ones as I have fingers. Is it not so?" The agent admitted that it was usually so. "And the next year each one of those pigs would have as many more as I have fingers. Is it not so?"

By this time the agent saw where he was going to land if he admitted that pigs were pigs. If each one of these pigs increased tenfold regularly for twelve years it would, indeed, take a considerable canoe to carry them all. Yet the Indian had been promised a pair of pigs. The agent began to perspire; but at last he devised a plan to reach the Indian's intellect.

He picked up a piece of bark and drew on it a picture of a large female pig, and one of a little pig of the other persuasion.

"See now!" said he to the Indian. "Wolves and foxes and beavers—all animals—come in this way, do they not? Some of them may have as many little ones as you have fingers, but perhaps half of them will not have any at all. Is it not so?"

The old Indian, with a slight twinkle in the corner of his eye, said it was so; and, though he knew little about pigs, he had observed that foxes sometimes had litters half male and half female.

"Then, is it not plain you will have to change your count of these pigs you have marked on the boards?" the agent continued. "And suppose many of the little ones have been males—how can you tell it was not so? And if you cannot, how can you say this count is right and that the Great Father owes you so many pigs?"

The old Indian broke out into a laugh.

"I was talking to you the way the trader would have talked to me."

So they compromised on another pair of pigs, to be delivered the next season by the steamboat. The Indian agent kept faith; and within half an hour after the two pigs had landed in the village the Indian dogs, delighted with this accession to the fauna of the country, ate them up. The old Indian never complained, however, but admitted that the Great Father had been faithful to his word.

Your Indian is no mean observer, moreover—not only of natural phenomena but of human characteristics, red or white.

After the Riel Rebellion in Canada a certain Indian was put on trial, charged with being an accessory to murder.

He talked over the matter pretty fully with the priest and others. They figured that the judge who was coming out to try the military prisoners in that remote district disliked the mounted police and that the Indian Department man was admittedly unfriendly to the prisoner. The priest advised the prisoner to be tried by the general of the forces, who would be on hand the next day.

It chanced that the general was a very vain and pompous individual. The prisoner observed him for a time; and when at last he was brought before the general he stood for a time in silence.

"Wah!" he said in apparent admiration. "Surely you are a great chief! When I saw so many men coming in your army I said to myself: 'How can any man be wise enough to command so many men?' And yet you rule them and they do as you say!"

"You are a cunning rawscal!" said the general; but he set him free.

The next day the regular trial judge arrived; but the prisoner, the priest and the general all pointed out that the man could not be tried a second time—nor was he!

These and countless other untold stories show the keenness of the red intellect. Nor is the yellow brain of the Orient less observing. Set four Japanese loose in an American factory and they will show themselves able to go back to their own country and reproduce the entire mill machinery. This has happened a score of times. The imitativeness of the Chinese is also well known.

Now how about ourselves the boasted white race? Can we also cross the color line into other and unfamiliar worlds? Are our faculties of the sort to carry us forward into world competition as a nation? Are our individual faculties—yours and mine—of the sort to lead us to success in our own occupations in our own world? In short, are you and I observing in our own environment or any other? Some of us are and get good salaries. Others of us are not and are lucky to have any salary at all. Such become the day laborers, the hewers of wood and drawers of water—the failures—who work under the direction of more observing minds.

Most of us travel in rather small orbits; and most of us are sagely reminded to cut out the useless things of life and to hang on only to the things immediately applicable to us. This is merely to say that modern civilization trains us to be cogs in a machine and not individuals in a humanity. We live in the city, but we forget how to live in the city. We forget how to use our eyes, almost how to use our memories.

### *Looking Without Seeing*

Scientists tell us that there are two sorts of memory—the circumstantial and the philosophical. Perhaps yours is the philosophical memory, which uses association of ideas. Perhaps your wife's is the circumstantial sort, which collects everything in the world like a pack rat. She can tell you what the weather was a year ago, or what necktie you wore three years ago, or when your cousin's birthday comes. You cannot remember these unrelated, unimportant things.

Woman's memory is more apt to be circumstantial. She collects things useful or not useful. Science says she has changed less than her spouse. She ties us back to the days when both men and women had to be observant of the little things about them or perish in the struggle for existence.

Have you yourself really good faculties of observation, indoors and outdoors? For the average white man who goes into the wilderness the sermons of the stones are silent; the books of the running brooks are shut. True, he does not need to read. He pays down his coin and has some red man or white man read Nature aloud to him. Many of our great so-called sportsmen are not sportsmen at all. They buy with money the remedy for their own lack of skill, their own lack of observation.

As a matter of fact, once a woman takes to the open she is apt soon to become more minutely observant than her husband. Some women have been good detectives, some would make good scouts.

When you are in the open—camping, hunting, traveling—how much do you know? How much do you remember? How much can you tell of the day's trail as you sit by the camp fire at night? How much of a map can you make of the country you have crossed? How many broken sticks or strange footprints have you seen? How far from camp is the clump of three Norway pines that were on a hill, and on which side of the trail were they? And did you see them at all?

Send you back over that strange trail in the opposite direction and you would be lost. You would not know how far it was back to the last camp. All the time you were traveling you were wondering how far it was; or you were fighting your snowshoes or your pack, or were distressed over something. You did not observe. Yet all the time your Indian or white guide was seeing a hundred things that did not exist for your eye.

If your guide were a proper woodsman he could sit down at night and make you a map of the country you had crossed—one that any Indian could understand. Indians made the maps, with charcoal marks done on the inside of buffalo robes, which showed to Lewis and Clark the passes of the Rockies, the different divides, the way the streams ran

A haphazard city man, taken across the same country, could have given no intelligent account of it at all. And, because Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were born woodsmen and trained observers, you and I own our shares of the vast empire they found—one that could have been gained by no other sort of men.

### *Roughing it Vicariously*

The stress of competition in modern civilized life is wiping out the savage in us, leaving us less and less like the leaders of an earlier day and making us citizens of cities instead of citizens of the great and interesting world that was made for all humanity to inhabit. In the city we see little of the world and only a part of life.

When you go moose hunting in New Brunswick, or caribou hunting in Nova Scotia, or salmon fishing in Quebec, or duck shooting on the Western marshes, you are in all likelihood reaching what you call success in sport through the trained observation of some other man. In the most relentless interpretation of the term that sort of thing is not sport at all.

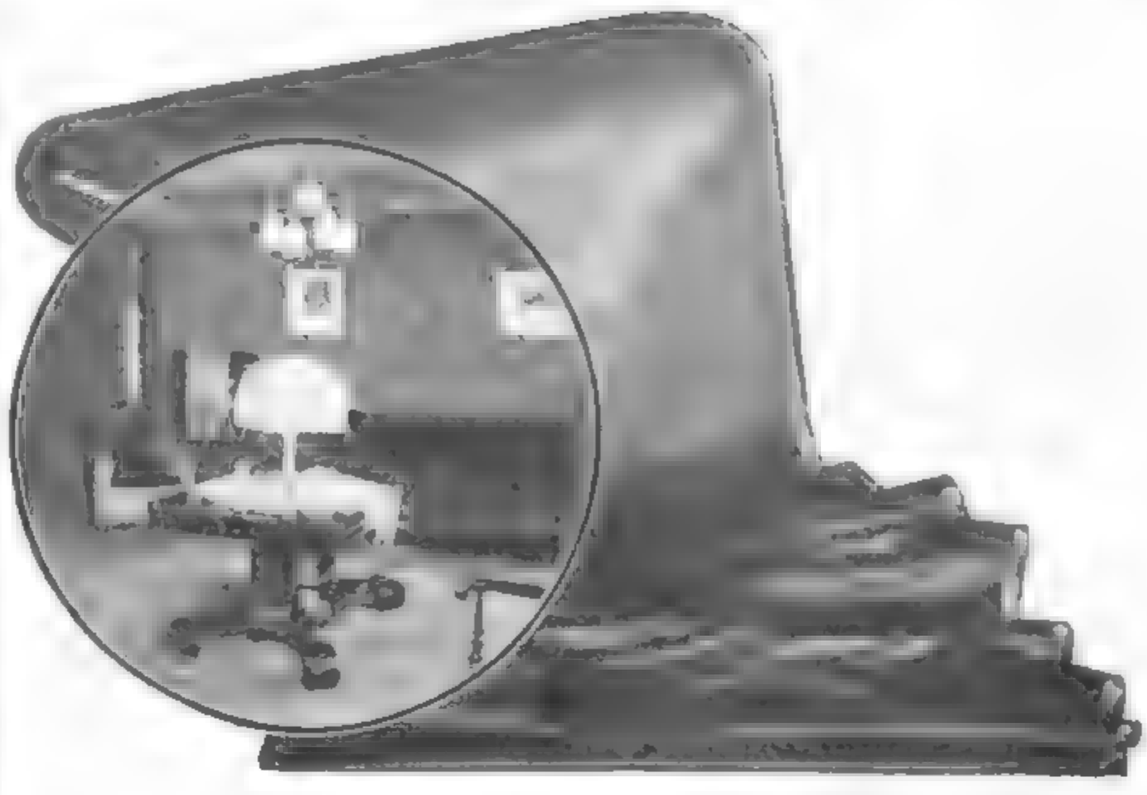
When you go on a duck marsh and hire a skilled boatpusher to put out your decoys and build your blind, after selecting a shooting spot—perhaps let him kill half your ducks for you as well, and do not expect him to complain when you claim to have shot the legal limit or double the legal limit—it is dollars to doughnuts that you are using his faculties of observation and not your own. And yet you will go back to your own business and wonder why you do not succeed in it!

There are exceptions to this rule. I know one very good independent duck shot and trout fisher who runs a successful planing mill against hard competition. One day I was in the mill and he showed me a sawing table, where boards were cut into lengths for making boxes. These lengths dropped into carriers as fast as they were sawed.

"We used to have a flat table," said he; "and when the lengths were sawed I noticed an operator had to push them off the table with one hand. It took time. So I just dropped the end of the table so that it slanted; now the boards fall of their own weight and no one has to touch them."

Little examples of good observation like that make some men succeed at home or in the open. Therefore, whether at home or in the open, do not scorn the humble art of seeing small things and remembering them, whether or not at the time they seem useful in your business. Get the habit! You cannot tell when it may be useful in your business. That slant-top planing-mill table may have been the result of a study of a mink's tracks in the mud. In any case it marked the success of a man who lived not only in a city but in a world.

Can you tell offhand the color of the mud hen's foot or that of a mallard? Do all mallards have feet of the same color and is that color yellow or red? What is the color of the mallard's bill? Of the mud hen's? How many stripes, if any, does a bluebill have on its bill? How many has the ringbill or blackjack? What is the color of the back of each? What is the shape of the canvasback's bill? What of that of the redhead? What is the difference, if any, in the colors of the backs of the redhead, the bluebill and the canvasback? Do you know a gadwall from a widgeon, or a gray duck from either? How many species of songbirds do you know in your own neighborhood? Do they all migrate? At what time

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does each species appear in the spring? If you were an Indian you could answer all these questions.

Can you draw a picture of a duck and put its legs on at the right place? Can you do the same for a prairie chicken? Does a prairie chicken have feathers clear down to its toes? What is the shape of its tail? Can you put the ears of a moose in the right place, or the horns of an antelope, or the eyes of a woodcock? Do you know how long a buffalo's tail is?

Can you tell a mink's track from a muskrat's? Can you distinguish a skunk from a coon, or a lynx from a wolverine, or a fox from a coyote, or a wolf from a dog, by the record left in the snow or the sand?

Do you know a gum tree from a cottonwood, or a cottonwood from a cypress, or a cypress from a maple, or a maple from an ash, or an ash from a hackmatack, or a hackmatack from a beech, or a beech from a birch, or a birch from a maple, or an oak from an elm, or a sycamore from a basswood? Can you name each of these when you see it in the woods by itself? Do you know a pine from a spruce, or a spruce from a balsam, or a balsam from a fir, or a fir from a hemlock? Can you tell each on sight?

### *What Do You See?*

Do you know which way the shank of a spur bends—up or down? Why are the jinglers on a spur? Which is the longer canoe paddle, bow or stern, and why? Can you cinch a saddle without a buckle so that it will not slip? What is an ear bridle? How long is a cowpuncher's rope in Texas? In Arizona? In California? How many cinches does a saddle have in Texas? In California? Why does a dog have a tail? Why does a deer have a splint on its leg, and which leg carries it? Can you mend the lock of your rifle or shotgun, and do you know how each works? Which way do the tops of hemlock trees point in your country? Do you know poison oak and poison ivy? Do you know nut grass when you see it, or smartweed when you see it? Do you know a bull-moose's track from that of a cow, and can you tell which way it is going in snow three feet deep?

Any Indian—any good guide—can answer every such question regarding the features and creatures of his own country. If you had to make a living in the wilderness you would know all these things and a thousand more. You would observe a thousand things unconsciously and yet remember them. Not living in the world, but in the city, we get lost when we go out into the world—show ourselves ignorant, helpless, sometimes hopeless.

This faculty of observation varies in different men. It is not a thing absolute in any man. We could not trust any two judges of the Supreme Court of the United States on oath to report a dog fight in the same way. Indeed, our eyes and ears and nerves lie to us all the time.

Cross the first two fingers of your right hand, hold a bullet in your left hand and let the bullet rest between the tips of the two crossed fingers of the right. You distinctly feel two bullets and yet you see but one. Put three fingers in the middle of your wife's back and ask her how many there are. Not even her prescience can always tell accurately.

No two men see the same adjustment of the cross hairs in a transit or level, or see the same rifle sights alike. We have a proverb that seeing is believing; yet very likely you cannot tell offhand the color of your wife's eyes.

And we boast the proudest civilization of the world! With half our faculties atrophied, finding our way home at night by a row of street lamps where once our grandfathers had to pick their way along the ridge road between the marshes under the starlight—where we would be totally lost in half a minute—we are apt to pity grandpa and look down on benighted savages who never saw a town.

Unused, our manual dexterity is forsaking us—we are no longer handy men able to make anything. Unused, our faculties of observation desert us. We do not see the records written all round us in the woods. Even when the page is written large and fair, as after a deep snow, not all of us can read the writing done on it by Nature. We know a few little things and hold ourselves wise; and because we do know so few and care so little to know more little things, most of us have in our planing mills the same flat-top table, and we push the blocks off by hand.

Most of us work along stolidly, stupidly, wishing some one would raise our salaries and wondering why we do not succeed as so many others have done; yet all the time we are doing what some more observing man has taught us and told us how to do.

And yet all this time we do not really live in a city—we live in a world. The city masses men. The outdoors makes individuals of them—men of them. It is much to be doubted whether the moving-picture show, the tango and the colored comic Sunday supplement would do more to build us up as a race of useful thinking men than would an occasional course of study—not in the ways of the city but in the ways of the outdoor world. The fox boasted of his lost tail and said it was the fashion to have no tail where he came from; but that was amputation and could be explained. Amputation is a different thing from atrophy and a thing less ominous.

One thing seems true—while on this subject of mud hens' feet and mallards' bills, Indian philosophy, and the like—and that is, we cannot correct conditions in our civilization. All we can do is to correct and improve the individuals who make up that civilization. All we can do is to give wider and wiser lives to individual men and women.

The individual life, the faculty of individual observation, that personal wealth of knowledge and character which cannot be taken away—those are things worth while. We cannot all of us go to the wilderness to live, much as some of us would like that; but, whether we go there or not, we can perhaps cultivate in ourselves that kind of observation which applies equally to a mink's track in the mud and a slant-top table in a planing mill.

There are places in life where no one is going to pull us out of the hole—where every fellow has to be his own Napisusis or Piu, playing his own hand against the other fellow's game. We all buck the great game. Are we as fit as we should be? Have we the habit of drifting and depending, or the habit of observing and of reasoning? On whom do we rely—on ourselves or on some one else?

What is the answer? And, also, where is it—in the outdoor world or the indoor town?

## *Treating With Heat*

HEAT is coming back into use in the treatment of cancer; and, though it is far from being a cancer cure, its results have been encouraging in the early stages of cancers that are comparatively easy to reach the same types that are best treated by radium.

An American surgeon has reported hopeful results from the application of electrically heated irons to the cancer, the surrounding healthy tissue being protected by water cooling. A British cancer-research surgeon uses jets of hot air, shot at the cancerous tissue with considerable pressure to obtain penetration.

The degree of heat used in these experiments is surprisingly small—twenty to thirty degrees Fahrenheit above the normal body temperature—and therefore not only far below the point where the irons would cauterize the tissue but below the scalding point of water. This amount of heat seems to destroy much of the vitality of the cancer cells, and is just below the temperature at which healthy tissue would be seriously injured in the few minutes of application.

## *An Ice Dry-Dock*

AN ARMY engineer recently gave a demonstration on the Lake of the Woods, on the Canadian border, of the old saying that an engineer is a man whose business it is to do a task at half the cost others would incur.

A dredge locked in the ice needed repairs nearly three feet below the water line. The surrounding ice at the time was nearly two feet thick. A trench eighteen inches deep was cut in the ice round the dredge. The next night the cold froze an inch or two of ice directly under this trench, and on the day following another inch of ice was dug out of the trench. Day after day an inch of ice, more or less, was chipped out of the trench, according to the intensity of cold on the preceding night. In a month the trench was nearly three feet deep, with a safe block of ice beneath it. Repairs to the hull were then easily made.

# National

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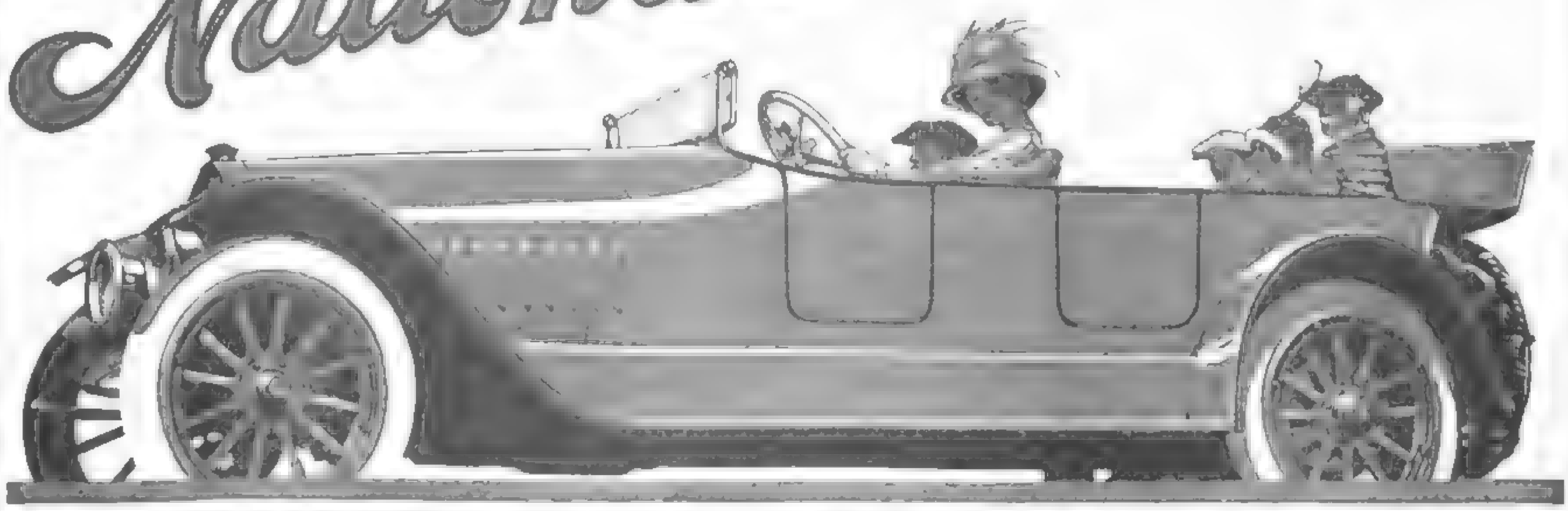


# A Good Buy—Not Because of Price, But Quality

**There are two ways to buy a car. Analyze its separate parts, or judge it by its performance as a whole. The latter cannot be a success unless the former is right. Judge the National by its performance as a whole car; a complete unit where every component part operates harmoniously. Buy it, because of the real worth included—the intrinsic value represented. Enjoy it, because of the safety evidenced by its record and the success of its makers.**

ONLY a long-established, reliable and well financed factory could offer such great value for $2375 as the National Six. Only conservative, careful and prudent management makes it possible to include such intrinsic value, *with safety*.

For $2375 the National *represents more* in three different ways, larger car, more comfortable car, and greater reserve power. Add to this the satisfaction of knowing absolutely that your new car is one that you'll be proud to own. Proud because the car shows that good business judgment made the selection—proud because it possesses the title of "America's Champion." You will enjoy the admiration that is accorded the National.

### Not the Claim, But Who Makes It

The one best thing about the new National is that it surpasses our hardest competition, our own past achievements—and for fourteen years the National has built successful cars.

Nine years ago the first National Sixes were produced. To determine the best for the present series of Sixes our engineering department built and tried out motors with cylinders in pairs, triplets and en bloc.

A dealer can not "talk" quality into a car if it is not put there by the maker—and to-day more important than a list of specifications is the character and ability of the builders.

### Nationals Reflect Their Owners

Their good taste, appreciation of beauty, and good business judgment is shown by the selection of a National. It evidences a desire for ownership of a car above reproach. Long, low and graceful, this new Six is a masterpiece of symmetrical design

### New Book Now Ready—Write

**Series AA Nationals are made in 2, 4 and 5 passenger bodies at $2375 Six passenger, at $2500 Also furnished with Coupé and Cabriolet bodies**

**MOTOR—Six cylinders en bloc 3¾ x 5½, developing more than 55 horsepower and giving better than 16 miles per gallon Wheelbase 132 inches, tires 36x4½, cantilever springs, electric starter and lights. Equipment complete in every detail.**

***Immediate Delivery.***

The illustration below tells quickly of convenience and easy operation. It is the most comfortable car you ever rode in—our cantilever springs have much to do with this. Ride in it and we promise you a revelation.

### Do You Know How to Buy?

The secret of success of many a business man is "He knows how to buy." This particularly applies, now, to successful car ownership. It is possible that a car might be good and still not be a good buy.

No matter where you live, it is decidedly to your advantage for you to investigate this National. Visit any National distributor or write us direct.

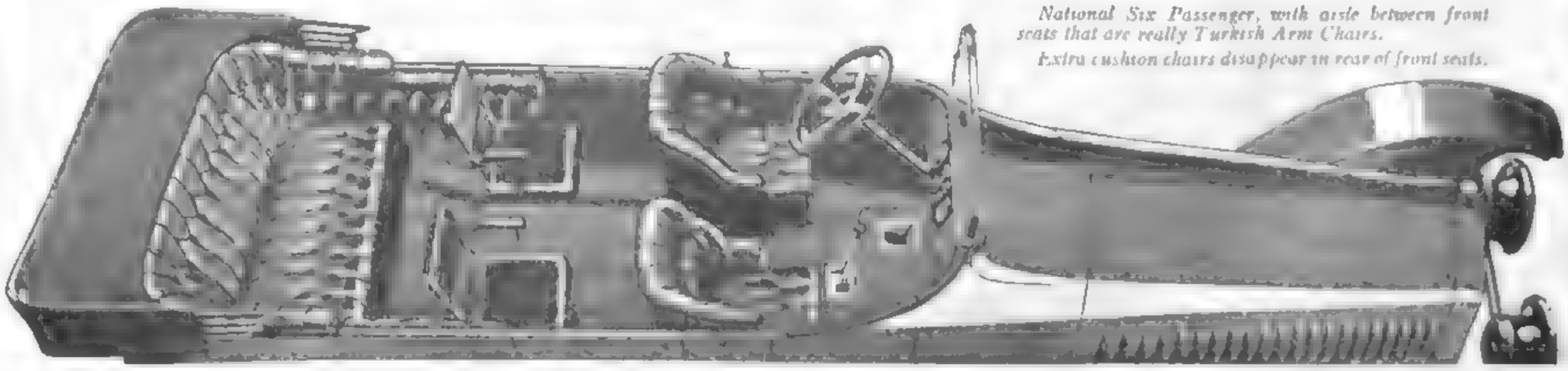
### 49% Increase For Dealers

For fourteen years National sales have grown steadily. This sound and successful progress is a tribute to [illegible] management with a quality standard. In the first six months of the 1914 calendar year National sales increased 49%. This remarkable increase reflects the merits of the National. And not once has quality been sacrificed to increase the sales volume.

Our financial system is helpful for National dealers. Our traveling factory service corps is appreciated by National owners, and this is a material saving to National dealers.

Buyers are selecting National cars because they now realize that the reputation of the National stands as a "paid-up" insurance policy on their investment. Complete information and facts of vital importance will be supplied on request to prospective National owners or dealers interested in the National methods of business building.

## NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana



*National Six Passenger, with aisle between front seats that are really Turkish Arm Chairs.*
*Extra cushion chairs disappear in rear of front seats.*

# HARRY LAUDER,

**World-famous Scotch Comedian, says:**

*"Tuxedo, for mildness, purity and fragrance, THE tobacco for me. With my pipe filled with good old TUXEDO, all my troubles go up in smoke. In all my world-wide travels I've yet to find its equal as a slow-burning, cool-tasting, sweet flavored tobacco. TUXEDO satisfies me completely."*

Harry Lauder

# Tuxedo Keeps the World in Good Humor

Here is a man whose life work is to make millions of people happy. In pursuing his call, he travels the wide world over. He is a great lover of his pipe, and in all sorts of corners of the earth he has tried all sorts of tobaccos.

What is his unqualified statement in regard to Tuxedo? Read it again: *"I've yet to find its equal."*

This is the frank and candid opinion of thousands and thousands of experienced, judicious smokers. Tuxedo is absolutely the best all-around tobacco that modern tobacco science can make.

## Tuxedo

*The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette*

The original "Tuxedo Process" of treating the world's premier smoking-tobacco leaf—high-grade Kentucky Burley—puts Tuxedo absolutely in a class by itself. No other tobacco *can* be like Tuxedo, because no other manufacturer knows the "Tuxedo Process."

This Process brings out the unsurpassed mildness, delicate fragrance and mellow flavor of the Burley leaf in a way that has never been successfully imitated. At the same time it refines the tobacco until every trace of harshness and "bite" disappears.

You can smoke pipeful after pipeful of Tuxedo without the slightest throat-irritation or tongue-bite. This mild, delightful tobacco affords thorough, wholesome enjoyment. It is restful and refreshing, comforting and cheering—all that perfect tobacco should be.

A host of famous, successful men smoke and endorse Tuxedo. They have undoubtedly tried its imitations. Their unanimous preference for Tuxedo—the *original* granulated Burley tobacco—is worthy of your consideration. Will you try Tuxedo for one week?

SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2 cents in stamps for postage and we'll mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in U. S. A.

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YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient Pouch, inner-lined with moisture-proof paper . **5c**

Famous green tin with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket **10c**

*In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c*

*In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c*

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

# THE AIR FLEETS

(Concluded from Page 7)

supply for themselves and their allies. Brilliance, as I have suggested, marks the work of the French aviators as well as that of the French designers.

Germany evinced no great enthusiasm for aviation during its early development. She had her dirigibles and semirigid balloons well developed before the aeroplanes made any great showing, and she seemed for a time content to rely upon the big airships for the aëronautical branch of the service. Of course some members of the Reichstag advocated aeroplanes, insisted that France was being permitted to secure too great a lead and urged increased appropriations for aviation. This party was for a long time successfully resisted by the standpatters, who regarded aviation as a fanciful thing of little real value. Continued demonstrations of the increasing usefulness of the flying machines finally had their effect, and in the year 1911 12 Germany wholeheartedly took up the aviation problem. The millions that the German Government has since that time spent on aviation seem to have gone solely into the building up of a substantial and highly effective air fleet, with an equipment of stations, repair and supply depots, field repair kits and transports that is unequaled.

Prize money for special performances there has been by the million, but it was not drawn from the government appropriations. Public subscriptions in Germany for aviation amounted to more than two million dollars, besides the many special prizes offered by individuals. The Kaiser offered a special prize of several thousand dollars for the best aviation motor, and as further inducement to manufacturers the government added to the prize an offer of an order to the successful competitors for a large number of motors at a high price. There were many prizes for the development of aëroplanes and for useful flights by aviators. The aim was to stimulate the practice of long-distance flying, cross-country flying and night flying, and the inducements proved so effective that a wonderful lot of machines and an equally remarkable lot of fliers were developed in a comparatively short space of time, until to-day everything in the nature of serious endurance aviation records is held by the Germans.

### *Dark War Horses in the Air*

Their machines have a measure of inherent stability aimed at by no other machines of equal general utility, so far as I know. Their officers fly hard and fast by night or by day from one end of Europe to the other, practically without stop. None but partisans can close their eyes to the preeminence of Germany in the field of aviation. She produces everything used in her aëroplanes, from raw materials to finished machines, and her sources of supply are not near the borders but near the center of her highly fortified country. There is striking uniformity in the German aeroplanes and motors. They may and do come from a number of factories, but I should not be at all surprised to find that wherever possible things have been standardized. Her three best-known motors are of approximately the same general dimensions and rated at the same horse power—the hundred horse-power motors, for example, all of the vertical type, four cylinders, bore and stroke of approximately five by seven inches. If a military air scout had trouble with his motor it would be an enormous advantage to be able to replace it in a few minutes with one from the reserve store of the first aero squadron he ran across. All this merely suggests the thoroughness that may be said to prevail in Germany's aerial preparations. Jean Paul Richter may have been joking when he said: "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the German that of the air." But Germany has gone a long way toward turning the joke into a prophecy.

Russia may be regarded as the dark horse in the struggle for the kingdom of the air. Certainly she did not permit Germany to acquire a great lead in the race before she began building up her own fleet of aeroplanes. Though she has not developed a great national aviation industry, like those of Germany and France, she does build a great many machines at home and is one of the world's most liberal buyers of aeronautic material. Her fleet represents a large variety of types, and they have come from France, from Italy, from America; but her requirements have been strict and she has bought the best the world's markets had to offer. Some typically Russian machines, such as the giant Sikorsky biplanes, have directed attention to Russian aviation during the past year, and the ability of her military aviators is generally recognized; but her domestic sources of supply, especially as regards motors, are said to be very limited.

Austria, after Germany and France, is in better case than the other countries so far as being able to supply her own aviation needs is concerned. A large proportion of her aërial fleet is composed of machines of the decidedly effective German types. Austria makes her own motors and they rank among the best. It is possibly significant that one of the first French moves to be reported should have been against Mulhausen, where there is located one of the leading German aëroplane factories. At the time war was declared this plant is said to have been hurrying to completion an Austrian order for forty military biplanes, and a still larger number for Germany.

English aviation enthusiasts had a difficult time in arousing their government to a realization of its great need of aërial protection. Late in 1912 London was frightened to the verge of hysterics by repeated stories of German military dirigibles flying over the country at night. An investigation of the status of England's military aviation equipment at that time revealed an altogether inadequate flying corps, sizable as an expeditionary force, but not to be considered as equal to protecting the country against a possible aërial invasion. Apparently the country was wide awake to its peril, but until about a year ago, for political or other reasons, the problem was not attacked with the thoroughness that marked the German endeavors. Then the appropriations for military aviation were increased to more than five million dollars for the year, and there has been great striving to make the royal flying corps a recognizable factor in an aërial conflict. Since 1912 England has developed some very fine types of aeroplanes, but to judge from supposedly authentic reports she has not built more of them than she actually needs for patrolling her own coasts.

To attempt to sum up the situation in general: Germany and Austria between them own almost if not quite as many machines as the countries against which they are fighting; the average quality of their machines is, I believe, better than that of the allies, and their pilots have had the advantage of very rigorous training. Germany is in a position continually to increase her fleets, because she probably is building machines faster than she is breaking them; but France seems to be the only one of her opponents capable of doing this. If conditions remain relatively unchanged the aerial war may be continued indefinitely; but suppose Germany overruns France and destroys or takes charge of the French motor and aeroplane factories, how long will it be before Germany has command of the air? Between the machines she is able to demolish and those that are broken up in the course of a hard campaign it seems Germany soon might fly anywhere without opposition. Even granted that her land forces are checked, if she has free rein in the air, what is to prevent the Zeppelins and other huge lighter-than-air craft from wrecking every city in Europe, providing always that Germany can safeguard her own source of supplies.

### *Bolts Out of the Blue*

Germany has scores of these great airships. Little has been heard from them at this writing. Aviators generally consider them too vulnerable to aeroplane attack to be dangerous; so why shouldn't Germany feel the same way about it? Why risk the Zeppelins until the way is cleared for them? With little danger they can be used at night for occasional forays of comparatively short distances, and once the opposing aëroplane fleets are disposed of, if that be possible, the fleet of Zeppelins may prove Germany's salvation. It is almost impossible to think of a parallel to the possibilities presented. If one man or one nation could control and direct the lightning, striking with it whatsoever he pleased, or could cause the earth to quake at his will, comparisons would be easier. For these huge aerial conveyances can carry not pounds but tons of explosives. They can travel for days without stop and at twice the speed of the fastest battleship, and, once free in the air, if there is anything except the forces of Nature to check their activities I cannot imagine what it may be.

There has been much talk of the futility of bombs dropped from aëroplanes or airships, and the impression seems to prevail that they are comparatively ineffective. So far as I know they have been used heretofore only in an experimental way against scattered troops, and on a small scale, the bombs used weighing not more than fifteen pounds. When a single aëroplane drops one bomb at a time in such wise that the body of men against whom it is directed is able to mark its course through the air and to get out of the range of its effect, little harm is done. But if we come to a different type of bomb-dropping—bombs with shrapnel, fire bombs and bombs that release the fumes of deadly gases—neither cities nor large bodies of men can dodge to cover. It may be that through the course of events none of these things will come to pass, that the utilization of these forces will be made impossible through means not given consideration here, but the possibilities of that fleet of German dirigibles, lying quietly in the background just now, make the seven plagues of Egypt seem puny by comparison. Under far from impossible conditions they would have all Europe at their mercy.

# PARIS WHEN THE WAR BROKE

(Concluded from Page 12)

hurry out again. In some of the large hotels there is only a semblance of service. You get food when you get it, and if you can make your own bed so much the better, for it is likely to be made in that case, and not at all likely to be made if you wait for the help, for the *femme de chambre* has gone to other parts. She is taking her husband's or her sweetheart's place outside, or has been drafted for work in the kitchens and elsewhere about the hotels. Indeed, every form of service in Paris has been partially destroyed. If you want anything done, at the time this is written, the only safe way to get that thing done is to do it yourself.

The chemical ladies of the streets are in sad case. They walk about by the hundred, hungry, starving some of them. At night they are rigorously kept to their homes. Gaunt and hollow-eyed they parade back and forth from morning to night. Their business has vanished.

All night long the great searchlights play over the dark and silent city, illuminating every alley and every open spot and sweeping the sky in search of German dirigibles and German airships. The territory round Paris is bathed in light constantly for fear there may be some approach. The spy danger is ever present, and the reservoirs and railroad stations and crossings and bridges are closely guarded. The fortifications are filled with men. The trenches are manned. The city calmly waits the event. If that event shall be a siege by the Germans, all well and good; but no Frenchman admits the possibility. They all think they will win, especially now that England has taken up her share of the burden.

The feeling about Great Britain was almost hysterically anxious. For the few days that elapsed before England declared war every Frenchman asked every other Frenchman tremulously whether he thought England would enter the fight and support France. Then when the word came that Great Britain had declared war on Germany all Paris and all France gave thanks. They felt that now all would be well. "*On va partager l'Allemagne*," they said, and on that they built new hope and new confidence.


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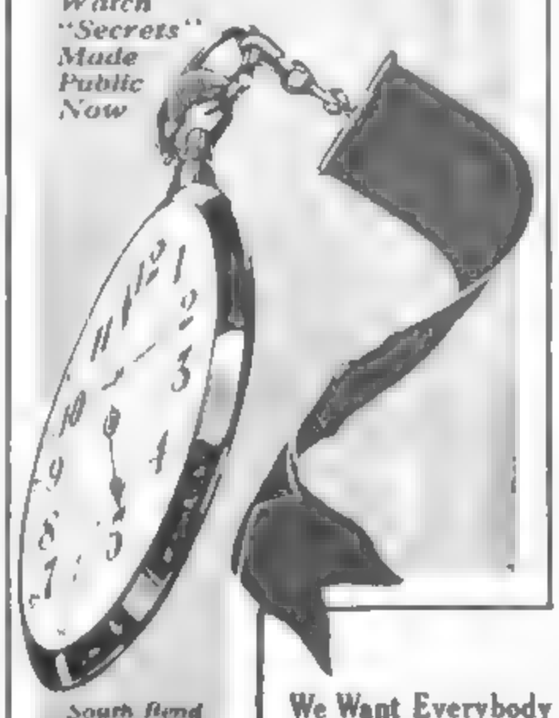

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THE lasting qualities of Kirschbaum Clothes lead straight back to our slogan, "The wearer be Served."

This means that Kirschbaum Clothes are made of

—pure woolens
—pure woolens that are thoroughly shrunken
—pure woolens that are hand tailored.

Not a very spectacular statement, is it? Most men know that honest clothes cannot be made lacking any one of these three essentials.

Yet what man hasn't at some time or other bought a suit which, for example, puckered along the edges after a few damp days? *That* wasn't an honest suit.

Over here in Philadelphia we have built up a great national reputation simply on the way we combine into stylish clothes—our pure woolens, thoroughly shrunken woolens, hand-tailored woolens.

We do not accept a yard of wool-and-cotton mixtures, no matter how trivial the amount of cotton may seem.

Next we shrink all of our woolens by the original London cold-water method. It is the only process

Kirschbaum

*"Look for the Guarantee and*

Single Breasted Aristocrat — Balmacaan — Double Breasted Arcadia

which shrinks so thoroughly that a Kirschbaum suit simply cannot shrink or pucker after it goes into service.

Finally, we hand tailor all of the Kirschbaum collars, shoulders and lapels because these important parts cannot otherwise hold their shape with any degree of permanence.

In short, when you see the Kirschbaum label in a suit, you may be sure that whatever is necessary to make that suit a *good* suit is there.

And so we come right back to our starting point. Kirschbaum Clothes command your confidence this Fall because they are

—pure woolens
—pure woolens that are thoroughly shrunken
—pure woolens that are hand tailored.

On the sleeves of Kirschbaum Coats we have placed our Guarantee Ticket which legally warrants these qualities.

Should you have any difficulty in finding Kirschbaum Clothes, write us for the name of the nearest dealer.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO., PHILADELPHIA

# Clothes

*Price Ticket on the Sleeve"*

$15-$20
$25 and up

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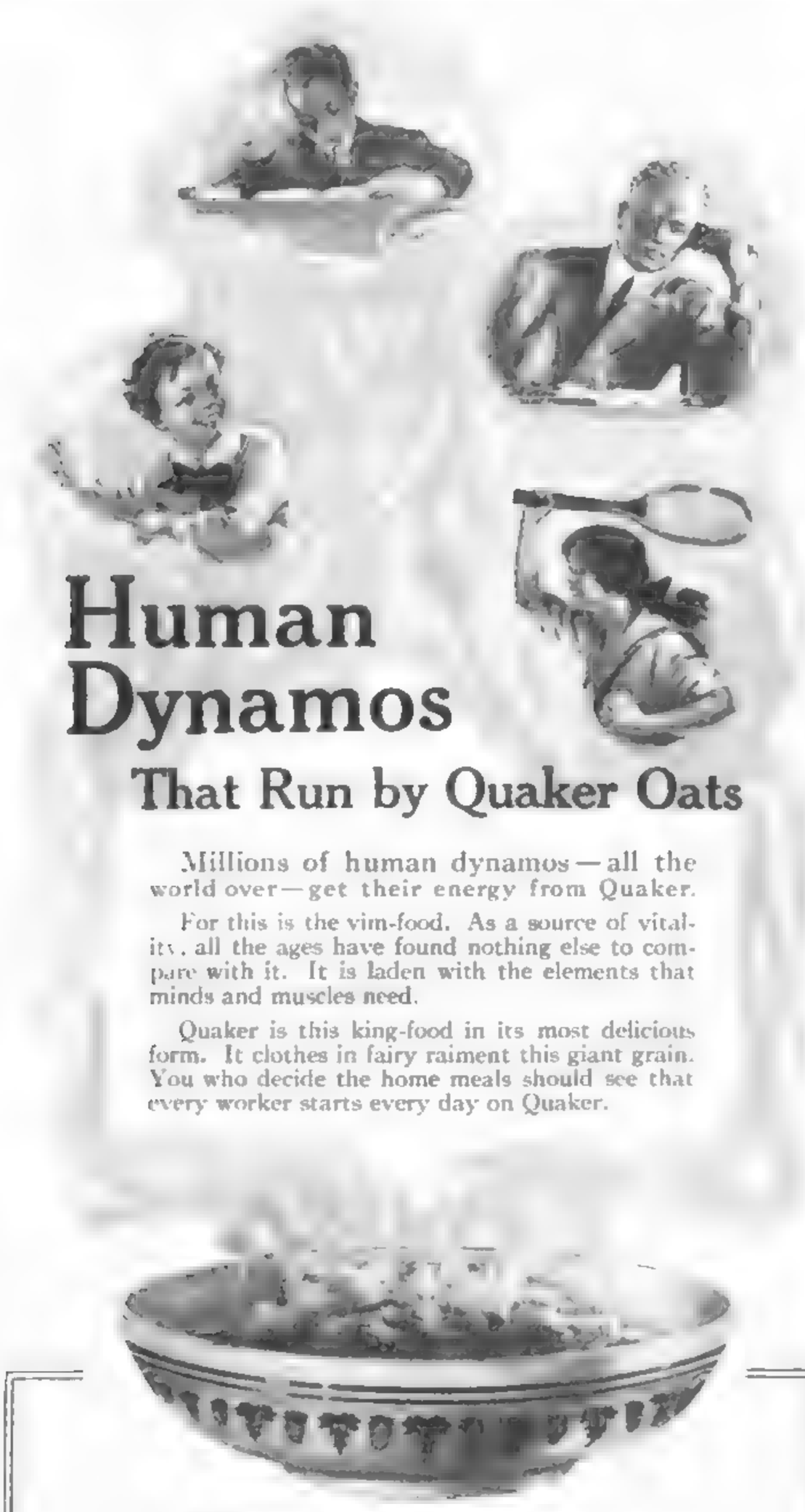
## 10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



# Human Dynamos

## That Run by Quaker Oats

Millions of human dynamos—all the world over—get their energy from Quaker.

For this is the vim-food. As a source of vitality, all the ages have found nothing else to compare with it. It is laden with the elements that minds and muscles need.

Quaker is this king-food in its most delicious form. It clothes in fairy raiment this giant grain. You who decide the home meals should see that every worker starts every day on Quaker.

# Quaker Oats

### *A Luscious Form of Vim-Food*

Our part is to make this food inviting. Nature has done the rest.

All its vim-producing power is there when it comes to us, but not the Quaker flavor.

Then we do this.

We pick out just the big, plump grains. Thus we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

We treat those grains by dry heat, then by steam. In these ways we add to the flavor. Then we roll them into these big white, luscious flakes. The result is a food which has won the world by its exquisite taste.

A hundred nations send here for it now. We ship it over seas and deserts to people who want this flavor.

It is next door to you—at your nearest store.

You get it by merely saying "Quaker." And it costs no extra price.

Get it always. This is the food folks need most. Make it the food they want.

**Quaker Cooker**

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It's extra long and heavy. When applied to Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

*10c and 25c per Package—Except in Far West and South*


# THE MAN ON THE BENCH

Continued from Page 17

until the same has been largely changed recently by Federal act and by state legislation in many of the states. That was precedent gone to seed and productive of the most outrageous injustice.

Thus saith the Lord! had become Thus saith the Law!—because some court or some judge spoke.

There should be but one fair trial and one fair review or appeal.

The more appeals the more you handicap the short purse and the more uncertain is final justice. Where many appeals are permitted, either by some constitutional provision or by statutory enactment, this, of course, is beyond the power of the judiciary to correct within itself; but a petition addressed to the people on behalf of a constitutional amendment to simplify the judicial system, or a similar appeal addressed to the legislature to amend the statutes in that behalf, on which the judges should aggressively unite, would doubtless bring about the needed changes.

However, more appeals are allowed by the wrongful granting of new trials on purely technical grounds, or by reason of some slight departure or defect in the procedure, which in no wise prejudiced or affected the real merits of the case. The law of procedure is after all presumed to be the road to speedy and substantial justice; and where it appears, from the whole record, that substantial justice has been done, the mere formal or technical error as to procedure should not be permitted either further to delay or to deny justice.

It is not an uncommon experience to find cases in court covering the period of three, five, ten and twenty years, as a result of the needless and wrongful granting of new trials, where it was clearly apparent that the error of procedure, or the error in the admission or exclusion of evidence, or the error in the charge of the court, did not and could not injuriously affect the real merits of the controversy. There is too much demand for infallibility of form and too little desire for inherent justice.

It is a well-settled rule of interpretation that a constitution, a statute, a contract, a will, or any other legal instrument the provisions of which are simple, definite and clear, cannot be interpreted by a court. Why? Because the parties themselves, by the use of the language employed, are their own interpreters. Courts are constantly attempting to interpret what needs no interpretation, construing what needs no construction, and differentiating one case from another when there are no essential differences at the bottom. This is due to two cardinally important facts:

1—The judge is prejudiced against the constitutional provision, the statute, or the public policy that it declares; or—

2—His technical narrow-mindedness does not permit him to give the constitutional provision or the statute a broad and liberal interpretation in order to carry out its manifest purpose. He adopts the rule of alphabetical construction—that is, the letter that killeth, rather than the spirit that giveth life.

### *Juries Justified*

It is natural—at least, it is habitual—for courts constantly to enlarge their jurisdiction. No constitutional warrant has yet been discovered allowing any Federal court to declare an Act of Congress or an act of the state legislature unconstitutional; and yet it has been going on with abandon for more than a century—ever since the days of John Marshall.

No authority has yet been found that will authorize a court to declare a state or Federal statute contrary to public policy, and therefore null and void; and yet this has been going on at an amazing rate for scores of years.

From 1902 to 1908 the courts of last resort of the various states of the Union declared over four hundred and fifty different statutes null and void, either as being unconstitutional or contrary to public policy. These statutes were mainly enacted in the interest of social and industrial justice, public health, safety and life.

Lord Brougham quotes Lord Chatham as saying: "All we see about us—kings, lords and commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings—ends in simply bringing twelve good men into a box."

Mr. Justice Miller, formerly of the Supreme Court of the United States, spoke of juries as follows:

"I must confess that my practice in the courts before I came to the bench had left on my mind the impression that, as regards contests in the courts in civil suits, the jury system was one of doubtful utility. . . . An experience of twenty-five years on the bench and an observation during that time of cases which came from all the courts of the United States to the Supreme Court for review, as well as the cases tried before me at nisi prius, have satisfied me that, when the principles are finally applied by the court in the charge direct and the jury is a fair one, as a method of ascertaining the truth in regard to disputed questions of fact, a jury is, in the main, as valuable as an equal number of judges would be, or any less number.

"And I must say that in my experience in the conference room of the Supreme Court of the United States, which consists of nine judges, I have been surprised to find how readily those judges came to an agreement on questions of law, and how often they disagreed in regard to questions of fact, which apparently were as clear as the law. . . . Judges are not preëminently fitted over other men of good judgment in business affairs to decide on mere questions of disputed fact. We need to-day a restoration of the trial by jury."

If a joint resolution were passed by any state legislature submitting to the people the question of an amendment to their constitution abolishing trials by jury it would rouse among the plain people almost a political revolution; and yet trial judges and appellate judges are daily setting aside and nullifying the verdicts of juries, and ofttimes rendering final judgments directly contrary to the verdict of the jury.

Of course it is all under the guise of law. A jury trial must cease to be a mere formality, a mere prelude to trial by a judge. The judge must cease to set aside the verdict of the jury merely by reason of some caprice, whim or pleasure, or merely because he may happen to disagree with the jury. In many jurisdictions the modern jury is simply a setting of judicial ornamentation and extravagance.

### *One Law for All*

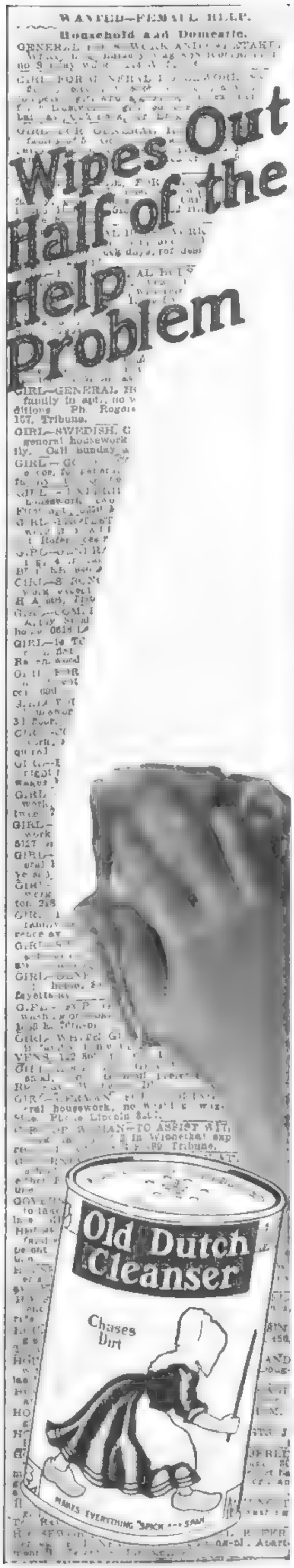
What I mean is that, as law is administered to-day, there is too much of one law for the rich and another for the poor. I hear some one protesting that this is class talk of the most anarchistic kind. Nevertheless, I find some very respectable authority suggesting that judges would be naturally tempted, if not inclined, to administer just this one-sided, jug-handled justice.

A century and a quarter ago our First Congress under the Federal Constitution enacted the following law:

"The justices of the Supreme Court, the circuit judges and the district judges, hereafter appointed, shall take the following oath before they proceed to perform the duties of their respective offices: 'I, —, do solemnly swear—or affirm—that I will administer justice without respect to persons, and do equal right to the poor and to the rich; and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on me as —, according to the best of my abilities and understanding, agreeably to the Constitution and laws of the United States. So help me God.'"

That statute is still in force. Daily press reports show unmistakably that the rich traveler returning from abroad smuggles in his luxuries and, when discovered, pays a small fine, about the amount of the duty, and is allowed to go his way in peace; while some Greek or Italian importer of fruits, nuts, and the like, who attempts the same thing, is sent to the Tombs.

Three fellows form a conspiracy to burglarize and rob a henroost. They are arrested, indicted, tried and convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for stealing half a dozen shanghais. Half a dozen or a dozen very respectable-looking gentlemen engage in a business conspiracy. The company is found guilty of violating the law. They are ordered to dissolve. Their stocks go up; their dividends increase; the products they handle and sell are still as much controlled by them, as shown by the increased price,




as they were before the dissolution. Those gigantic crimes have gone unpunished. Though we hear much said about guilt being personal, no person responsible for these crimes is sent to the penitentiary—not even to jail.

The courts are daily demonstrating to the people that they are either unable or unwilling—or both—to deal with gigantic conspiracies of capital in unlawful restraint of trade; and then the judges wonder why the people are losing confidence in courts!

Rip Van Winkle, it is said, slept a score of years, woke up, and found that everything had changed. Evidently Rip was not a judge, else he might have slept a century, and on awakening found himself quite familiar with the same old law and procedure. Twentieth-century judges are needed to administer twentieth-century justice.

In agriculture the sickle has given way to the self-binder. In manufacture hand labor has given way to the almost human machine. The architect is ever alert for some new material, plan or process for safe and economical construction. The surgeon is eager for the new instrument and operation and the latest practical antiseptic and anæsthetic.

Everything in human affairs has been under the magic spell of progress and betterment—everything but law and government! As to these, many of us think and act as though legal and political wisdom had died with our forefathers, and that they had spoken the last word to question which is treason and anarchy.

In this great march of human progress it cannot be disputed that law and government have ever been in the rear guard, and the judiciary the rearest of the rear.

Our courts have seemed well-nigh blind, deaf and dumb to the clarion call for social and industrial justice, for simplified procedure, for short-cuts to justice. Can it be because our judiciary is organized from and constituted of those lawyers who conspicuously lead and represent the most conservative class of our citizenship?

You may have progressive executives urging the adoption of progressive laws, you may have legislatures, overwhelmingly progressive, adopting such progressive laws, but you appoint or elect a majority of judges of the old Tory conservative type, and when they get through with your progressive laws you will have difficulty in identifying them.

### *How to Judge Judges*

Before the judge was elevated to the bench he was a successful and industrious lawyer. His vacation as a lawyer was an annual event—save a few days in holiday seasons—lasting generally a few weeks at most; as a judge his vacation occupies more than that many months. His vacation as a lawyer was at his own expense; his vacation as a judge is at public expense. His vacation as a lawyer was taken after he had cleaned up his professional business, so that no client would suffer during his absence from the office; his vacation as a judge is taken with little or no regard as to the condition of the court's legal docket or business, even though there are hundreds of cases that have been waiting for years for a hearing or a trial.

Why should this minister of justice under the law be guilty of the grossest injustice in fact as to cases long waiting for a hearing? Why should this minister of justice take as a special privilege for himself, in the shape of a long vacation, what is not taken by any other officer with like salary and similar service?

You say: How long do you think a judge should work? Abraham Lincoln, with his six-feet-four, was once asked how long a man's legs ought to be. His answer was: "Long enough to reach from his body to the ground." So a judge's weeks and months of labor in the public service ought to be long enough to reach to the bottom of the court's docket—down to the last case awaiting a trial or hearing.

It is an infallible conclusion from the foregoing discussion that the cause and responsibility for the enormous expense of trials are too apparent to require any further discussion.

Efficiency plus economy plus equity equal justice. To sacrifice any one factor is to sacrifice just so much of the product.

Mister Citizen, what duties devolve on you in helping to bring about a speedier, more efficient, more economical and more even-handed administration of justice? You stand for some important reform in the

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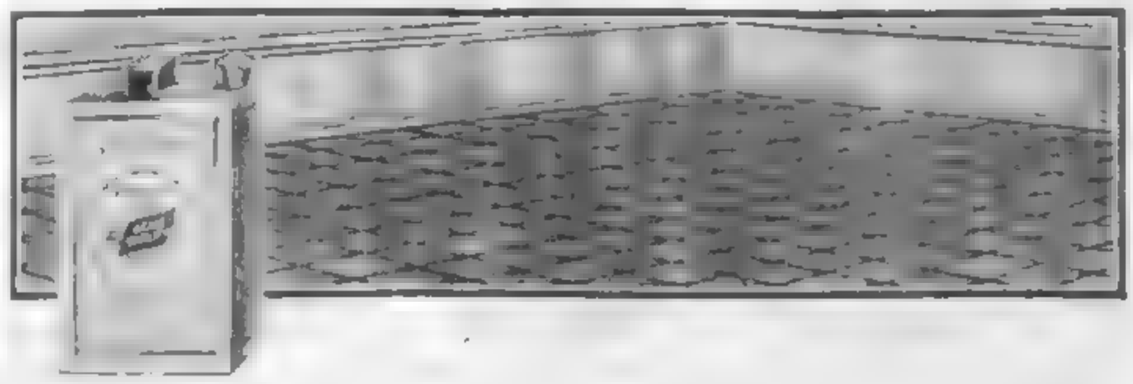

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...political affairs in your state to see that the governor must take the laboring oar. You will then stand strongly for a candidate who squarely and sincerely believes as you believe, and who has the ability and courage to put across the home plate a practical policy that will accomplish such reform.

In this reform of a legislative character you endeavor to nominate and elect members of your legislature who sincerely and earnestly stand for the legislative reform. So you will exercise like intelligence, consistency and persistence in the selection of your judges. You say: How can I find out what these various candidates for judge stand for?

In all probability Mr. Judicial Candidate has had some career as a lawyer, some career in the public life of the state, or some career on the bench. Has Mr. Judicial Candidate for years been representing the railroads, the traction lines, the big corporations and trusts, using his professional ability and skill in the altogether-too-frequent technical defenses that undertake to bleed to death the wholesome purposes and objects of many of the progressive laws? Is Mr. Judicial Candidate a part of some political machine in the county, district or state? If he be such as a lawyer the probabilities are he will continue to be such after he becomes a judge. Do you want such a man to represent you on the judiciary of your state?

From the official records of Mr. Judge, who is now asking reëlection, it should be easy to ascertain what his personal and judicial attitude has been toward the technical rules of law, ancient precedent, strict formalism, magnifying molehills into mountains in order to defeat justice, denying right of trial by jury, subordinating the equities of the case to the precise requirements of some rule of procedure.

Above all, you need a free man, a fair man and a fearless man, who is under obligation to no corporation or political machine; and the best assurance that he will not be under any such obligation is to be found in the fact that he has never been under such obligation. If he now has any such alliance the ordinary probabilities are that that alliance will continue. If he serves such interests as a lawyer it is not unreasonable to presume that he will incline to such as a judge.

Vote neither for Republicans as such, Democrats as such, or Progressives as such—in a party sense. A public committee, appointed by the rank and file of our citizenship to investigate the mental and legal make-up of the various candidates for judicial place and to report back to the people, would be a most wholesome agency in getting at the qualifications of the candidates, their alliances, their attachments, their obligations, their underground wires—all as bearing on their fitness for judicial trust and honor.

While we continue to have a large part of our government a government by judges, let us at least have that government exercised by the people's judges—judges who are representative of the highest intelligence, the purest conscience and the best patriotism of the people, rather than of any party or any boss; and judges who shall be responsive to the progressive spirit of our twentieth-century times.

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of two articles by Judge Wanamaker.

## Protecting Pipes

ELECTRICITY is now being used to keep water in pipes from freezing during the very cold weather. A Canadian company that was forced to use water pipes aboveground for several hundred feet last winter had continual trouble until electricity was tried.

Wires were connected with the pipes and a current sent through the water continuously. By this means, even when the thermometer dropped as low as twenty-seven degrees below zero, the water in these pipes was kept from freezing. For several winters electricity has been generally used in large cities for thawing out frozen pipes.

P
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Customers who buy Jones Dairy Farm Sausage on "Standing Orders," by placing them now, can get the first sausage of our season.

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Buy Advanced New York Hat Styles by Mail

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Truly Warner

# Who's Your Tailor?

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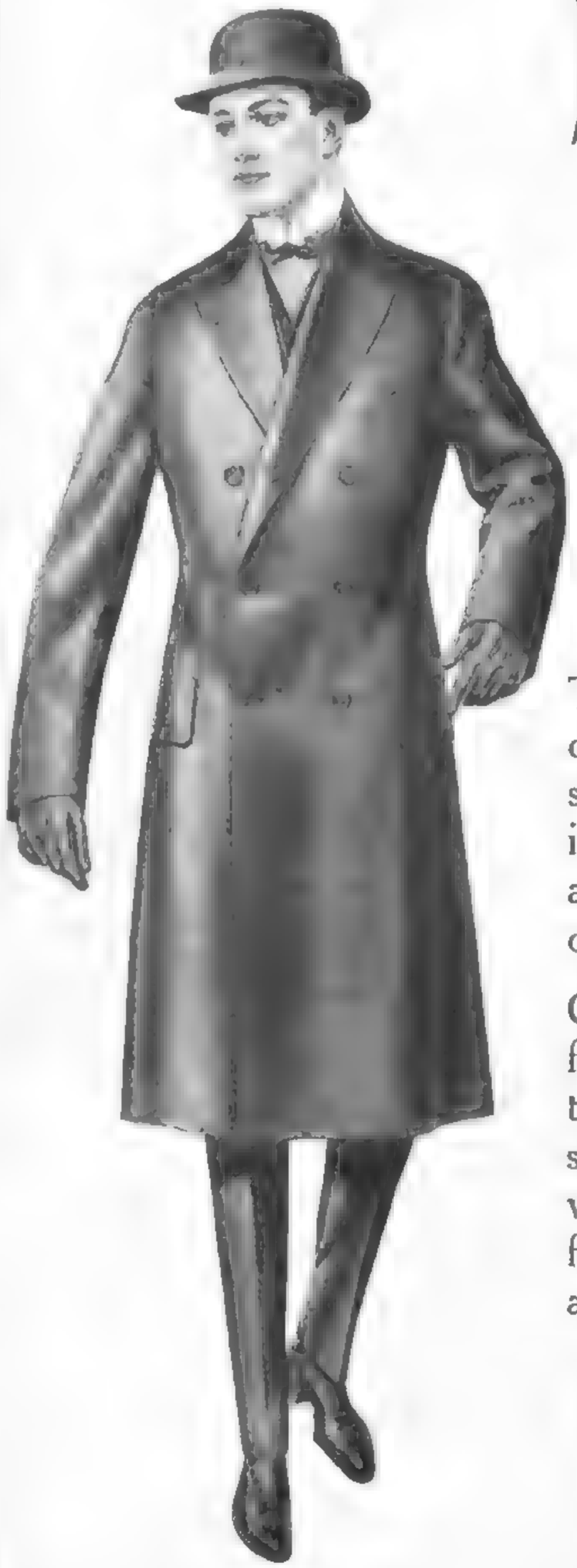

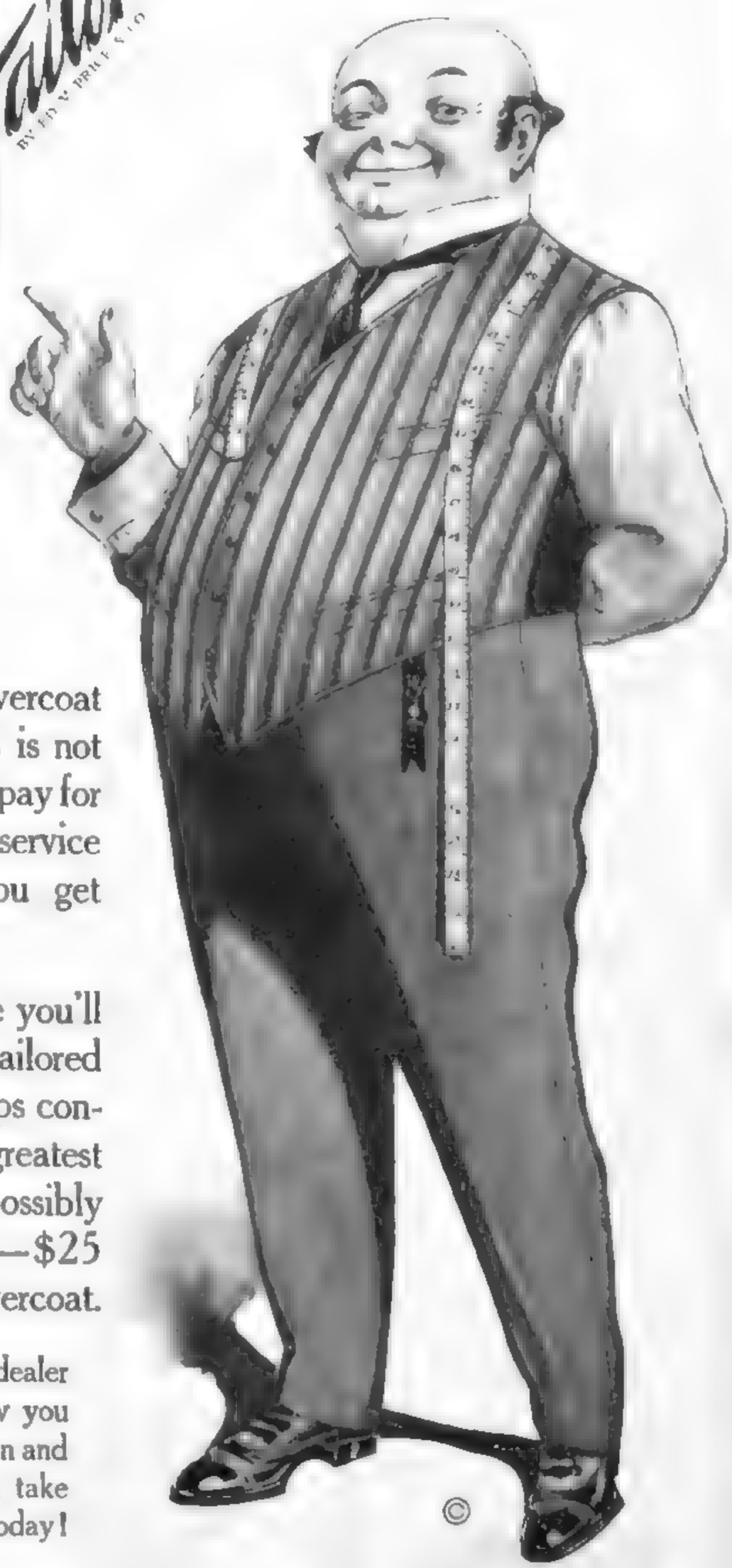

The value of an overcoat or a suit of clothes is not so much what you pay for it as the amount of service and satisfaction you get out of it.

On that basis alone you'll find that clothes tailored to order in our shops constitute the very greatest value you can possibly find for the money—$25 and up, Suit or Overcoat.

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THE Sampler box was originally planned as an introduction to ten popular kinds of Whitman's Chocolates and Confections. The Sampler contains 17 ounces of super-extra candies so fully assorted that it has proved perhaps the most popular package of candy in America. It is sold by our dealer-agents in every state, in every city and in nearly every town in the country. Wherever "she" may live, you can *Send Her a Sampler.*

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*One dollar a package; more in extreme West. If no agent near you, we will send a package anywhere on receipt of price.*

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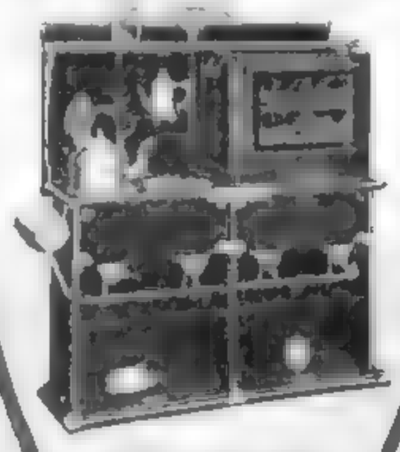

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The heating power is proportionate to the size of wick.

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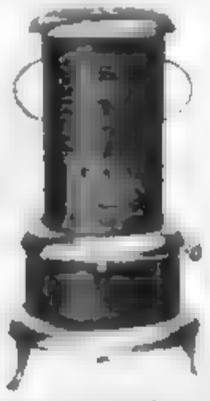

Florence Oil Heater with Flat Top

Central Oil & Gas Stove Co., Dept. 28, Gardner, Mass.


## THE KRIS-GIRL

*Continued from Page 10*

Handkerchiefs came out here and I woke up—rather late—to the necessity of coughing or of scraping my chair. I did both. There followed a good deal of whispering; at the end Mrs. Van Cloon kissed Cristina with some violence, rose and withdrew.

"I'm going to pack twelve clean chemises this very minute," I heard her say.

A coastal steamer called next day and with it Mrs. Van Cloon went down to Macassar, leaving us three in charge of the plantation. Before she went she asked me to help her in making out a complete statement of the expenses and profits of the plantation for the previous year. This she took with her, together with a copy of her late husband's will. She also took three feathered hats designed to strike with amazement the Hooge Pad at driving time, and a box that contained, I suppose, the necessaries she had mentioned, together with some others.

Cristina and I stood on the veranda and cheered her as she went. Mrs. Ash, her elastic-sided boots well in view and a genuine 1870 cap on her head, sat underneath the biggest of the electric punkahs, knitting warm vests for North Sea fishermen. She did not feign any interest whatever in the events proceeding. Doubtless she considered such interest not in the bargain.

"Now," said the Kris-Girl, leading me into the central hall and selecting two chairs, "sit down, and I will tell you my story. Isn't it exactly like an Adelphi play? Even the chairs are the right pattern, with all those gilt edges. Well, I believe I've cut Mrs. Van Cloon's knot about through."

"Good for you!" I said.

"Have you noticed," asked Cristina rather dreamily, "that when people want anything in the world very, very, very much, they ——"

"Hold on, Kris-Girl! I have noticed. I didn't either, you see."

"Or," she went on, small hands round small silken knee, clear eyes looking up at the gaudy crystal chandelier, "if there's anything they have that they like very, very, very much, something comes between and takes it away? There are knots and nets and tangles. Always—it's a law."

She stopped a minute and—I knew—ranged back over the past. How do I know? Because I ranged back too.

"It's another law," she went on, "that you can't help yourself—or hardly ever; but you can help other people if you are a little less stupid than they are. Most people are stupid, you know; Carlyle was so right in that. Well, there's been a lot of stupidity over this matter; and it can be cleared away—I think."

"I must be stupid myself," I said, "for I can't see where any possible hope comes in. The will is good. Lots of married men make wills like it and they're never overthrown that I know of."

"And yet," said Cristina, "perhaps lots of them might have got over the difficulty, because it was so simple in this case. I really do think you must be stupid; most nice people are. I'll have to tell you. When I came back from that visit to the poor thing in the forest I thought hard all the way home—you know I told you not to speak to me; and that night I got up at one o'clock and went for a walk round and round the terrace—that's the way I think when I have to think hard.

"And Ash would get up and walk too, because she said it was what she was paid for; but she never said a word—only once or twice she whispered the names of the Metropolitan Tube stations over to herself like an incantation, and three times she yawned. Then in an hour or so I saw it all, and I came in.

"What I said to myself was: 'Who benefits?' Because that is what you must ask in everything—not only in crimes; people are so stupid about that. And—would you believe it?—the answer was: 'No one does!'"

"How?"

"I mean that no one benefits as things are—not Mrs. Van Cloon; not Captain Ord; not the people to whom the money would go. And then I asked—I don't pretend to give you the processes, only the results—'Who would benefit?'—that is, if she married him. And the answer was, of course: 'The other inheritors.' Therefore they must be anxious for her to marry him; but she can't without money. Therefore they must provide it; it is to their interest.


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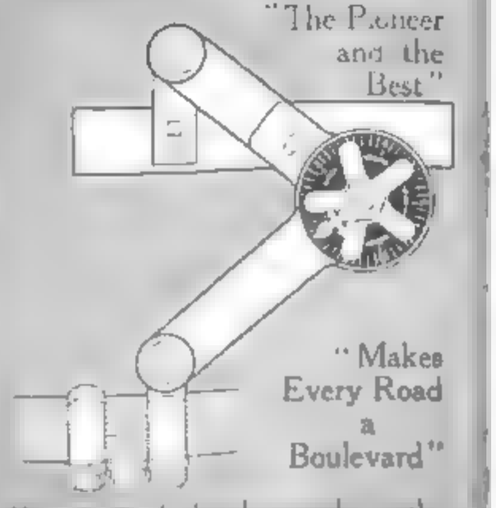

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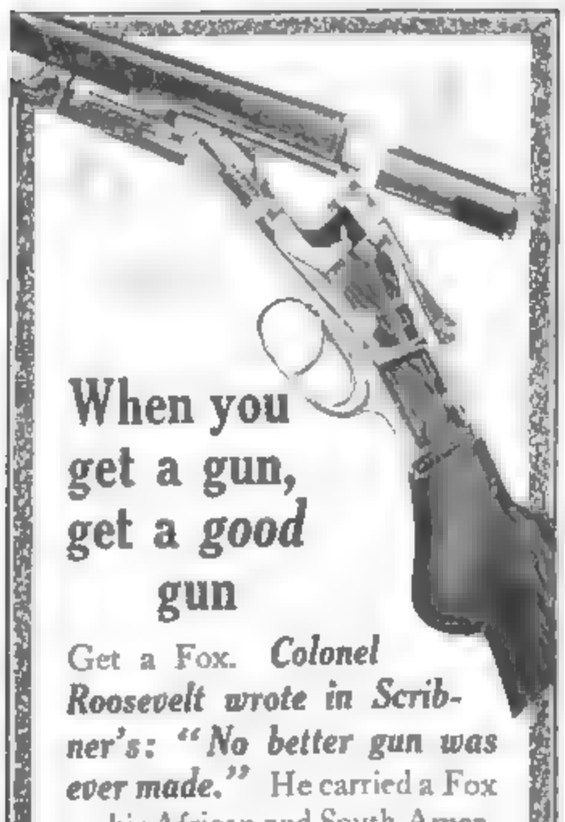

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"So then I saw the whole thing. You can't believe how simple most things are when you cut away the mass of stupidity that accumulates round them! I asked her who the people were that would get the money. She said her husband's relatives would if she remarried. If she did not she could do what she liked with it so long as she gave none of it to Captain Ord—you see, he had provided against that.

"So I said to her: 'Go to them. Say just this: "If you'll buy the estate from me for twenty-five thousand pounds you can have it to-morrow. It's worth two hundred thousand; and if you wait for me to marry Captain Ord, or any one else, you'll never get it, for I couldn't marry him and wouldn't marry any other man. So this is your chance." Say just that.'

"Then, you see, when one asks the question, 'Who benefits?' one gets a new answer: She does, and he does, and they do. So the knot comes to pieces. At least, I hope so."

"Kris-Girl, it does sound simple," I said. "Without doubt, I am stupid."

"Oh, no; not a bit more than any one else," she said consolingly. "The trouble with most people is, they can't see facts that are staring them in the face; can't get the focus of them—have looked at them too close. . . . Come and have a game of billiards."

"Come and let you walk all over me at billiards, you mean!" I said. "Well, if it makes you happy ——"

We missed the Juliana. Mrs. Van Cloon did not come back until two or three days after the boat left; but we were very comfortable and Mrs. Ash continued to earn her money nobly—somewhat too nobly, I should have said, if any one had asked me.

When our hostess did appear, on a frightful, steamy afternoon compact of alternate hot showers and red-hot sun, she walked up the Dutch tiled avenue with the port of an Amazon queen returning victorious from war. And we knew that one more knot had been cut.

The next Macassar boat left a week later. We saw very little of Mrs. Van Cloon during that time; she seemed to live on the road between her own property and the Captain's, and when in the house occupied herself chiefly in reading Singapore drapery catalogues and writing letters with checks in them.

When the steamer left she pressed a splendid diamond brooch on Cristina, and wept over and kissed her to such an extent that the little lady vanished altogether in her mighty embrace.

"Ash, you take this bit of vanity," said Cristina, as we steamed out of Gunong Kuda Bay. "Couldn't refuse; but you know I don't like that sort of thing."

"I will take it," said the old lady, fastening it in her dress. "It'll buy me a bath, with hot and cold water, and a good kitchen range." She looked back at the vanishing island with relief. "Another place seen and done with!" she said, and turned down into the social hall.

Cristina was hanging over the rail, looking at the blue water layered with streaming gold. I heard her quote something from Kipling, half under her breath:

"Can him who helps others help himself? Answer me that, sorr!"

And I, too, went below and left her.

---

**Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Beatrice Grimshaw. The second will appear in an early issue.**

## *Flying at Night*

PHOSPHORESCENT aëroplanes and airships for night exhibitions, for advertising, and for increasing safety in night flights are now proposed; and phosphorescent model flying machines were recently exhibited before an American aëronautic society. By some new methods the light may be made of other colors besides the familiar greenish blue, so that aëroplanes painted with this phosphorescent material may make a striking color display without carrying an appreciable amount of additional weight.

The luminous glow, of course, will come only after the paint has been given a good exposure to light; but the aëroplanes would absorb enough sunlight to give a noticeable glow for some hours at night. It has also been found that mercury vapor lamps will stimulate the glow; so the machines could be given a soaking in light before going aloft at night.


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The degree of enjoyment which you get from coffee depends as much upon the way it is made as upon the price that you pay for the coffee.

Manning-Bowman Percolators make perfect coffee. Whether heated by electricity, alcohol or on the kitchen range the principle in all Manning-Bowman Percolators is the same.

Starting with cold water, they will make coffee of a much superior flavor and as quickly as it can be made in ordinary percolators starting with hot water.

Our experience of over fifty years results not only in the best methods of construction, but enables us to produce ware that is unexcelled in beauty of design.

This experience is back of the entire line of Manning-Bowman Ware, which includes Chafing Dishes, Tea Ball Tea Pots, Egg Boilers, Kettles, Casseroles and a complete line of utensils for use with electricity, alcohol and gas.

**Illustrated booklet of any of these articles sent on request.**

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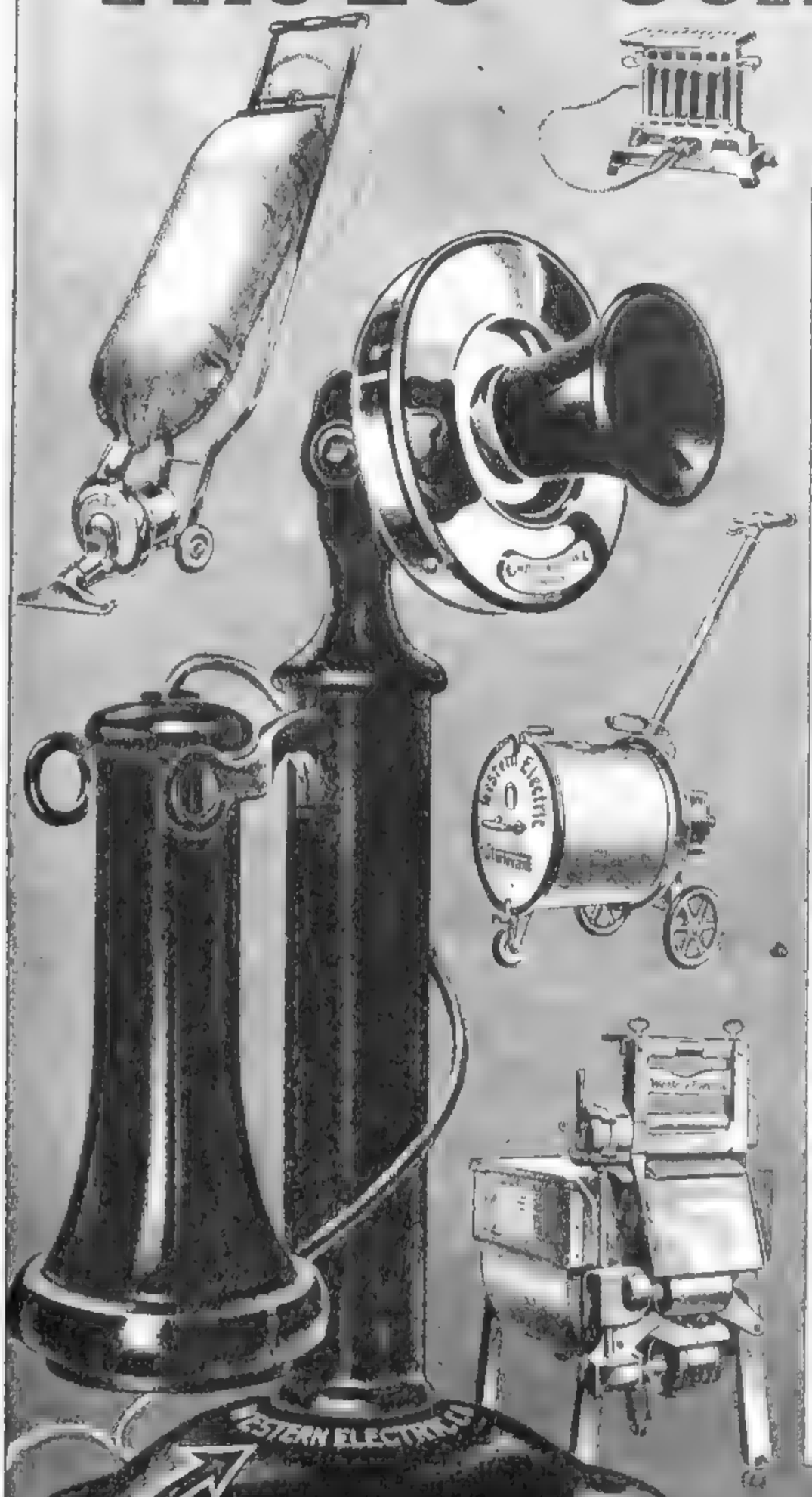


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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

# Western Electric

# THE SPOILS OF THE VANQUISHED

(Continued from Page 15)

tones, "but there's Reformers and there's Democrats, too, Mawruss; and Koenig Brothers is such deep-dyed Democrats, y'understand, on account old man Mosha Koenig goes broke back in Memphis in 1863, Mawruss, that if some one is running as a politicianer with Republican tickets, y'understand, he could kiss himself good-by with Koenig Brothers' account."

By this time Morris presented a picture of utter dejection.

"Well, what would you advise me to do, Abe?" he croaked.

"Why, there's only one thing to do, Mawruss," Abe said: "Don't run."

"*Aber* while you was out to lunch, Abe, this here Ribson—the feller which is running the campaign—come down here," Morris said, "and I signed 'em already."

"Then stop 'em at the bank," Abe advised.

"Not checks, but the papers," Morris said. "I already accepted the nomination and I got to run."

"You got to run!" Abe exclaimed. "Do you mean to told me you signed something without asking me first?"

"Sure I did," Morris retorted. "We ain't running for alderman as partners, Abe; and anyhow, Abe, I bet yer Koenig Brothers would quick buy our goods again when they hear I've been licked."

Pity and contempt were blended in the expression of Abe's face when he at last broke the news to Morris.

"Why, you big *Schlemiel*, you," he said, "you ain't going to get licked."

"What!" Morris cried.

"You're going to get elected, certain sure!" Abe continued. "Everybody says so."

For a brief interval Morris stared at his partner; and then he began a rapid nodding of his head, which Abe mistook for a regret too poignant for words, and his manner again softened toward Morris.

"Well, Mawruss," he began, "what is *vorbei* is *vorbei*."

Morris continued to nod his head, however, and at last he spoke.

"That's what it is when a man's got a big ignoramus for a partner!" he said. "I should of known better as to listen to your advice."

"My advice?" Abe gasped.

"Which if you wouldn't said them Reformers didn't got no more chance as you got to sell a million dollars goods this year, do you think I would of gone into this thing at all?"

"I said half a million," Abe protested.

"*Koosh*, Abe!" Morris roared. "I stood enough from you to-day. Seemingly you think I am made of stone that I should stand round here listening to you, Abe, when all the time, if you wouldn't told me such lies about Bleistadt selling all them goods to Appenweier & Murray and that feller Mittenwald, y'understand, I wouldn't be in this trouble at all."

"What do you mean—lies?" Abe demanded. "How could you say it's lies when you ain't even tried to sell 'em a bill of goods yet?"

For answer Morris ran into the showroom and returned with two sample garments on his arm.

"Look!" he cried. "I ain't eat only one roll and a cup coffee to-day, Abe; and, before I would get my lunch even, I am going round to see them fellers, Abe, and if I couldn't sell 'em a bill of goods, y'understand, ther it's up to you." He put on his hat and started for the door. "You got me into this mess," he declared, "and you'll get me out of it."

Following Morris' departure, Abe sat smoking in his chair, and he was well into his second cigar, without having arrived at any solution of his copartnership difficulties, when Nathan Schidlowsky entered.

"Seemingly people don't practice what they preach about, Mr. Potash," he said; "which you and me ain't allowed to so much as even talk about politics, while he could go to work and, without saying a word to nobody, accept the nomination for alderman *und yerlig*."

"What is it your business?" Abe burst out. "I think you forget yourself, Nathan. You are here only a shipping clerk."

Nathan was not at all rebuffed by his employer's snub.

"As you says yourself, Mr. Potash," he retorted, "a shipping clerk is also a sitson, Mr. Potash; and, particularly where the boss couldn't open his mouth at all, sometimes the shipping clerk comes in handy."

"What do you mean—I couldn't open my mouth?" Abe said, taken off his guard. "Do you think I am scared of my partner?"

"I ain't speaking about you, Mr. Potash," Nathan assured him. "I mean Mr. Perlmutter, which, when a feller is running for alderman he must naturally got to say a little something. Now, you could ask anybody, Mr. Potash, and they will tell you the same, that, though I am here only a shipping clerk, uptown I could be a pretty loud-mouthed feller when I want to be; whereas Mr. Perlmutter is just the opposite, Mr. Potash. Down here nobody could stop him at all, he talks so much; *aber* uptown, in front of them *Chamarim* which listens to truck meetings, I bet yer he acts already dumb, he would be so scared."

"Well, what has that got to do with you, Nathan?" Abe demanded angrily.

"It ain't got nothing to do with me," Nathan admitted, "except that for five dollars extra a week, Mr. Potash, I stand willing to work overtume and make political speeches for Mr. Perlmutter; and I bet yer, Mr. Potash, if you give me a chance I could even get him a show he should be elected."

Abe rose to his feet and pointed to the door.

"Go on!" he shouted. "Out of here!"

He followed this up with a highly colored appreciation of shipping clerks in general and Nathan in particular; and when he finished Nathan shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Mr. Potash!" he said. "If you think I couldn't do it, Mr. Potash, let me tell you it's only on account I am broke that I ain't running for alderman myself; and if you don't want your partner he should get elected, why ——"

Nathan shrugged his shoulders again and started for the shipping room, while Abe sat himself down to finish his cigar. As he wheeled his chair round to reach for the matches he noticed for the first time that a visitor had entered.

"So that fellow is working down here, is he?" the visitor said.

"He's our shipping clerk, if that's what you mean," Abe replied; "and our hours for seeing salesmen is from eight to ten in the mornings, Mister—er ——"

"Ribson," said the visitor, seating himself. "And I am not a salesman, Mr. Potash. Sometimes I wish I was. There's more money in it and a great deal less trouble than in my game."

"Game?" Abe said.

"I think you'd call politics a game," Ribson went on. "I don't know whether your partner, Mr. Perlmutter, has spoken about me to you. I'm chairman of the District Committee."

Had Ribson arrived prior to Nathan's visit Abe might have ordered him out of the place; but his air of good humor, coupled with the circumstance that Abe had temporarily exhausted his stock of profane invective, caused the latter to reply almost with civility.

"I heard of you already," he said; "and why you got my partner to go into this thing, I don't know. In the first place, he don't understand nothing about politics, and, in the second place, he couldn't make a speech to save his life."

"It isn't necessary," Ribson said. "All we want on our ticket are good, reputable business men, and the less they say the better show they have of being elected; in fact, I think Mr. Perlmutter has a mighty good chance—almost a walk-over."

Abe groaned aloud.

"You don't tell me!" he said.

"That is, unless they get another ticket in the field," Ribson went on. "I believe that young fellow who was just in here has been approached to run on the Socialist ticket; but, of course, you control him." Abe nodded absently. "And now I'd like to see your partner," Ribson continued. "I want to find out what his engagements are for next week. He needn't speak, but he must show himself to his constituents occasionally."

Abe was still gazing vacantly at the floor when Ribson again said that he wanted to see Morris.

"He ain't in," Abe replied. "He went uptown and I guess he won't be back for an hour or so."

"In that case I'll look in again," Ribson said; but Abe laid a detaining hand on his visitor's knee.

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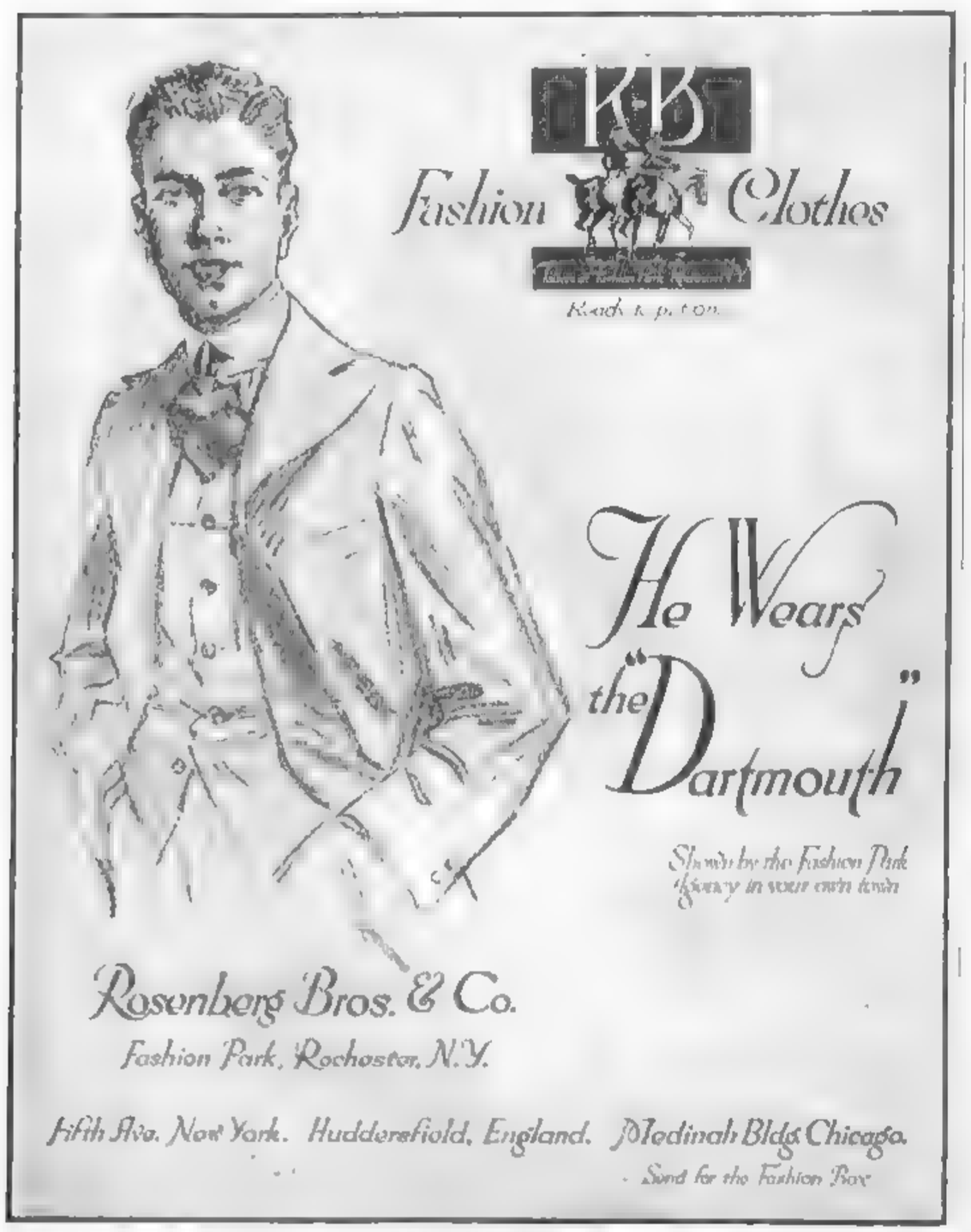
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"Tell me, Mr. Ribson," he said, "ain't there no way of letting my partner off this thing? He—he's changed his mind."

Ribson laughed heartily.

"They all get cold feet at first," he said.

"But he rushed into it without thinking it over," Abe urged.

"And he'll have to see it through now," Ribson declared, rising to his feet. "He's just the man we were looking for, Mr. Potash, and now it's too late. The certificates of nomination have been filed with the proper authorities. He's got to run whether he likes it or not."

"But couldn't he now resign?" Abe asked.

"I've never heard of it being done," Ribson said; "but if he did it would get into the papers and make a lot of enemies among the trade for Potash & Perlmutter."

He held out his gloved hand to Abe and favored him with the same cushionlike handclasp that had won over Morris to the cause of the Reformers.

"Tell your partner I'll look back in an hour," he said; and a moment later he disappeared into one elevator not two minutes before Morris alighted from the other.

"*Nu*, Mawruss," Abe cried, "a friend of yours was just in here."

Morris, however, made no response to his partner's greeting and tottered rather than walked into the office without a word. There he flung his samples on a table and sank into a chair.

"Well," Abe said, "what are you looking so *rachmonos* for, Mawruss?"

Morris took out his handkerchief and wiped his colorless face. He cleared his throat, but the words refused to come.

"Was you up to Appenweier & Murray's?" Abe asked, and Morris nodded.

"I just come back from there," he said; "and the way that feller talked to me, you would think I was a dawg—honest!"

"Who?" Abe exclaimed. "Max?"

"Not Max Appenweier," Morris said "Isaac Koenig; and he give me such a laying out, Abe, that I was ashamed to talk to the buyer at all. Right there at the suit department, in front of a lot of customers and some of the clerks, just as I was going into the buyer's office, he seen me; and he give me the devil! Tell Nathan he shouldn't ship them goods, Abe, as Koenig says he wouldn't receive 'em."

"But, just one moment, Mawruss," Abe pleaded. "Let me get this right. Did you say you seen Isaac Koenig in Appenweier & Murray's store?"

"He seen me, Abe!" Morris corrected. "Believe me, Abe, I done my best to get away from him."

"But what was Isaac Koenig doing in Appenweier & Murray's store?" Abe asked. "They're competitors of his."

Morris shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

"How should I know what he was doing there?" he answered. "All I know is that we are through with Koenig Brothers."

"But they ain't through with us," Abe blustered. "Koenig Brothers couldn't send us no cancellations just because you are running with Republican tickets."

Morris flapped his hand feebly.

"*Schmooes*, Abe!" he said. "If Koenig Brothers wants to send us cancellations they could find plenty excuses, because you know as well as I do, Abe, we don't take it so particular to make up goods exactly to the samples."

Abe plunged his hands into his trousers pockets and walked up and down the office.

"And what are you going to say to this here Ribson when he comes?" he asked.

Morris reached for his hat.

"I ain't going to say nothing to him," he replied. "You could tell him I am sick *oder* something, because I'm going home, Abe. And to-morrow I'm going to stop in at B. Mittenwald's; and if I don't get an order out of them people, y'understand, they can act *mit* me how they want to. I wouldn't do another thing about this here nomination—and that's all there is to it!"

Promptly at half-past eight the following morning Morris presented himself, with his samples, at the rear entrance of B. Mittenwald's store. A curious throng stood round the door and examined a square slip of paper that was pasted on one of the glass panels. It read as follows:

CLOSED
ON ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF
MR. B. MITTENWALD

IV

"WELL, Mawruss," said Abe as his partner entered the office at ten o'clock, "it was awful sudden, wasn't it? Are you going to send some flowers to the funeral? Might you could do some business with the executioners *oder* the widder if they carry on the store."

"You read it in the papers about Mittenwald?" Morris inquired wearily.

"Sure I read it in the papers," Abe replied. "There's lots of news in the papers this morning, Mawruss—interesting news for a business man."

He thrust the Daily Cloak and Suit Gazette at Morris.

"Here," he said; "read this also."

Morris seized the paper and his eyes bulged as they rested on the item indicated by Abe's thumb. It was headed "Big Merger in Dry-Goods Trade"; and it continued as follows:

"The report that the well-known specialty garment store, handling women's and children's apparel, of Appenweier & Murray has been acquired by Messrs. Koenig Brothers was confirmed by Mr. Isaac Koenig in an interview given by him to a Gazette representative last night. A. G. Sullivan, for many years buyer for Messrs. Koenig Brothers' cloak-and-suit department, will enter immediately on his duties as merchandise man and store manager of the old Appenweier & Murray Store."

Morris read the item three times; then he threw the paper on the floor and reached for the telephone.

"What are you going to do?" Abe asked.

"I'm going to ring up Bleistadt," Morris said, hoarse with rage. "I want to tell that Haman what I think of him."

Abe made a gesture of deprecation.

"Save your breath, Mawruss," he said. "You couldn't improve on what I said to him *schon* half an hour ago already."

"Was he in the store when you telephoned?" Morris asked.

"What do you mean—telephoned?" Abe said. "Do you think I want to get arrested for the sake of a murderer like Bleistadt? I went over to the store; and the things I said to that cutthroat, even Sam Gershun gets sore at me for."

And it does us an awful lot of good, Abe," Morris commented.

"It helps," Abe replied; "because Bleistadt would now leave us alone, Mawruss. Why, he said you could resign the nomination for alderman just so soon as you want to."

"And that's what I'll do to-day, sure," Morris added, his face brightening at the prospect.

"You won't do no such thing!" Abe corrected. "Because Koenig Brothers is through with us, that ain't no reason why we should make some of our other customers sore at us. How do we know which is Fusioners and which is Democrats?"

"Well, what shall I do, then?" Morris half whimpered.

"Do what I tell you," Abe replied. "Tell Nathan to come in here."

A moment later Nathan Schidlowsky entered the office; and, without invitation, he took a seat and smiled patronizingly on his employers.

"You done right in sending for me, Mr. Perlmutter," he said. "The political conditions in the district in which you are running in is so complicated, Mr. Perlmutter, that unless you got some one he should put up a few convincing arguments, y'understand, you stand a show not to get elected. Now, though I am a single-taxer myself, yet in this here Reform platform indorsed by the Republican organization there is a lot of ——"

"*Stigun*, Nathan!" Morris broke in. "Who is asking you you should make speeches round here?"

"Well, I just wanted to give you a sample," Nathan explained.

"For samples we don't care about at all," Abe said. "What we are looking for is immediate deliveries of the goods themselves, Nathan, and we want you to answer us a question: Is them loafers uptown still willing you should run for alderman?"

"They ain't such loafers, Mr. Potash," Nathan protested. "One of them is a doctor already, and the rest is decent, respectable fellers. The only thing is, they ain't agreed which it is better to run me as Socialist or a single-taxer. Now my idee is that if the land is put to the use for which it was intended, y'understand, and speculation discouraged by the imposition of a ——"

"It's all right, Nathan!" Abe interrupted, frantically waving both hands. "You told me all this the day before yesterday, Nathan. For my part, you could run as a single tax or a double tax. All me and my

"—and they lived happily ever after," ended the book. "Because," the girl added, "he always sent home

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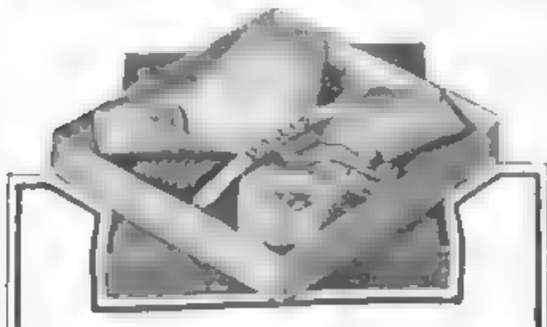

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partner wants is you should take away enough votes from them—now—Reformed Fusioners so that Mr. Perlmutter would get licked certain sure."

"You mean he don't want to get elected?" Nathan said skeptically.

"Say, listen, Nathan!" Morris urged. "Don't let us have no arguments about this thing. Do you want to run or don't you? Because, if you do, my partner and me will pay your expenses up to one hundred dollars"

Nathan laughed aloud.

"A hundred dollars in a political campaign is like a pinch of snuff up an elephant's nose," he said.

"Well then, two hundred," Abe suggested.

"Five hundred is the lowest," Nathan replied. "If I would got five hundred dollars to show, Mr. Potash, I know a feller which would be willing to put up a thousand dollars to help me—a rich man, y'understand; but he's a *Meschugge* on the subject of single tax."

"*Schmooes*, Nathan!" Morris exclaimed. "Don't make us no bluffs. We'll give you three hundred dollars and that's our outside figure."

"Then I couldn't do it, Mr. Perlmutter," Nathan answered; and Abe rose impatiently.

"*Nu*, make an end, Mawruss," he said. "If Nathan would show us he's on the level in this thing we would give him five hundred dollars and get through with it. Get them *Chamorim* they should nominate you and we'll give you all the money you need up to five hundred dollars."

"They ain't no donkeys, Mr. Potash," Nathan protested again. "I told you before one of 'em is a doctor; and in particular, Mr. Potash, another one of 'em is ——"

"I don't care what they are, Nathan," Abe concluded, "so long as they get you enough votes. So go ahead, Nathan, and do your best."

"I certainly shall," Nathan said; "and I can assure you when you will come up and listen to me speak once in a while, Mr. Perlmutter, you would hear something which you could really call worth while."

"I'll have to take your word for it, Nathan," Morris said, "because to-morrow morning I'm going out on the road to visit our Southern trade, Nathan, and I wouldn't be back till after Election Day."

The ensuing weeks were fraught with painful experiences for Abe, who, when he was not answering telephone calls of inquiry concerning his partner's whereabouts, was obliged to perform the duties of both Morris Perlmutter and Nathan the shipping clerk. Accordingly his reception of Morris when the latter arrived in town on the morning after Election Day was none too cordial, despite the circumstance that the Southern trip had been a profitable one.

"Well, Abe," Morris said, after he had laid down his valise and removed his hat and coat, "there's still a little business to be done in the South, ain't it?"

"There's business to be done anywhere," Abe said, "if a feller only attends to business, Mawruss, and don't fool away his time *mit* politics."

"Where's Nathan?" Morris asked, by way of diverting the conversation from dangerous channels.

"He telephoned he wouldn't be down till eleven," Abe said. "Honestly, Mawruss, the airs that feller gives himself since he run for alderman, you wouldn't believe at all!"

"Well, you got to give him credit, Abe. He made me licked."

"You got to give me credit for it, you mean," Abe said. "I was the one which thought of that idee, Mawruss."

"I ain't denying it," Morris assured him; and then, calling a stock boy, he sent out for the first edition of the evening paper, which on the day after election appears at eight o'clock in the morning. "I want to see just what the figures is, Abe. All it said in the paper I got on the train was that I am licked."

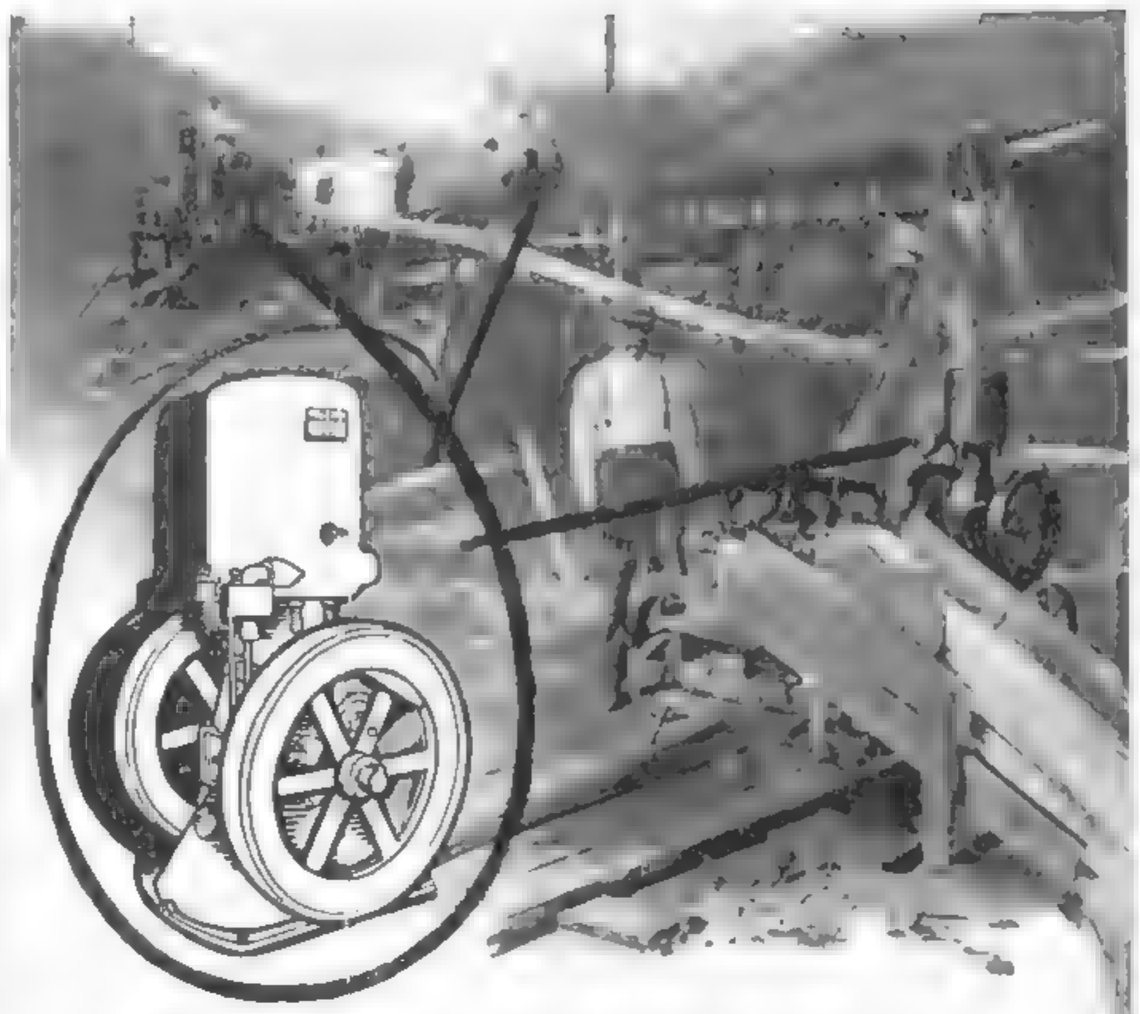
The boy returned with the paper and Morris spread it on the desk.

"Aha!" he gloated. "For Borough President—Quinn, D., 375,460; Bleistadt, F. and R., 210,962. They snowed over him!"

"Snowed over him?" Abe said. "They dug a hole and buried him! How about the alderman business?"

Morris searched unsuccessfully for the returns from the aldermanic districts.

"Here; give it to me!" Abe said, thrusting his partner to one side; and at last,

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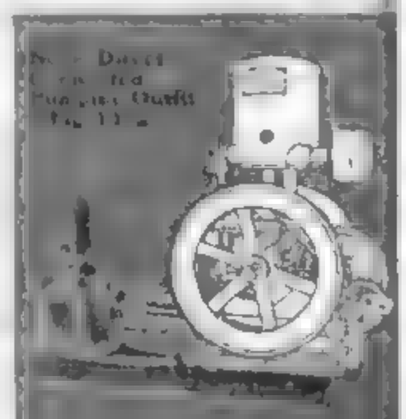

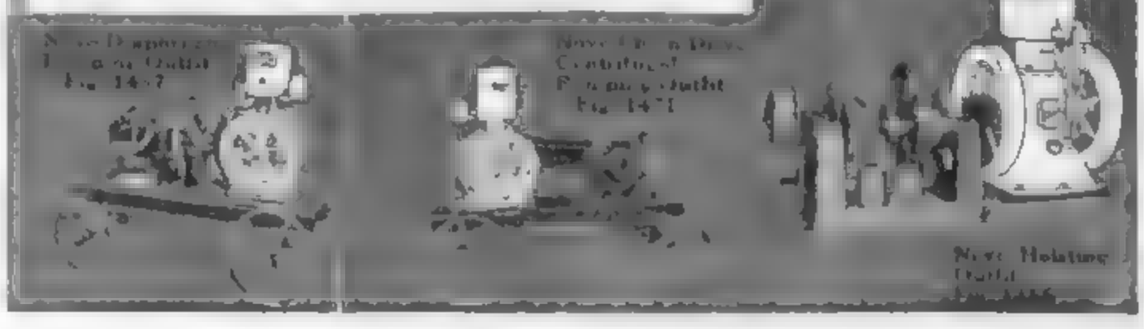

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CLARENCE E. BEMENT, Secy and Mgr.

**DEALERS: This advertisement will bring thousands of inquiries. Many from your own locality. Ask us for our dealer proposition. Novo offers you a permanent and profitable business.**

# "Bigger Than Weather"

WHAT'S the weather? What's the difference—if you are clothed with honest, weather-resisting Northern wool? Don't let the weather keep you indoors—be Bigger-Than-Weather—learn the delight and healthfulness of outdoor life. Everywhere, from Florida to Alaska, Bigger-Than-Weather folks are enjoying all sorts of weather—clad in their Patrick-Duluth Mackinaws (they call them "patricks") and Patrick Macka-Knit Sweaters (they call them "Macka-Knits").

Patrick Mackinaw Yarn is spun from the wool of sheep that thrive in the snow. This wool is different from any other because it has longer fibre and greater insulating power. Patrick Mackinaw Yarn is made into Patrick Mackinaw Cloth by an improved method based on the old Scandinavian "Stumpfing" process which has been used since the day of the Vikings.

This is a double shrinking which thickens the fabric, tightens the weave, and provides a deep nap on both sides. *Patrick-Duluth Mackinaws* are known everywhere by their individuality in quality and appearance. The same quality and honest worth are seen and felt in all the

Patrick DULUTH

## Mackinaw Products

Bigger-Than-Weather

*The Patrick Macka-Knit Sweater* combines all the wool quality and distinctiveness of design that distinguish the Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw.

To make the best sweater possible, regardless of cost, is the constant purpose of the Patrick Knitting Mill. The same policy is pursued in the making of Patrick Wool socks, with the result that there are no better made wool socks or sweaters in the whole world.

*Patrick Mackinaw Auto Robes* are made of the genuine Patrick Mackinaw cloth in all the famous plaids and colorings. Gives greatest warmth with least weight. Used for the Auto—for a steamer rug, couch, sleeping porch, canoe, camp or picnic robe.

Ask to see the Patrick Macka-Knit Sweaters and Socks, Mackinaws, Blankets, Auto Robes, Hats and Caps. If you do not find exactly what you want at the stores in your town, write us. Look for the famous Patrick-Duluth label which identifies the genuine and original. Guaranteed all wool.

**Write for FREE Mackinaw Book Picturing All the Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Products**

**Send for FREE Gift**

Picture Post Cards in colors, "Adventures of the 'Bigger-Than-Weather Boys'" from paintings and verse by the celebrated Peter Newell. Join the Bigger-Than-Weather Club. Buy a "patrick" and you become a member. Certificate of Membership and Buttonhole Badge are in a pocket.

**Dealers!**

Better hurry in your orders. Patrick Mackinaw Products are making Out-Door Folks as fast as we can take care of them.

**Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill, 102 Commerce St., Duluth, Minn.**



THE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR is just one door from College. He is face to face with the problem of opening that door. Without College training, success is uncertain; without funds, College is impossible. Curtis work opens the door to College and to a successful life.

In your community we need a live young man or woman to establish a permanent list of subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Our business will pay you the money which you need for your entire College course. It will give you a training in salesmanship which rivals college itself in value. Write for particulars to

*Educational Division, Box 829* THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*


tucked away in a lower right-hand corner, Abe discovered these figures:

Nicholson, D., 7464.
Perlmutter, F. & R., 3200.
Schidlowsky, Single Tax, 264.

"*Nu*, how much do I lose by? Pretty close, wasn't it?" Morris asked; but Abe continued to stare at the figures and said nothing. "Let me see it too, Abe," Morris pleaded.

And, leaning over his partner's shoulder, he smiled broadly at the evidence of his defeat until he began to comprehend the significance of Schidlowsky's vote. He, too, remained silent for some minutes.

"Tell me, Abe," he said at last; "wasn't it the idee that Nathan runs for alderman so he could take away from me enough votes to make that Tommony loafer win?"

Abe nodded reluctantly and Morris pondered the situation a few minutes longer.

"Of course, Abe," he said, "I ain't no zoitified public accountant, y'understand; but it seems to me that if Nathan wouldn't run, y'understand, and I was to get the votes that he got it, understand me, that Tommony loafer Nicholson would still won by four thousand votes. Ain't it?"

Abe was obliged to nod again, and thereupon Morris blew off his safety valve.

"Then what the devil do you mean throwing our money in the streets? Giving that loafer Schidlowsky five hundred dollars!" he shouted. "Are you crazy, *oder* what?"

"Who did I done it for?" Abe retorted. "Was I running for alderman?"

"You put the idee in my head," Morris said.

Abe crumpled the evening paper in both hands and threw it into the wastepaper basket.

"All right, Mawruss!" he croaked. "We wouldn't say no more about it. That's what I get for trying to do you a favor. The next time you could run for President even and I wouldn't raise so much as a finger to stop you getting elected. You don't deserve no better!"

V

IT WAS not until half past eleven that Morris could free his voice of sufficient hoarseness to make himself audible. He sat in the office, with his back toward the door, and as he began to transcribe his Southern orders into the firm's order book he regaled Abe with a running comment on their absent shipping clerk.

"Just wait till that feller comes," he said. "I'll give him a laying out like he never got before in his whole life. I'll tell him ——"

"Well, Mr. Perlmutter," said a voice from the hallway; "so you're home again."

The speaker was a young man who, though once more a shipping clerk, still wore the long hair and flowing Windsor tie that mark violinists, Yiddish actors and the propagandists of radical politics on the lower East Side.

Accompanying him was a stout and bearded personage whose costume showed no eccentricity beyond a slight shininess round the elbows and the knees. He nodded amiably at Morris, who was on the verge of destroying, by a violent outburst against his shipping clerk, all the benefit that his voice had derived from a two hours' rest.

"I think I recognize Mr. Perlmutter," the stout man said.

Morris glanced from Nathan to his companion's shabby clothes and frowned, preparatory to withering both of them with a particularly cutting retort, when Abe laid a hand on his shoulder.

"That's right, sir," Abe said in honeyed tones; "and this is his partner, Mr. Potash." Here he turned to Nathan. "Well, Nathan," he said, "I got to congradulate you. You put up a good fight, even if you didn't got so many votes."

Morris looked at his partner and his mouth opened to launch a comment on the cost a vote of two hundred and sixty-four votes at five hundred dollars the lot; but Abe's hand suddenly closed where it rested and Morris winced with pain.

"Everybody ain't so liberal minded like you and Mr. Kitterman, Mr. Potash," Nathan said, and Morris nearly fell out of his chair, while Abe simulated a start of surprise.

"You don't mean Mr. Henry Kitterman?" Abe said.

The visitor nodded.

"Mr. Schidlowsky has told me of the help you gave him, Mr. Perlmutter," he said, "and I think it was a mighty generous thing of you to do it."

"But," Morris began, "we gave it to him because ——"

Again Abe clutched his partner's shoulder, while Nathan Schidlowsky stood well behind Henry Kitterman and distorted one side of his face at Morris in a warning grimace.

"We done it because me and my partner is so much interested in this—now—tax question," Abe continued; "so I says if Nathan would run for alderman I would go so far as five hundred dollars on him, and I done so."

At last Morris comprehended the situation.

"And we would of made it a thousand if Nathan would of asked us," he added, "because I knew I didn't stand a show, Mr. Kitterman; and in Nathan we got every confidence and we wanted him to make a good showing."

Mr. Kitterman nodded and searched for his wallet in his breast pocket.

"Well," he said, "I don't think you'll lose anything by it."

He produced a card and scribbled a few words on it with his pencil before handing it to Abe.

"When you call at the store," he concluded, "show this to the buyer of the cloak-and-suit department, and, prices and qualities being equal, I'm sure he will give you the preference over your competitors."

"*Nu*, Mawruss," Abe said a couple of days later as they examined the confirmation of a large order they had just received from the merchandise manager of Henry Kitterman's store, "Nathan didn't do so badly by us, for a shipping clerk."

"What do you mean—for a shipping clerk?" Morris retorted. "You ain't living in *Russland* now, Abe. You are living in a republic, where a sitson is a *sitson*, even if he would be only a shipping clerk."

"Did I say he wasn't a sitson?" Abe asked angrily.

"And, furthermore, a feller which is got the gumption of Nathan is a whole lot too good for a shipping clerk," Morris said. "I think next week we would better let him go round with our sample line and see the city trade."

"I'm agreeable," Abe said, "on condition that he don't monkey no more *mit* politics."

Morris blinked solemnly.

"He told me himself he is through *mit* politics," Morris concluded. "A business man, Abe, couldn't afford to get mixed up in politics."

"Unless," Abe added, "he's got a sucker for a partner!"

## Panoramic Pictures

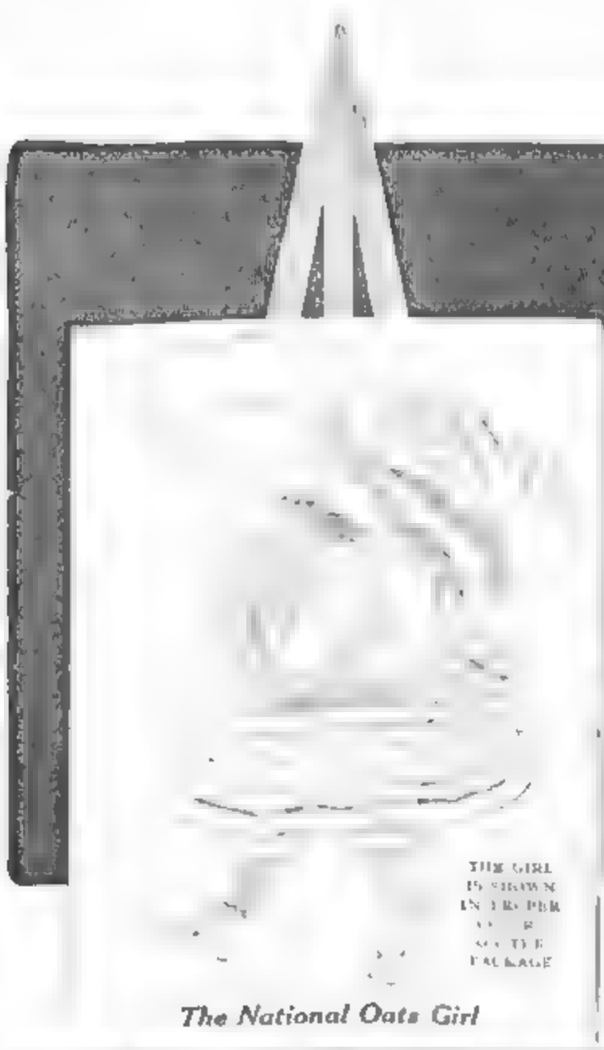
AN AUTOMATIC camera is now in use that from an aeroplane will take a panoramic picture of the entire route of a flight. It is not a moving picture, but a series of photographs taken one after the other at proper intervals, so that when the pictures are printed they may be fitted together in one long strip, showing the ground passed over. The pilot of the aëroplane pays no attention to the camera after starting, for a little wind motor on the front of the camera operates the machinery and keeps the fresh films coming along at the right intervals.

Before starting, however, it is necessary to estimate the speed of the wind that may be blowing, and set the camera accordingly; for, of course, the speed of an aëroplane is dependent not only on its actual push forward but also on any added or lessened rate of speed due to the wind.

## Cold Service

TEXAS now has a refrigerated church. The building is a handsome stone edifice, not large according to metropolitan standards, but of good size for a small city. In a separate building at the rear an ice machine, exactly like those used for ice making or for cold-storage warehouses, takes air that has first been washed and cools it rapidly.

The cooled air is forced into the church through ventilators under the seats at a rate that will change all the air in the church in less than ten minutes. In hot weather it has been found best to keep the air in the building about twenty degrees cooler than the air outside. A greater degree of cold is easily obtained, but it makes too much of a change for the congregation.



*The National Oats Girl*

# "Sketch the Girl" for $5,000.00

YOU CAN DO IT—Not genius but earnestness—Not luck but trying, is what will earn the big cash prizes in this contest.

## No Cost---No Catch----Just Sketch

This is for YOU—YOUR chance—Get the spirit. If you are young, sketch to learn how to sketch. If you are old, sketch for the love of sketching. ***Get Started NOW!*** You may earn one of the big prizes—It costs nothing to try—It's lots of fun, too.

## A Contest for Everybody

$5,000.00 in CASH PRIZES for the best drawn and colored sketches of the NATIONAL OATS GIRL. She appears on the NATIONAL OATS package in her proper colors. There is no cost or entry fee in this Contest. You will find the Girl on the NATIONAL OATS package wherever it is found—in your kitchen or pantry, your neighbor's home or at your grocer's.

### Two Sets of Cash Prizes:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Open to Everybody | 1st Prize | $500.00 | |
| | 2d " | 250.00 | |
| | 3d " | 125.00 | |
| | 4th " | 75.00 | |
| | 5th " | 50.00 | |
| | 6th " | 25.00 | |
| | 200 Prizes of $5.00 each | | |
| For School Children Under 16 Years | 1st Prize | $250.00 | |
| | 2d " | 100.00 | |
| | 3d " | 75.00 | |
| | 4th " | 30.00 | |
| | 5th " | 15.00 | |
| | 6th " | 5.00 | |
| | 2500 Prizes of $1.00 each | | |

and a Souvenir Prize to every child who fails to win a Cash Prize.

All drawings must be received on or before MARCH 31, 1915. No exception to this rule. Announcement of winners of first six prizes, each classification, will be published in The Saturday Evening Post, Issue of May 8, 1915.

## EAT NATIONAL OATS

***—you can taste the difference***

NATIONAL OATS is pure rolled white oats. It is made from the finest, plumpest and most carefully selected grain and consequently is richest in gluten and cereal nourishment. One dishful is an inspiration to better working, better thinking, better drawing.

**Most grocers sell NATIONAL OATS; if yours does not, he can get it for you, if he will.**

**Send all drawings to "Sketch the Girl" Contest Department**

## National Oats Company

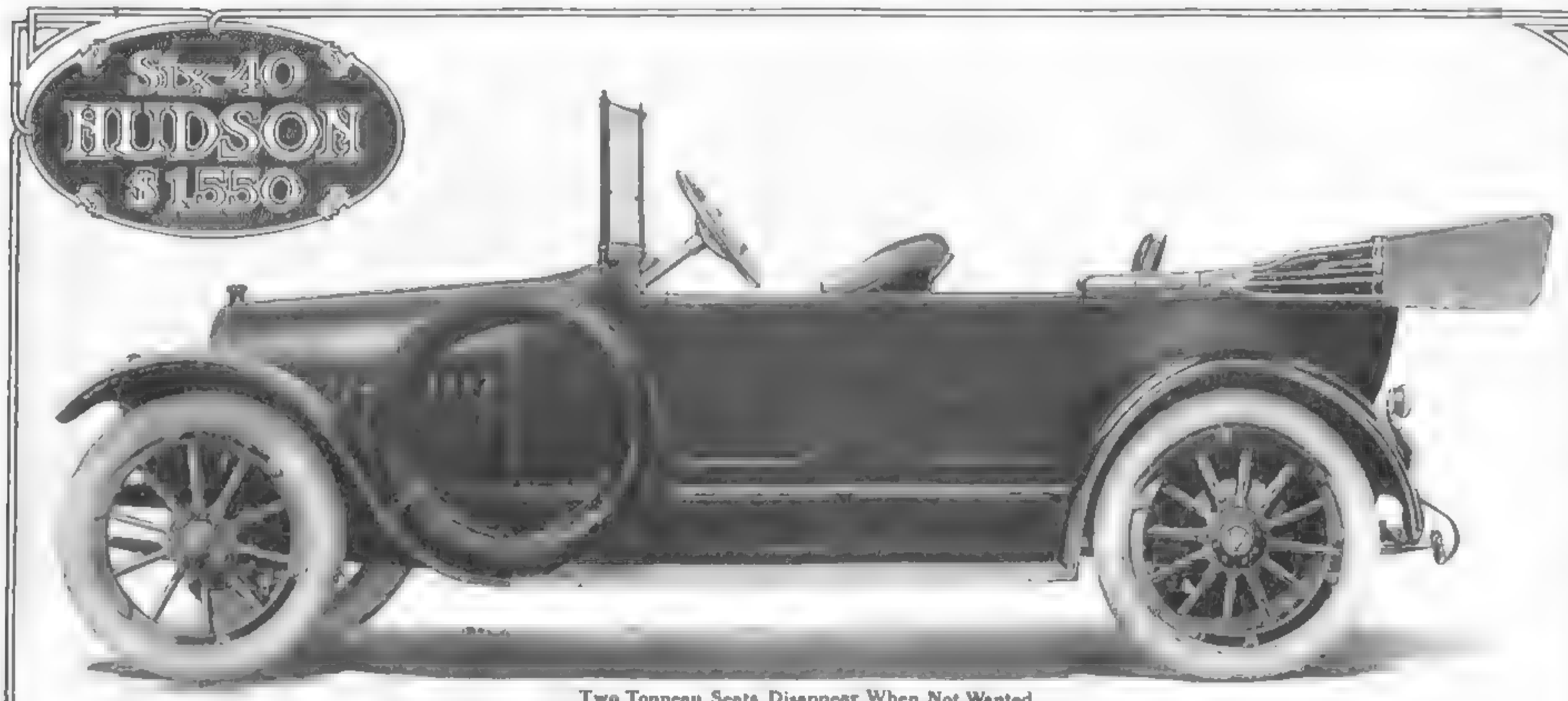
**International Life Building, St. Louis, Mo.**

***Economy Coupons (sharing our profit with you) now packed in each package of NATIONAL OATS.***

### RULES

**Governing the Contest:**

1. Write your name and address plainly, street, number, town and state, on back of each sketch submitted. Contest closes March 31st, 1915.
2. Contest for school children under 16 years—drawing MUST also be signed on the back by teacher, the latter stating name of pupil, age, grade and name of school. All sketches from children which do not conform to this will be entered in "Open to Everybody" list.
3. Positively no tracings or transfers will be admitted. Drawings must be FREE HAND, made with the use of colored crayons, colored chalk, water colors, pastel or oil paints.
4. All prize winning drawings become our sole property for future use if we so desire on payment of prize money.
5. Contestants desiring return of drawings must enclose WITH THE DRAWING, the exact amount of postage necessary for its return. Owing to the large number of sketches that will be received each day, we cannot assume responsibility for returning drawings if stamps are sent under separate cover—in which case we will simply return the postage to the sender.
6. Judges:
   Edward Beecher, Secretary D. Arcy Advertising Co. and Artist Creator of the National Oats Girl. Hamilton King, Celebrated Artist. R. M. Bowen, Vice-President and General Manager The Stenotype Co., Indianapolis, Ind.




Two Tonneau Seats Disappear When Not Wanted

# First of the New-Day Cars

***The HUDSON Six-40 is simply first at the summit. It marks the climax of an almost universal trend. We started in 1909 on it. And we had 48 engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin. So we arrived first—that's all.***

## More Time—More Men

The present rebellion against over-tax and excess began its rise years ago. Most makers saw it coming. But, for a long time, some tried to combat it. Some only part way met it.

Now designers in general are doing their best to accomplish what HUDSON has done. Their aims are lightness, economy, lower price and lower cost of upkeep. Many factories have bought this last HUDSON model for their engineers to study.

The HUDSON advantage is this:

We had for chief designer the far-sighted Howard E. Coffin. He has led in most of the motor car advances, and he took the lead in this.

He gathered around him 47 engineers who had similar ideals. And for four years those 48 men have worked to fulfill them in this car. We have gone further than others because of more time and more men.

## No Room for Critics

This new HUDSON Six-40 offers no chance for critics. It simply fulfills what all the best are attempting. It typifies the ideals of the time.

Most cars are being built lighter. But the HUDSON Six-40, among 7-passenger cars, is first to reach 2,890 pounds.

All seek reduction in operative cost, but the HUDSON Six-40 has saved about 30 per cent. In body beauty, we have simply excelled along the lines in vogue. So in equipment, comfort and convenience. We have added unique attractions.

And we have distanced others—among quality rivals—in the trend toward lower prices. This year we dropped $200.

HUDSON Six-40 Limousine, $2,550

## Excess is Crudity

Lightness means costly materials and skillful designing. Low fuel cost comes through a new-type motor. Low price on a high-grade car reveals efficiency. These are coming to be—and should be—the measures of supremacy. Excesses are now recognized as crudities.

## The Welcome Car

The HUDSON Six-40 has met a welcome unprecedented in this class. We trebled our output this year, but that failed to meet the call. We were forced for September to add one-third to our planned production.

Hundreds of these cars have been shipped by express to save delays to buyers. In these extreme ways we have coped with conditions. Our dealers today are making prompt deliveries.

## Five Body Styles

**The 7-Passenger Phaeton sells for $1,550 f. o. b. Detroit.**

**3-Passenger Roadster, same price.**

**3-Passenger Cabriolet, $1,750.**

**4-Passenger Coupé, $2,150.**

**Limousine, $2,550.**

**Canadian Prices: Phaeton and Roadster, $2,100 f. o. b. Detroit, duty paid.**

**Hudson dealers are everywhere. New catalog on request.**

**HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8210 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**

1198

# THE BULLHEAD AND THE BEEVILLE IDOL

(Continued from Page 20)

But at the end of one minute he didn't need to tell me. I could see for myself.

IV

I WAS in the visitors' dressing room at Newark the next afternoon when John came in.

"Greetings," says I, "and salutations. Where is the Beeville idol, John?"

"What's it to you?" says he. "Shut up!"

"I thought you said he was going to work to-day?"

"I did," says John; "but he's been lost in the shuffle. He was due yesterday, but he didn't show up. I'll bet somebody sneaked in and copped him from me. Confound it! It would be just my luck!"

"Cheer up, John," I says. "You haven't lost anything."

"There you go again—knocking him! If you'd dug him up instead of me he'd be another Mathewson, of course. Why can't you give the kid a chance? I wouldn't be a crab like you for the world!"

"No," I says; "because you're a bullhead, and a bullhead gets one notion at a time and can't accommodate any more. I wasn't knocking this kid at all; I was only giving you some information. You haven't lost anything, John. The Beeville idol will be here in time to pitch this afternoon."

John was taking off his shoes. He had one of 'em in his hand, and if I hadn't ducked he would have landed me sure.

"Then why didn't you say so?" he howls. "What do you want to be so damn' mysterious for? Where's he been? How do you know he'll be here?"

"Because it's my business to know everything about these kid players," says I.

Then I walked out and left John frothing at the mouth. Along about three o'clock I went down and sat on the bench with the boys. John was out hitting to the infield, but as soon as he saw me he dropped his bat and came over.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" he asks me. "Is this on the level about Hemingway? Will he be here?"

"He will," I says, "unless he breaks his neck rubbering at the sky line on the way. I told him to be careful not to look any higher than the thirtieth story of the Woolworth Building at one time."

Before John could say anything Red Doherty, the catcher, grabbed me by the arm.

"Mike," says he, "do I see something out there in center field or had I better sign the pledge?"

What he saw was the Beeville idol coming in from the players' entrance, on time to the tick. He was wearing that awful red uniform of his, and the messenger boy that I had left him with was trotting along beside him, doing his best to keep up. John took a look, too, and his eyes almost popped out of his head.

"There he is, John," I says. "There's your second Mathewson, with a spitter like Walsh and a fast one like Johnson."

John was too surprised to say anything. The messenger boy brought Early straight to him and pulled out his receipt slip.

"One pitcher in good order," says he. "Sign here, Mr. Merry."

John batted the kid alongside the ear for being fresh and told me to give him a dollar and a soft ball. I gave him the ball. He had the dollar already.

"Well, young fellow," says John to Hemingway, "I'm glad to see you. Where on earth did you get that firecracker unie?"

"It was a present from the folks at home," says Early.

"Well," says John, "it's too late to change now, even if I had one that would fit you. Slim Sallee is pitching for St. Louis. Better get out there quick and throw a few, because I'm going to start you this afternoon."

"I don't need any practice," says Early. "I had some yesterday. That's the way I work best—taking a warm-up the day before."

"But, man alive, you can't go in there cold!" says John.

"I always do," says the Beeville idol.

John looked over and caught me grinning.

"All right, kid," says he. "Fix up your signs with Doherty there."

John went away for a minute and I introduced Early to Red. Doherty showed him the three signs he used—fast one, curve and waste ball. Early listened, sort of puzzled, and then he shook his head.

"No," he says; "we'd better not have any signs. Sometimes I change my mind at the last minute and throw something else."

"What?" I thought Red would jump off the bench.

"Yes," says Early; "that's the way I fool the batters."

Red's jaw sort of fell and he looked at me. He couldn't think of anything to say that would do justice to the occasion. I gave him the wink, but it took him a long time to recover.

"Listen, kid," says he after a while; "we'd better have the signs, I guess. It's customary to fool the batter all you can, and the pitchers in this league do it right along; but they generally aim not to fool the catcher any more'n they can help. Any time you fool a catcher you're liable to break a couple of fingers for him. Yes; we'd better have the signs. I'll run through 'em again: One finger is for the fast ball; two for the curve; thumb up, I want you to waste one. If you don't get me shake your head twice. Now repeat 'em to yourself a few times."

While Early was memorizing the signs Red turned round to me.

"Sa-a-y!" he whispers. "What is this a jolie?"

"No," I says; "it's one of John's discoveries. This is the mail-order Mathewson."

Well, we went first to bat and grabbed off two runs. John slapped Early on the back and told him to fly to it.

"You got a nice lead now, kid," says he. "Nothing to worry about. Show me something! Show me something!"

The crowd began to laugh as soon as Early walked into the diamond. Did you ever see one of those flamingos they have down in Florida? Well, that was what he looked like—a danger signal on stilts.

Cal Merrill, the first Newark batter, got into position and Red gave Early the sign for a curve. Early squinted at him and shook his head. Red had to walk into the diamond and tell him the signs all over again. The crowd howled.

"He's nervous," says John; "ain't used to so many people."

"Skinner's Park used to be thronged," says I.

"Oh, shut up!" says John. "Anything but a crab!"

Well, Early finally got straightened out. He took a wind-up that was a cross between a man directing an orchestra and a bartender shaking a mixed drink. He waved the ball back and forth in front of him about seven times, then flourished it round his head twice and let fly. Red jumped as high as he could—and it was some jump; but he never had a chance to get that ball—couldn't have got it with a stepladder. It hit the wire screen on the grand stand ten feet from the ground. The crowd began to hoot and yell, and some nut in a box stood up and started a song, beating time with his cane:

"The Wild Man of Borneo has just come to town ——"

It's a good song and I don't think Early had ever heard it before. He acted as though it was new to him.

"Steady!" bawls John. "Take your time! George, tell him to take his time!"

George Daly, our first baseman and team captain, went over and said something to Early and patted him on the back. The Beeville idol certainly followed instructions. He took his time. He took so much of it, standing there with the ball in his hand, that the umpire warned him. That scared the kid and he threw from his hip without any wind-up at all—pegged as hard as he could, like a boy throwing a stone; and he soaked Merrill square under the ear and dropped him for the count. Two inches higher up and he might have killed him.

"Nice bean ball, John," says I.

"He's scared," says John. "He'll be all right in a minute."

"Who do you mean," says I—"the pitcher or the batter?"

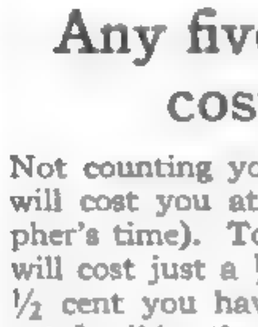
John grunted.

"He'll scare a lot of people," says I, "if he keeps on shooting from the hip like that."

Well, it took them some time to bring Merrill to, and while they were working on him Early stood still in the box—never even


*An Advertisement to Manufacturers, Merchants and Professional Men*

## Take a Pencil and Paper and Figure it Out




It will cost you 1/10 of a cent per letter to have every letter you write a *Credit* to your Business!

The letters you mail are the representatives of your firm who make the most frequent calls on your customers or clients—yet, strange as it may seem, many firms who have the best equipment money will buy, who do quality things in a quality way—buy stationery on price consideration alone. Your own pencil will prove to you that this is wrong.

## Old Hampshire Bond

THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY

A fair cost of ordinary paper is about $1.50 to $2.00 per thousand sheets. On that basis Old Hampshire Bond would cost from 1/10 of a cent to 1/20 of a cent more per sheet. Your own figures will prove what would be the cost compared with the paper you use.

### Any five letters you write will cost you twenty cents

Not counting your time in dictation, a series of five letters will cost you at the very least 20 cents (for your stenographer's time). To have these letters on Old Hampshire Bond will cost just a 1/2 cent more, or 20 1/2 cents. For that extra 1/2 cent you have expressed to your five customers, subtly yet forcibly, the standard of your business. The appearance and "crackle of quality" of Old Hampshire Bond can not be disregarded. No man who is not proud of his business and its good name feels any incentive to use Old Hampshire Bond.

### Here is the Proof

We do not ask you to take our word for these statements. You have proved that it will cost you about 1/10 of a cent more to write a letter on Old Hampshire Bond. To prove whether it is worth the extra 1/10 of a cent, we want to send you some sheets of Old Hampshire Bond to try. Have a letter written on it, fold and unfold it, place it on your desk with ten other letters received in your mail not on Old Hampshire Bond, and let Old Hampshire Bond speak for itself. Judge it as you would a man whom you were considering for a position as a representative of your firm.

*Send us the coupon or write a letter*

Hampshire Paper Co., South Hadley Falls, Mass.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Please send me samples of Old Hampshire Bond and complete information.

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IN the press of the practical, where men and merchandise stand on sheer merit, tastes turn to

# Michaels-Stern Clothes

Because MICHAELS-STERN clothes ring true to the service, the economy, the *reliability* which constitute the keynote of modern business life.

**Michaels, Stern & Co.**
*Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing*
ROCHESTER, N.Y.


went near Merrill to see how bad he was hurt. The Newark players yelled at him and told him what they'd do to him when he got on the bases, and the fans gave him the second verse of The Wild Man of Borneo. It was pretty near a riot.

Merrill couldn't go on with the game; so a man went in to run for him, and the next batter came up. This time Early took a long, careful wind-up—and he was still winding up when the runner got to second base. I took a peek at John. He was sitting all humped over, with his chin in his hand and a kind of glassy look in his eyes.

I think Early's wind-up put him in a trance, because he didn't make a move for five minutes. I don't think he so much as batted his eyes. There was plenty of noise and motion in the grand stand, though, and our infielders were yelling their heads off. George gave Early a bawling out for not watching the runner.

"I didn't know he was going down," says Early.

George didn't say anything. He just tossed his glove in the air and walked back to first base. His warning had one effect, though—Early took his position in the box, started to wind up for the next batter, remembered about the man on second—and stopped winding up to look at him!

"Balk!" says the umpire.

By this time everybody in the place was laughing—everybody but John and the Beeville idol. John hadn't moved a muscle of his face or body—not a muscle. He was hypnotized, ossified with astonishment.

Well, that was only the beginning. Early finally stuck one over the plate—by accident I guess—and the batter busted it to the fence for a triple. The next man topped one and the ball hopped straight into Early's glove. The worst bush pitcher in the world, and the most ignorant, would have had sense enough to make the play at the plate and cut off the run. Early whirled round and threw the ball to first—threw it ten feet over Daly's head into right field. The runner got as far as third on it.

"He's nervous, John," I says. "He'll be all right in a minute."

The next batter hit a slow bounder down to George Daly, who took the ball too far back of the bag to try for the put-out himself. Of course the play was for Early to cross over on the fly and take the toss ahead of the runner; but he stood there and never made a move—and the man was safe.

George stopped with his arm drawn back to make the toss—and then he went off like a roman candle. He is inclined to be a little rough anyway, and what he said to the Pride of Beeville came right off his chest, without time to cool much. Early listened to some of it, and then he peeled off his glove and started for the bench.

"I won't take that kind of talk from anybody!" says he.

"John," says I, "the mail-order Mathewson is taking himself out of the contest."

That woke him up and he bounced off the bench like a tiger. He met Early halfway; and what George forgot to tell him about himself John told him then.

"You great big, long-legged, lop-eared hound pup, you!" says John. "If anybody ever said you was a pitcher you can sue for damages! You don't know the first thing about baseball! You don't know the rules! You—you don't know you're alive! Out of my sight before I murder you! Gwan! Beat it! Hike!"

"Easy, John, easy!" says I. "He did the best he could."

"That man," says Early, pointing at Daly, "swore at me. I won't take that from anybody. I'm going home."

"You are, my son," says I. "Come round to the office to-morrow and get your ticket."

The messenger boy was still there, and I gave him another dollar and told him to take Early away before something happened to him. I sat on the bench during the rest of the game, but John never looked at me. After he had his shower he felt better, and he came over and sat down beside me.

"I'd give five dollars," says he, "to know who wrote that kid's press notices."

"Gimme the five," says I.

Then I took out my last copy of the Beeville Weekly Messenger, opened it to the editorial page and handed it to John, with my thumb on the line I wanted him to see. It read like this:

"Athletic editor, Earle Hemingway."

John almost choked.

"But those games he pitched!" says he.

"It was a grammar-school league," says I.

John owes me that five yet. He's too much of a bullhead to pay it to me.

Emery No. 1920 Novelty Tucked Shirt. Up-and-down narrow pleat and crosswise stripe. Fast color Percale. French cuffs. Your choice of a variety of stripes and colors.
At the *Emery* dealer's. Price, $1.50

When you buy *Emery* shirts you get beautiful fabrics and finish, your own sleeve length, pre-shrunk neckbands, and—

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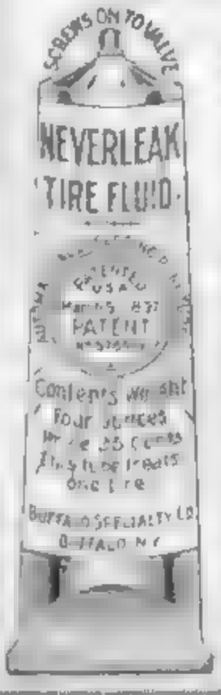
## To Prevent Tire Troubles

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This preparation instantly heals punctures and stops slow leaks. It's on the job all the time whether you are riding or not,—automatically plugging all leaks, and insuring constant service from your tires

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It builds a permanent oily veneer around the bearings and prevents metal-to-metal contact. Equally good for motor cars and motor boats.

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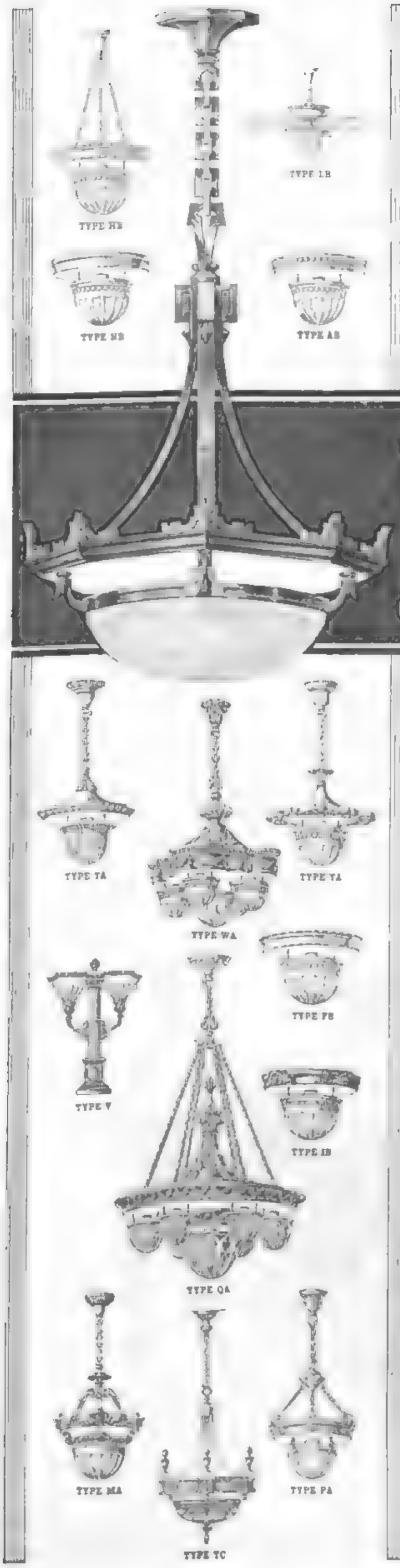


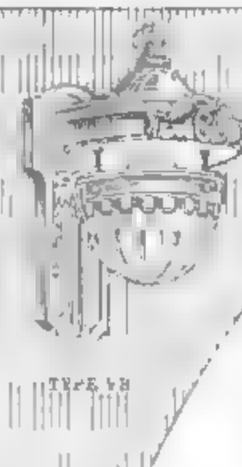


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than you're getting now no matter *what* lighting system you may be using. It makes no difference, either, what the interior to be lighted may be:

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| *Factory* | *Club* | *Home* |

¶ We guarantee that with fewer light units, less current consumption and (in new buildings) reduced wiring expense—

TRADE MARK

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## DIFFUSION PLUS REFLECTION

***will light any interior better than any other system extant.***

¶ Photometric tests have proved Brascolite more efficient than direct, indirect, direct-reflected or semi-indirect illumination—50% more efficient than indirect lighting—yet with all the diffusive benefits and eye-comfort of the latter. Not only will it give more complete illumination with a clear, soft, white light, but do it without a particle of glare. Further—the enormously wide variety of fixture designs in which Brascolites are made insures harmonious fittings, beauty and artistry, no matter what the decorative scheme of the room.

¶ The bowl of the Brascolite fixture is so constructed and placed (a patented feature) as to insure perfect ventilation. This greatly increases the life of the lamp (incandescent bulb) and prevents blackening.

¶ These are sweeping assertions about Brascolite efficiency—but time and tests have proved their truth. We will go even further by leaving the final proof in *your* hands—so you may test Brascolite by day-to-day, night-to-night tests and make your final decision from *experience*.

## Your Fixture Dealer

***will install a Brascolite any place you may designate on***

## FREE TRIAL

¶ Just fill out this coupon and mail to us—we will send it to your dealer—he will communicate with you and arrange for *free trial installation*. This does not obligate you to buy. If you like it—pay for it—if not, he will take it out without charge.

***Send for Free Book*** printed in colors—explaining the system in full, describing the principle, and illustrating many handsome designs. Do this whether you're ready for trial fixture or not.

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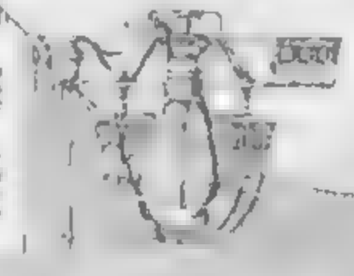
Your Brascolites can be furnished in [illegible] type, or one of [illegible] with [illegible] if desired, eliminating side-wall switches and attendant wiring expense



***Not a new bulb—***
***but a Lighting Fixture***
***Not just a fixture—***
***a new Principle in lighting***

## FREE TRIAL COUPON

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY, 2620 Washington Ave., St. Louis.

¶ Please send me your Brascolite booklet—and arrange to have my fixture dealer install for free trial (in place which I will designate later when I get in touch with him) a Brascolite fixture—any type I may select from your advertisement or catalog. I am particularly interested in Type _____

¶ This installation is to be made to test Brascolite efficiency in my

*(State place in which you will likely want it installed)*

My fixture dealer's name is _____

His address _____

My name _____

My business _____

My address _____
*(Street and number)* *(City)* *(State*

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CAR OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY

# The New Car Built in the Good Hup Way

We are building this new Hupmobile as we have built every Hupmobile which has preceded it.

We are building it to make friends, rather than sales.

We are building it so that it will wear, and do good work for years to come.

We are building it so that it will command a high price when you come to sell it a year or two hence and buy another.

We are building it the only way we know how to build—so well that one Hupmobile will sell another and another, in a never-ending chain.

We want the Hupmobile to continue to be first in the thoughts and first in the affections of the American family.

And all of these ambitions are being splendidly realized in the reception accorded to the new Hupmobile—the best car of its class, we believe, in the world.

**Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan**

## 1915 Refinements

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| Longer wheelbase | Larger tires |
| Larger body | Non-skid rear tires |
| Luxurious upholstery | Larger gasoline tank |
| More power | One-man type top |
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| Smoother clutch operation | New side curtains to swing open with doors |
| Non-stallable motor | Crowned fenders |
| Left drive | 14-inch brakes |
| Semi-elliptic rear springs | Concealed hinges |
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| Springs self-lubricating | |

### Equipment and Other Details

16-gallon gasoline tank in cowl; rain-vision windshield, fixed uprights, lower half adjustable for ventilation. Crowned fenders Tail lamp exclusive Hupmobile design, illuminates license plate and entire width of road for considerable distance behind car. Non-skid rear tires. Demountable rims. Carrier at rear for spare rim and tire. Lighting and ignition switches controlled by Yale locks. License plate holders. Robe rail, foot rail, and cocoa mat in tonneau Color: blue-black with maroon running gear. Price f. o. b. Detroit.

Price in Canada, $1400, f. o. b. Windsor

*Model 32,* Complete with electric starter and lights, demountable rims, oversize tires, 33x4-in.; tire carrier at rear. . . . . $1050

Without special equipment noted above, $950. Prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Price in Canada, $1230, f. o. b. Windsor, including electrical and other special equipment.

$1200
*Complete*

# THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

(Continued from Page 5)

would have been only too pleased to offer you her house had she known that you meant to get married. But you are so hasty. Why, you never told me until almost the day, and I am one of your best friends too."

"I don't know that we can do better than go there anyway," rejoined Girard, laughing, too, because she always amused him so. "Only it's beneath my dignity to ask favors even of such a nice person as Mrs. Carruthers always appeared to be. I like better to grant them. But, speaking of our friend, I wonder where she is now."

"She's probably gone off with some man," said Amorette. "She always threatened to, you know."

"Do you think so really?" asked he gravely. "I hate to believe that. She always seemed so very nice to me."

"Very nice women go off with men sometimes," affirmed his wife, seating herself upon his knee and placing a slim white hand on each broad shoulder. "But there are always extenuating circumstances. They get what you call married, and then nobody minds. But, I assure you, Mrs. Carruthers wasn't at all a nice person. She was an awful flirt."

Geoffrey clasped his big hands about the tempting little waist before him.

"You're too hard on Mrs. Carruthers," he said gently. "You really are, dear."

"No, I'm not," cried Amorette firmly, shaking her head. "She's a little beast!"

"Not at all," her husband denied. "There's a lot of good in a flirt. She's bound by nature to be cheerful, good-tempered, unselfish and considerate. If I hadn't married you I should have married a flirt. I should so enjoy domesticating her."

Amorette opened her eyes very wide and her lower lashes lay like smudges on her cheeks. "If you had married Mrs. Carruthers," she posed curiously, "what would you have done with her?"

"I'll tell you," began Girard, drawing her closer. "I'd have ——" But the lecture that followed, together with its illuminating illustrations, was of so scientific a nature that none but persons barely two days wedded would be able to follow the intricacy of the hypotheses laid down.

"Dear me, how much you know!" Amorette drawled when he had finished. "If you are not very careful perhaps I shall need a considerable deal of patience not to wish I had married some other man."

"I wouldn't dwell on such thoughts," Girard hastened, perceiving suddenly that he must move the target of his subject matter at once. "You have married the only man to whom you could possibly be happily married, and so there is no cause to worry."

His wife smiled approval while she voiced contradiction. "I could be happy with any man. I am adaptable. Happy marriages are a mere question of adaptability. It wouldn't in the least matter who was my husband. Not a bit."

"I don't dispute that," returned Geoffrey. "I only wonder that you went so long free. Of course I am too modest to suggest that you were waiting for me; but I do wish to point out that I alone married you — the others failed utterly."

Amorette tilted up a dimpled chin, a very alluringly dimpled chin. "If you hadn't been so keen about it we might have had a lovely time for months and months. But instead you must rush over here and end the romance instantly. I'm not at all sure I like it. Being engaged to me is so absolutely fascinating. You don't know what you've missed. You can ask almost any man I know."

He laughed aloud at that. "Give me the list some day," he said, "and I'll take a taxicab and go about and quiz them. It will be great fun and I may learn something. At present I think I prefer being married to you to being engaged to you. Being engaged to you appears, on your own confession, to be a transitory sort of proposition. I like a steady proposition better—one upon which I can bestow my income."

Amorette grew radiant. "But marriage is stupid and humdrum," she reflected, in a vain attempt to lower the temperature of the conversation. "You don't know, but I do. I have been there. Not but that I shall liven it up all I can. I shall be"—and she winked mischievously—"like Mrs. Carruthers. I shall flirt too."

"Yes, do," Geoffrey urged. "Flirt prettily—just as prettily as you know how. It will amuse me to watch you. I shall ask men down for week-ends like this: 'Do come and watch my wife flirt!' They'll be so pleased at being offered a new form of amusement. We can put it in the paper: 'Wanted—Butler, housemaid, and a man to flirt. Latter must be a gentleman and come well recommended.'"

Amorette laughed.

"You are the dearest man that ever was," she cried, kissing him warmly. "I am sure that we are going to get on beautifully together. You charm the soul right out of me. I don't believe that I shall ever be bored, and consequently you'll never need to advertise."

Her fond husband laughed, too, at that and returned the kiss with added fervor.

"Still, you know that I would be nice about it if ——"

"You are nice about everything," she interrupted.

Just then a knock heralded a telegram. Amorette slipped from her husband's knees and walked to a window, turning her back as he opened the door.

"Keep the newspapers away from Amorette," he read.

That was all. It wasn't even signed. But of course it must have come from one of the two men who had engineered the wedding and knew where to reach the blissful couple.

*IV*

WHEN Amorette turned Girard was glancing at the hour of the telegram's sending. Her face wore a question, but she did not voice it. Her husband crammed the message into his jacket pocket and rang for a newspaper. Amorette restrained herself until it came.

"Is it stocks?" she asked then, pressing close. "Let me see."

"Allow me to read first, because I'm the oldest," he pleaded. And as he was strong and pushed she obeyed.

For five minutes he glanced over the pages. Then calmly enough he said:

"The young De Vourcy has shot himself. You knew him, didn't you?"

Amorette screamed. It was not a little scream; it was loud and shrill.

"He must have seen my marriage in the Herald!" she cried aghast. "Oh, oh! . . . Oh, he was so in love with me! And now he's killed himself. . . . Oh, what shall I do? What can I do?"

Geoffrey, who had been sitting quietly, sprang to his feet.

"My poor darling! I'll take you to him at once. I'll order a carriage and we'll hurry there; and perhaps ——"

But his wife recoiled. "Oh, no, not that! Why, he doesn't know I'm still in Paris. We might have left for Venice, or Sfax, or ——"

"Do not waste time," Girard implored. "All that we can do is to go. He is at his mother's in the Faubourg."

"But I can't go out like this," she objected. "I must dress. If he isn't dead he can wait a little."

"Darling, we must not make him wait. Think if he died without seeing you again! You'd never forgive yourself."

"But perhaps he isn't much hurt. What does it say? Frenchmen never get much hurt when they shoot themselves."

The bridegroom scanned the paper afresh:

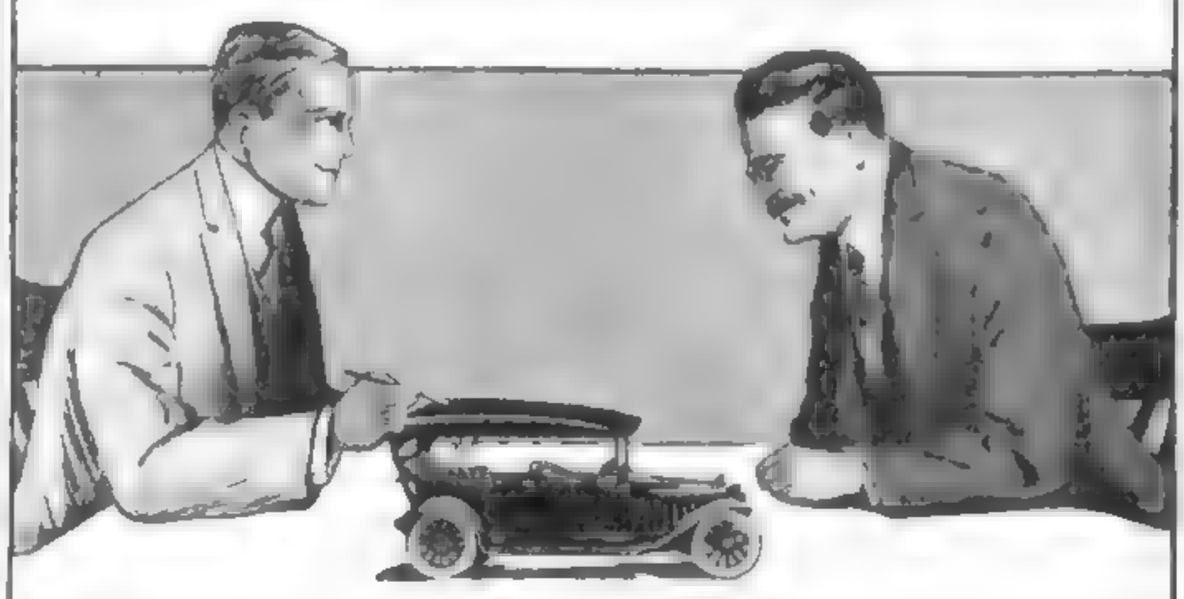
"'He had evidently received news of a most depressing nature. On its receipt he at once went to his room with a pistol. The duchess heard the crash—the servants thought he had dropped his water pitcher. It is awful, tragic! He was lying with the picture of a beautiful Englishwoman in his hand ——'" The husband's voice failed him; he turned his back. But only for a moment. She had sprung up, all solicitude. The next minute his arm was about her and he had drawn her very close.

"That this should have—have come to you! And on the first day of our life together," he faltered. "The least we can do is to go." It was a whisper close to her deliciously pink ear.

Amorette trembled, white and troubled. "I had no idea that he cared so much," she whispered back. Then she added: "Why, he hasn't seen me for two years. I sent him back his hair ever so long ago. But Frenchmen are so hasty!"

"We have no time to lose," Geoffrey declared, kissing her gently. "Poor, dear little girl! To have such an errand to-day. Would you—perhaps you would—rather


## The Sales Manager Says to the President



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TRADE MARK
NEVERLEEK
**Top Material**

## Saved ½ His Coal Bills For 8 Years

Cut-out View of Furnace

### With an Underfeed! Read this Proof!

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Gentlemen: Have had in use in my house for over eight years one of your Underfeed Furnaces. Will say in favor of same that it has given the best of satisfaction not only in the saving of fuel, which amounted to at least one-half annually, but in giving also the required amount of heat. H. W. COYNER.

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The **one certain** way to reduce coal bills one-half to two-thirds is by using an Underfeed furnace or boiler. Thousands of users have written us statements like these: "Coal bill $16.22 for seven rooms." "$5.40 to heat four rooms." "Reduced coal bills from $109 to $53." "Underfeed reduces coal bill 60%." "A great fuel saver." "Have cut coal bills $70 each winter for nine years." "Saved $122 a season." "I have divided my coal bill by five." "Even temperature, with no smoke or dirt."

WILLIAMSON NEW-FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers

**Cut Coal Bills ⅓ to ⅔**

With the Underfeed, coal is fed from below. All the fire is on top, causing perfect combustion. Smoke and gases are burned up, making more heat with no smoke, soot, clinkers, smell and dirt, and but few ashes. You can burn the cheaper grades of hard or soft coal and secure same heat as highest priced coal. Any size or kind of coal may be used.

**No other furnace or boiler can compare with the Underfeed in securing *clean, even, economical* heat. Specified and used by the U. S Government. Soon pays for itself. Adapted to warm air, steam and hot water.**

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Every Underfeed furnace or boiler is guaranteed to reduce your present coal bill at least one-half when properly installed and operated. This is the strongest guarantee ever put behind any heating system. It is backed by a $1,000,000 corporation.

Slash your big coal bills right square in two and get more heat by using an Underfeed. Start to keep the coal money in your own pocket by mailing in the coupon today. We'll send you furnace facts that will surprise you (35)

**The Williamson Heater Co.**
(Formerly The Peck-Williamson Co.)
**356 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio**

### Mail This for the Facts Now

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
356 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know how to cut my coal bills from ⅓ to ⅔ with a Williamson New-Feed Underfeed.
Warm Air ___ Steam or Hot Water ___
(Mark an X after System interested in)

Name _____

Address _____

_____

My Dealer's Name is _____

# This Book—Free to You—

will tip the balance between

## Wasted Profits

You sell the article you make—say for a dollar. It ought to cost seventy cents to produce and sell. But it really costs seventy-nine cents—the nine cents shows thirty or forty leaks you don't know about.

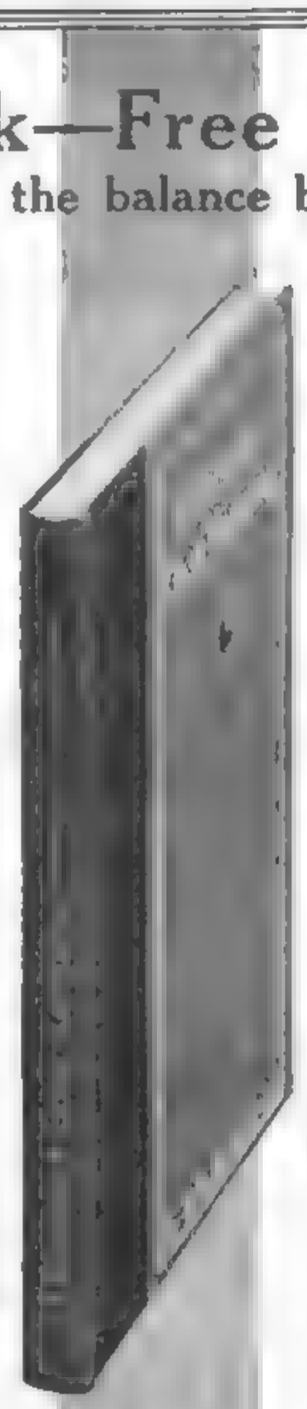
That nine cents of wasted profit doesn't do anyone any good—it's just a plain, economic waste.

It's a waste you cannot afford.

It's the waste that may be responsible for that passed dividend.

It's the waste that may have prevented you from paying good salaries and keeping your good men.

It's the waste that may break the business.



## Saved Profits

Business is a *gamble* when you *guess*—and a *certainty* when you *know*. When you *guess* that an article costs seventy-nine cents, the chances are it *will* cost that much—or more.

When you *know* that it ought to cost seventy cents—why, then, you *make* it cost seventy cents and put into your pocket the nine cents of *saved* profit.

If you are manufacturing on a losing basis, it won't help you any just to increase your sales by tremendous and costly sales and advertising efforts. Few can raise prices. But all can *save* profits. *Saved profits* are the only *sure* profits.

## Cost Keeping that Protects "Profits"

*"Efficient Cost Keeping"*—the book—is a guide to getting lower manufacturing, accounting and selling costs by efficient management as well as a text book on cost keeping cutting the cost of cost keeping and what to do with cost figures after you have them. It answers your question, "How can I protect my profits?"

It has 256 pages, adequately illustrated. Kindly request your copy, on your firm's letterhead. We will gladly send it postpaid, without charge or obligation.

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*Sixty different Models to suit Combinations of Features desired in use in the United States*

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### A Price possible through the Lewis Plan

This beautiful bungalow, "San Palo," is our challenge to the old-style local contractor. We supply any style house you select from our book, complete, without your bothering with architects or lumber dealers.

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means preparing the house at the mills—sawing and working to fit, the shipping direct to you, with only one small profit to pay. Complete working plans to go by, and the best grade of lumber obtainable.

The Lewis Easy-Built House Book contains many original plans for bungalows, cottages, houses of every description, some as low as $248. Your house—the one you've dreamed of owning some day—is there. See how little money will buy it from Lewis. Send for this book today, and get started without further delay.

LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 91, Bay City, Michigan

Lewis-Built Homes Direct to Your Gate Cost in Two


go alone? I wouldn't intrude for the world, you know. I can wait in the taxi. We'd better make it a taxi rather than a *fiacre*—a minute or two might ——"

"Oh, I don't want to go in alone," she protested. "I don't want to go at all; but I certainly won't go alone. The old duchess positively hates me for not marrying him, and anyway"—with a sudden gleam of brilliant resource—"I think you ought to object to my going."

"But I don't object," he said quietly, kissing her hair and her forehead by turns as her emotions tossed them alternately upward. "I don't object in the least."

"But you ought to," insisted Amorette. "He'll look so awful and you should want to spare me. I don't want to go. I want you to say positively that I mustn't. No other man would think of it for a minute." Suddenly she began to cry.

"No other man ever married the most attractive woman that ever lived on this green earth," said Girard mildly but firmly. "No man was ever before situated as I am. I feel my responsibilities keenly. I knew when I married you against your will ——"

"Oh, but it wasn't against my will—I loved you," Amorette whimpered. "I loved you the first minute I saw you. I said to myself ——"

"I knew when I married you against your wishes," he repeated yet more firmly, "that I should have to be a great deal bigger and broader ——"

"But you were that already," sobbed his wife. "That was what I liked so much—the being bigger and broader. And we are so happy—no, I don't want to go and see that man! He'll be bandaged and white, and —— There, I won't go. That's all; I won't go."

"Amorette," said her husband in a tone which she had never heard before and which caused her to shiver slightly, "there is a higher law to live by than what you want to do to-day or what I may choose to like best. We must obey that law. A man has tried to kill himself for love of you, and my conscience dictates that we shall at least leave cards at the house. Go and dress at once!"

Whereat she burst into a freshet of tears.

"I—I've had no l-l-lunch ——"

"Go and dress at once!" he thundered.

She stopped sobbing at that and smiled.

"Oh, how splendid you sound!" she exclaimed with acute admiration. "I love you when you speak like that. No one ever roared at me before."

"I can roar ever so much louder," said he, suddenly crushing the breath from her in a fiercely passionate embrace. "Run now, or we shan't—be in at the death."

"Yes, I'll hurry," she agreed submissively; "but I don't really believe that he can have done it for love of me. He must have been in love with ever so many women since me, you know. Frenchmen never love the same one for two years—not men of his rank, that is. We might just as well have had lunch first, because if I see the least little bit of blood I shan't be able to ——"

Her voice trailed away as she vanished into the room beyond.

When she returned they went down and found the outer world one sunny French spring panorama. They were tempted to walk across the river, but Girard held firmly that time was too precious. So they were whirled to the ducal residence in the old and faded Faubourg in a marvelously brief space and found the doors of the great *porte* already open and a huge blue limousine inside.

"Why, that's Gladys' car," said Amorette, directly she caught sight of the emblem on the door. "Perhaps he shot himself for her. Only I shouldn't think that her husband would have let her come. Husbands don't usually."

Girard accepted the innuendo in silence, and presently they were shown into an antechamber where they found the Honorable Mrs. Penwell seated on a Madame Récamier divan. Her face flushed with joy as she saw who it was.

She was large, a straw-tinted blonde and distinctly showy.

"Amorette! So you've come too! It is good-hearted of you! And this is the new master? How fine he looks! And how good of him to bring you! Hugh wouldn't come with me. I know you're afraid it was your picture that he had in his hand. But, oh, my dear, I'm sure it was mine. You see he was at Compiègne shooting yesterday, and couldn't possibly have heard of your marriage; whereas I have been refusing to see him lately and he's been vowing to shoot himself. Hugh is so timid about the newspapers that he thought it best for me to call openly at once. It is the only way to stop talk, if it is my picture, you know."

Amorette was pink with the stress of conflicting emotions and Girard was openly laughing. He had seldom encountered a situation more amusing.

"I don't believe that the duchess will see us," the Honorable Mrs. Penwell pursued, utterly innocent of the humor of it all. "She simply can't bear Englishwomen, you know. She says that they never see life in its proper proportions. She feels we don't treat her little boy well."

"Mothers are apt to be like that," Girard contributed sagely. "Duchesses and charwomen as well. They think the good Lord should repeat the Garden of Eden process, and create an Eve especially for each of their Adams."

"Did you ever meet De Vourcy?" she asked.

"Never."

Scenting danger, Amorette broke in: "Charming, wasn't he, Gladys?"

"Oh, sweet! The dearest lad! And tiny. Beside Amorette he'd barely reach to her ear. Too bad that he should be taken off in this way at such a tender age. He was just eighteen last month."

Girard's eyes sought his wife's, but she was looking the other way. "Yes, I read that in the paper," he said quietly.

At that instant a small, thin, dark-eyed woman came slipping into the room and bowed respectfully all round.

"Permit me," she began in a low voice. "I am Madame the Duchess' secretary." Three pairs of eyes were turned interestedly upon her. "Madame the Duchess feels unable to receive any one to-day. There is no trouble whatever; no accident; no difficulty. It is just that Madame is terribly annoyed. Proceedings will be instituted against the newspaper which printed the article. Monsieur the Viscount came in late last night, and, finding his window open, closed it rather violently. Nothing more. That is all. A reporter, walking by, made up all the rest. No word can express the annoyance of Madame the Duchess. She can receive no one to-day. She appreciates all intended kindness." She bowed all round again and vanished.

Girard's amusement was visibly increased. Amorette and Gladys appeared more depressed than at any previous moment. The three left together in silence. Not until they were outside, and had paused for the Honorable Mrs. Penwell's car to get as close to the step as it could without hitting the stone unicorns that pointed their horns straight forward in an uncompromising attitude that was anything but *noblesse oblige*, did any one speak, and then it was the Honorable Mrs. Penwell herself.

"Do come and lunch with me," she begged.

"I'd love to, but we're crossing to-day. I want to get back home."

When they were in their taxicab her husband said: "I never proposed going to-day."

"No," returned Amorette indifferently; "but I can't risk life in Paris another twenty-four hours. The very idea of your taking me there! Think of meeting Gladys in that way, and come on the same errand! It was too horrid for words!"

"I don't see it in that way at all," said Girard. "It was merely the drinking of little De Vourcy to the dregs. And that's a good thing to do, since you loved him."

His wife's gemlike eyes flashed.

"I never loved him. I've loved a lot of men, but never that boy. And I want to go home. I want to be safe behind my own wall."

"Your own wall?" He looked surprised. "It is I who may or may not take the place—from Mrs. Carruthers. If I do take it I intend making a private agreement with her, as a result of which I shall be absolute master in return for caring for the live things and paying the rates and expenses."

"Have it any way you like." Her acquiescence was complete. "But do let us get away from here anyway. Paris is such a bore. I hate the way every one sits on the pavement and stares at you with fishy eyes. And these abominably bad-mannered French babies and poodles. Oh, do let us go home! Whatever arrangements you choose to make, I know that I shall like Mrs. Carruthers' house. She and I always had similar tastes. Why, she liked you, too, right from the first. Don't you remember?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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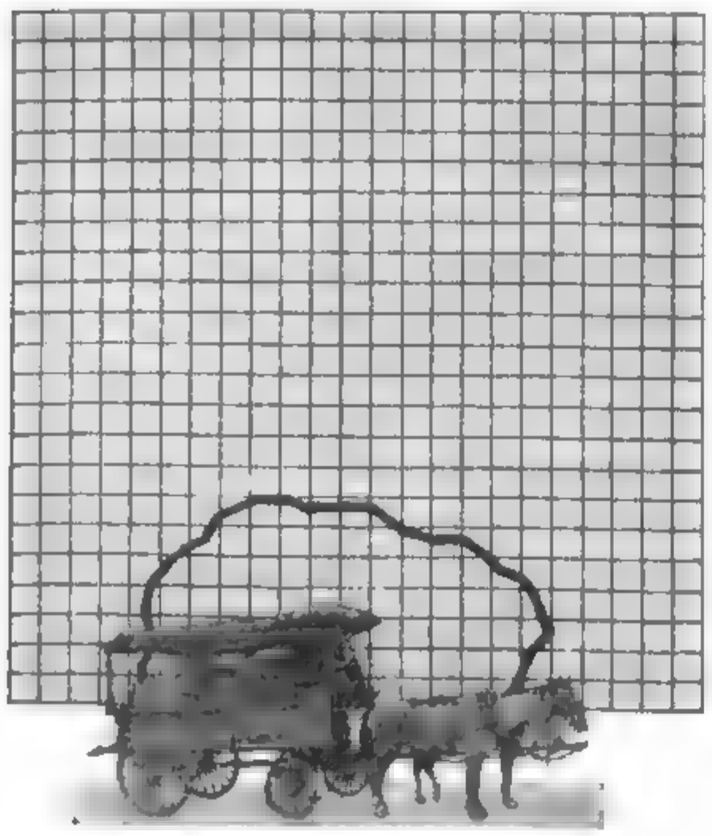
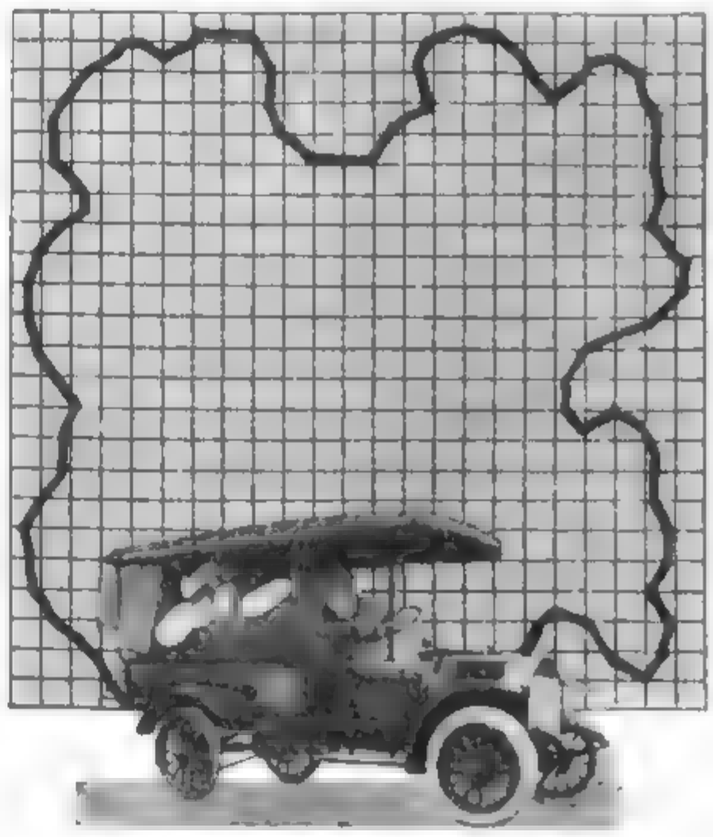


This shows the very limited and restricted territory covered by the average team of horses during the average working day.



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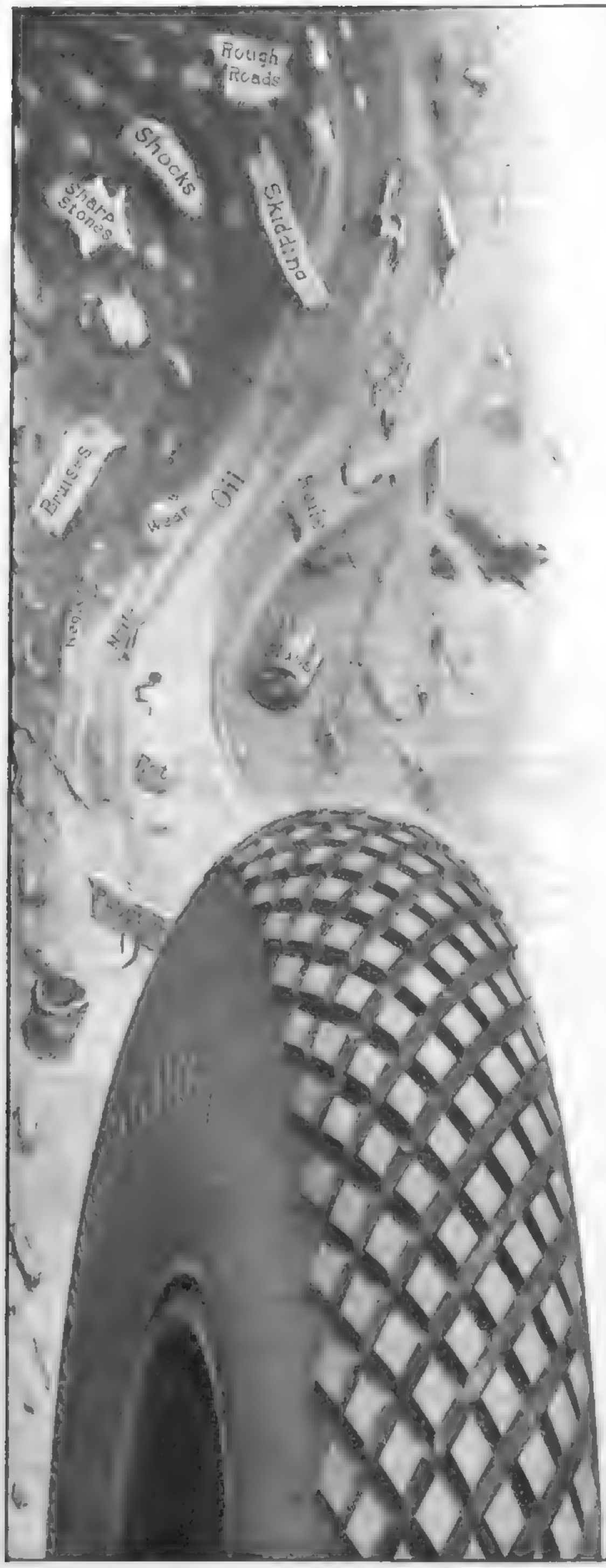


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(1850)

# A WILD-GOOSE CHASE

(Continued from Page 23)

Eric Hedon looked about; he had been warming his fingers, which were frostbitten badly.

"It doesn't seem to me a problem as to whether we ought to get out," he suggested quietly. "I should say it was rather the Eskimos' problem as to whether they ought to put us out."

"They would if they were even half civilized," Geoff said grimly.

"Found that out?" Eric looked at him.

"Some one's got to make a try for the ship—the Kadiack," Latham persisted.

"What for?" asked Hedon.

"For help, of course."

"For himself?" Eric returned.

"What do you mean?"

"The Kadiack's over four hundred miles from here," Hedon replied patiently. The discussion was old. "Before any one gets there and back we'll need no help or be beyond it."

"Besides," said Koehler, "how many days' supplies for eight people would a sledge party coming from the Kadiack four hundred miles away have left when it got here? And what would you live on while you're getting to the Kadiack? That's the first thing."

"To-day some of the Eskimos had luck," Latham replied. "There'll be more than a sledge supply of meat and oil left to-night."

Eric turned upon him directly. "Exactly what do you mean by that?"

"That the thing to do is for some one to take that food and fuel and make a try for the Kadiack," Latham replied.

"Take it?" repeated Hedon. "How?"

"Take it," iterated Latham indefinitely.

"When you ask the Eskimos to give you that food and fuel, the first that they've had ahead for weeks, what's the inducement you're going to offer them? Assuming they give you enough to see a man through to the ship, does he bring back from the Kadiack relief for all the Eskimos too? Or when we get our own food from the ship is it the idea to say: 'Thanks, savages, we've finished your food. Here's some of our own for us. Good-by'?"

"Of course we can't bring enough for them," Latham answered him angrily.

"Then how do you get their meat to take you to the ship?"

"Any way!" Latham defied.

"You mean?"

"We'll starve here!"

"Then," Koehler cut in, "let's try to starve like gentlemen."

Hedon shook his head and smiled. "You know better than that, doc," he said. "Let's try to starve like savages."

"Like savages?" Geoff repeated.

Hedon looked away. "If you've read the unexpurgated accounts of our own people starving in the North you'll know what I mean, Geoff. If we come to it—and I don't say we will, for we'll stand a lot of starving yet before we'll be finished—but if we do come to it, let's try to do it decently and as part of the day's work, like Eskimos."

Some one without the igloo shouted and entered, and the daughter of a Palugmiut hunter stood before them, bearing portions of a freshly killed seal.

"Here's our hand-out," said Geoff, as Linn took the meat and put it into the pot suspended by a cord over the oil lamp.

Geoff went into the small igloo close by, which had been built for him and his sister. He roused her, and after they returned to the large snow house the nine guests of the Eskimos dined, not with uniform delicacy, on the donated meat. The messenger who had brought the meal went out; and soon two seal hunters, old men, entered.

They squatted before their guests, one silently shaping a new wooden shaft for his spear, the other speaking with Hedon and Koehler, who understood his tongue.

"What have they come for?" Latham asked nervously.

"Don't worry," Koehler returned; "they haven't come with an eviction or to cut off our credit at the butcher's."

Eric spoke to Margaret, indicating the hunter working on his spear. "I asked him to come and show us the next time he was shaping a handle."

"Why?" She observed the man with closer interest.

"Look at his blue eyes. No Eskimo of pure blood ever has light eyes. See, his hair is not black, as usual. There's been no contact of this tribe with the whites in any historic time."

"Then how does he have light eyes?"

"We can only guess; but perhaps the spear handle will tell us."

The Eskimo, pleased with the white man's interest in his work, looked up and then continued his cutting.

"You see, Otto," said Hedon, continuing with Koehler a discussion they had begun before, "counting this man, there are at least three people in this tribe with eyes and hair lighter than any true Eskimo can have. If we didn't know that these people hadn't come in contact with recent explorers the age of the three would tell they got their European characteristics far back. One of them is this man's mother."

"European characteristics?" Geoff repeated.

"Watch him," Eric warned quietly.

The Eskimo, having finished the shaping of his spear handle, turned it under his stone knife, and carefully, slowly and with precision carved upon it a few strange lines. When he had finished it he nodded and extended the spear handle to Hedon. Eric studied the marks and with a smile handed the wood to Koehler.

"What are you two looking at?" Margaret cried.

"What do you make of them, doctor?" Eric appealed.

"Runes!" Koehler announced.

"Runes?" Geoff asked.

"Runic writing—the kind of characters carved by the Norsemen at the time they were in Greenland!" Hedon cried. He took back the spear handle and, turning to the Eskimo who had carved the characters, he began asking him some questions.

"The writing of the Norsemen in Greenland?" Geoff stared from Hedon to the Eskimo.

"What are you asking him?" Margaret said to Eric.

"I was trying to find out if he knew what the marks mean. He says he doesn't. He didn't even understand that the marks should have any meaning."

"Then why did he make them, did he say?"

"He was taught to; that's all he knows. In his tribe long ago—he's one of the survivors of a tribe that was almost wiped out by starvation; and he came to the Palugmiuts when he was a boy—he had been taught to scratch his spears that way."

"Then what do you think the marks mean?"

Eric looked at Koehler, who took the handle again and studied it. "They aren't real runes, of course," Koehler said conservatively. "They're only marks that suggest runes—as you'd expect runes to be made if they'd been taught from one generation to another after their meaning was forgotten. But when I first saw the marks they made me think of runes I'd seen on stones in Greenland spelling the name of Sigur."

"Sigur?"

"That was a powerful family in the old Norse colony there, one of the families that disappeared."

The man who had made the marks on the spear gazed about the circle, and seeing that his work had interested them so much he put forth his hand to receive his spear back. When it was returned to him he looked down at his carving and studied it patiently, and then, more puzzled, gazed up at the strange white people and smiled. His Eskimo companion rose to go and the spear-maker followed. For a moment, before crouching to go out through the low snow tunnel of the igloo, the man straightened and stood before his comrade, who was a dark-eyed, black-haired man of the short Eskimo type. The blue-eyed man was not much taller; but for the instant he seemed to tower over the dark-eyed native, and his figure was straighter. Suddenly there seemed a sternness, almost a majesty, in the spear-maker's bearing entirely absent from that of his companion. He looked once more about the company staring at him, and as he met their gaze a gleam of fire flashed from his eyes, his lips tightened and straightened. Then he stooped and on all fours crawled after his companion out of the snow hut.

The whites, left alone, looked at one another. Had they seen there before them a son of the old vikings of Greenland? If that was so, what a story was told in those scratches on the handle of the spear! First, as the wrecking of the ships cut off

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communication with Europe, the intermarrying and mixing of the Norsemen with the Eskimos; then, for reasons which no one yet could know, the traveling of the white men with the Eskimos away from the shores of Greenland. The lonely stone houses scattered through the Arctic next took up the story. The Norsemen had mingled with the Eskimos and moved to other lands with them, but here and there a family still tried to keep up the traditions of their race and built a house of stone, which had stood through the centuries after the snow igloos of the Eskimos, which had been built beside it, had melted with the first summer's sun. Then, though the houses of stone still stood, no one lived in them any longer. The sons of the men who had built them lived in the igloos of Eskimos and stared at the stone walls and, calling them the work of spirits, feared to enter. But some viking's determination to keep known his name still persisted. He had carved it on his spear, and when his son shaped a spear he copied the carving. Then his son in turn did the same, and so on and on down the generations the custom held, and the men still bore their name upon their spears centuries after the name itself was forgotten and with it all tradition of the past of the people.

At least, that was the way in which Eric Hedon that night spelled the story of the spear. Whether it might be true, or only half true or not true at all, for an hour it furnished warm but friendly discussion and took minds away from the fears of famine. Then those thoughts returned.

Geoff, in the igloo with his sister, lay awake again for long hours. Eric undoubtedly was right, that there was nothing they could do to relieve their situation. If all the food in camp were given them it would not be more than enough to enable one man to reach the Kadiack far off at the other end of the land. And over that distance no relief party could bring in sledges from the ship more food than would be needed to supply the sledge drivers themselves. The party must pass the winter where they were, trusting to their guns and the spears of the Eskimos to supply them.

Geoff wondered whether he could, as Eric put it, starve like a savage. Though for many weeks now he had recognized that starvation might be close ahead, still he could not realize it as a way for him to die.

In the Eskimo life, death by starvation was an any-day possibility, constantly and calmly considered. And when such death was inevitable it was met by these savage men with resignation. Geoff knew it was true, as Eric had said, that in parties of civilized men, starving in the Arctic, unspeakable horrors were done. As he lay in the dark he thought of Rae's report of the finding of the final camp of the last of Franklin's men who starved; of the subjects silenced in the public reports of some of the great expeditions; of the record left by another captain of the discovering of a plan among his men to kill their Eskimo hunters when they brought in no more food, in order that the remaining provisions need not be shared with those who had provided them. As he read the account at home such things had seemed to Geoff impossible for civilized beings to conceive. Doubtless even a few days before they were planned or done those deeds had seemed as impossible to the men who planned or carried them out.

Now he knew that there was nothing in a man's experience in civilization to make any one certain what another might or might not do in the last savage struggles for self-preservation in starvation. Before the end would that party of whites determine to die decently? or must some one break under the test of the savage?

xx

JUST nine days later that question was answered. The meat of the seals killed by the Eskimos on their lucky day had been eaten; and for a week almost no food was to be had. Then came another day of fortune for the Eskimo spearmen at the seal holes, and for another twenty-four hours there was to be food and to spare.

The extra meat was stored away, and after a full gorge the Eskimo hunters slept soundly. The next morning, when they awoke, their meat—or most of it—was gone; and as the alarm spread round the village it was found that two men were missing to explain the absence of the meat. One was an Eskimo—the man who carved the runes on the handles of his spears—the other man missing was Latham. With them had gone a sledge and four of the dogs that had been kept in fair condition.

Their trail over new snow which had fallen told plainly the tale of their departure. The man who toed out as he trod had gone first with the dogs and the loaded sledge; after him—how far behind him could not be told, but after him—followed the footsteps of an Eskimo.

Eric Hedon and Geoff, with two of the Palugmiuts, took the trail and followed it as fast as they could. Now it became plainer, by the proof that the Eskimo had been running and the other man had not, that the two men had not set out together; now it was plainly a case of pursuit, with the first man knowing that he was followed and trying to urge on his team. But the dogs, ill-fed, were tiring. Half a mile farther and part of the load of the sledge was discovered—seal meat and a bag of oil lay on the snow. There was nothing to show whether these had been thrown off to lighten the sledge in the race or whether they had fallen by accident; but the sledge seemed to have traveled faster from then on and the pursuing Eskimo apparently ceased to gain. It was another mile and more before anything else showed on the snow; and then it was not the carcass of another seal but the form of a man.

The Eskimos saw first from far off that this man had been of their people; it was the pursuer who lay dead on the snow with the stain of his blood about him. He had been shot through the head from close by; and before he died there had been a struggle. His body was frozen, for he had lain there some hours; but before falling he had used his spear—the seal spear with the handle which he had carved before the whites in the hut. Only the shaft of the spear was in his hand; the head had been broken off.

The two Eskimos, straightening after examining the body of their tribesman, muttered to each other and looked toward the white men. Hedon spoke to them quietly and pointed to the snow beyond.

Geoff, following the direction, saw spots of blood on the snow. These accompanied the track of the sledge and the dogs and the man who went on; the two white men and the Eskimos followed them. Now the blood-spotted trail showed footprints of a man weakening and staggering; they climbed a little ridge and then stopped. The track of the sledge and of the dogs continued; but instead of the man's footprints now was the blur where a body had fallen. At the bottom of the ridge Latham lay.

Here the white men, ahead of the Eskimos, bent down and turned over the body—for Latham lay dead. The Eskimos came up beside the others and saw for themselves that their tribesman had avenged his own death; in the last struggle he had struck with his spear.

Geoff, gasping as he gazed up from the face of the friend who had been his hero, met Hedon's eyes. Eric could have had no associations with this man which, even at such a moment, could make for mercy; but as Geoff looked at him Eric answered the unspoken question.

"He was going in the direction of the Kadiack," Hedon said quietly. "He was going for help for us. We know that was what he believed some one ought to do. Of course the Eskimo couldn't understand that; he thought Latham was just stealing meat."

Geoff shook his head. "Eric, I know the truth. He was going to make sure of saving himself—then send back help to us afterward."

Hedon was looking down at the tracks in the snow. "What I don't see," he said, "is why he kept on going in this direction after he got that hurt. He must have known he couldn't go far; yet he went on with the dogs."

"He knew he'd killed the Eskimo. He couldn't go back," Geoff said.

"No, there's something else in this," Hedon said, unsatisfied. "See, the dogs went on beyond here after he died, or before. You'd expect them to stay near here or to have turned back toward the village. Come with me, Geoff."

They left the Eskimos to watch the body and followed on the trail of the unguided sledge. Soon they saw it ahead, overturned, the dogs tangled and snarled in the harness.

"Geoff!" Eric cried, as they came up and saw the snow where the sledge was overturned. "You see, Geoff? See! That's it!"

"What?"

"Look—those other sledge marks in the snow! See, two sledges, heavy and with

(Continued on Page 61)

# The Kitchen Cabinet with 29 Improvements

HERE, finally, is a Kitchen Cabinet arranged exactly as you want it.

The Napanee Dutch Kitchenet is made in five distinct models. Each model is different as to bins, cupboards, closets and drawers. Choose what best meets your household conditions—either for light housekeeping—large families—small families—large kitchens—small kitchens—pantry or not.

In addition to saving steps and putting every kitchen need within arm's reach—each compartment and receptacle in the Dutch Kitchenet is placed exactly where you want it.

# Napanee Dutch Kitchenet

*"Built Like Fine Furniture"*

It is more than just a Kitchen Cabinet for storage purposes. The Dutch Kitchenet is a pantry, cupboard and table all in one—and arranged for your personal household requirements.

It saves you work. It saves your back. It saves you hundreds of unnecessary steps. It systematizes your kitchen without altering your accustomed way of doing things. It means that your everyday cooking necessities have their regular definite places. Each in the place that's most convenient to you.

The Dutch Kitchenet is the result of 15 years experience in fine furniture building. It is handsome in appearance, most convenient in arrangement, equipped for every kitchen need. It contains new and better features never before used in Kitchen Cabinets.

For convenience of arrangement the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet with its wide choice of arrangements—leaves nothing to be desired. It stops the unnecessary steps back and forth in the kitchen. It means an hour or two less in the kitchen per day.

The staunch construction and beautiful fine finish of the Dutch Kitchenet is in the keeping with its ideal arrangements. "Built like fine furniture" is literally true. We built fine furniture before we made Kitchen Cabinets. All the skill used in making fine sideboards, dressers and tables is employed in the building of each Dutch Kitchenet.

In our factory inspections we are most exacting. The raw lumber is tested for seasoning, flaws and knots. A special machine insures accurate fitting corners—no ledges to collect dust. A secret process of wood treatment prevents warping of the table top. Every detail is handled in this painstaking way.

This thorough "inside" construction gives the Dutch Kitchenet many years of splendid service. It will last like any good piece of furniture.

Why go on drudging away in the Kitchen when the Dutch Kitchenet will so quickly and easily lighten your household burden? And at a cost of only a few cents a day. You owe yourself this Kitchen help, convenience and work saver.

## Send Coupon for Free Portfolio of Photographs

Mail back the coupon in the lower right-hand corner today and get the portfolio. They will show you the Dutch Kitchenet in the five models. You will see the cabinets large—every detail plain and distinct. This photo-portfolio will give you a splendid idea of the Dutch Kitchenet—how, why and where they excel. These are photo reproductions of the cabinets themselves as they would look in your own kitchen. Send coupon today. If there is no Napanee dealer in your town, write us—we'll tell you how you can examine the Dutch Kitchenet, and see you're supplied.

*Model A*

## Convenience the Keynote

Labor-saving, step-saving and personal convenience in the arrangement of each compartment puts the Dutch Kitchenet in a class by itself. There is no other cabinet like it. Women who know will be quick to appreciate the additional advantages it affords.

## Where the Dutch Kitchenet Excels

**Handsome appearance Convenience**
**22% more storage space**
**Fine furniture finish**
**Velvet lined cutlery drawer**
**Easily moved for cleaning**
**Cake box Bread box**
**Dust-proof roll curtain**
**Spice shelf Spice jars**
**Linen drawer Chopping block**
**Change and ticket drawer**
**Sliding Utensil shelf**
**Ventilation for cupboard**
**Metal sliding table top (warp proof)**
**Glass sugar bin**
**White porcelain enamel interiors**
**Round corners**
**No exertion to fill or clean flour bins**

NAPANEE DUTCH KITCHENET

*Look for this name plate. It identifies the genuine.*

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Coppes Brothers & Zook
401 Market St. Nappanee, Indiana

Please send me particulars about securing the Napanee Agency in my town.

***Dealers Write*** Here is a golden opportunity to secure the agency for a high quality kitchen cabinet. The Napanee Dutch Kitchenet was the hit at Furniture Expositions. Send today.

**Coppes Brothers & Zook, 401 Market St., Nappanee, Ind.**

**Reminder for Housewives**

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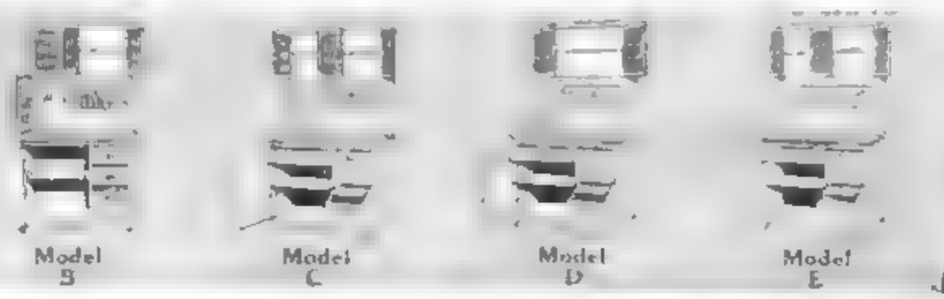

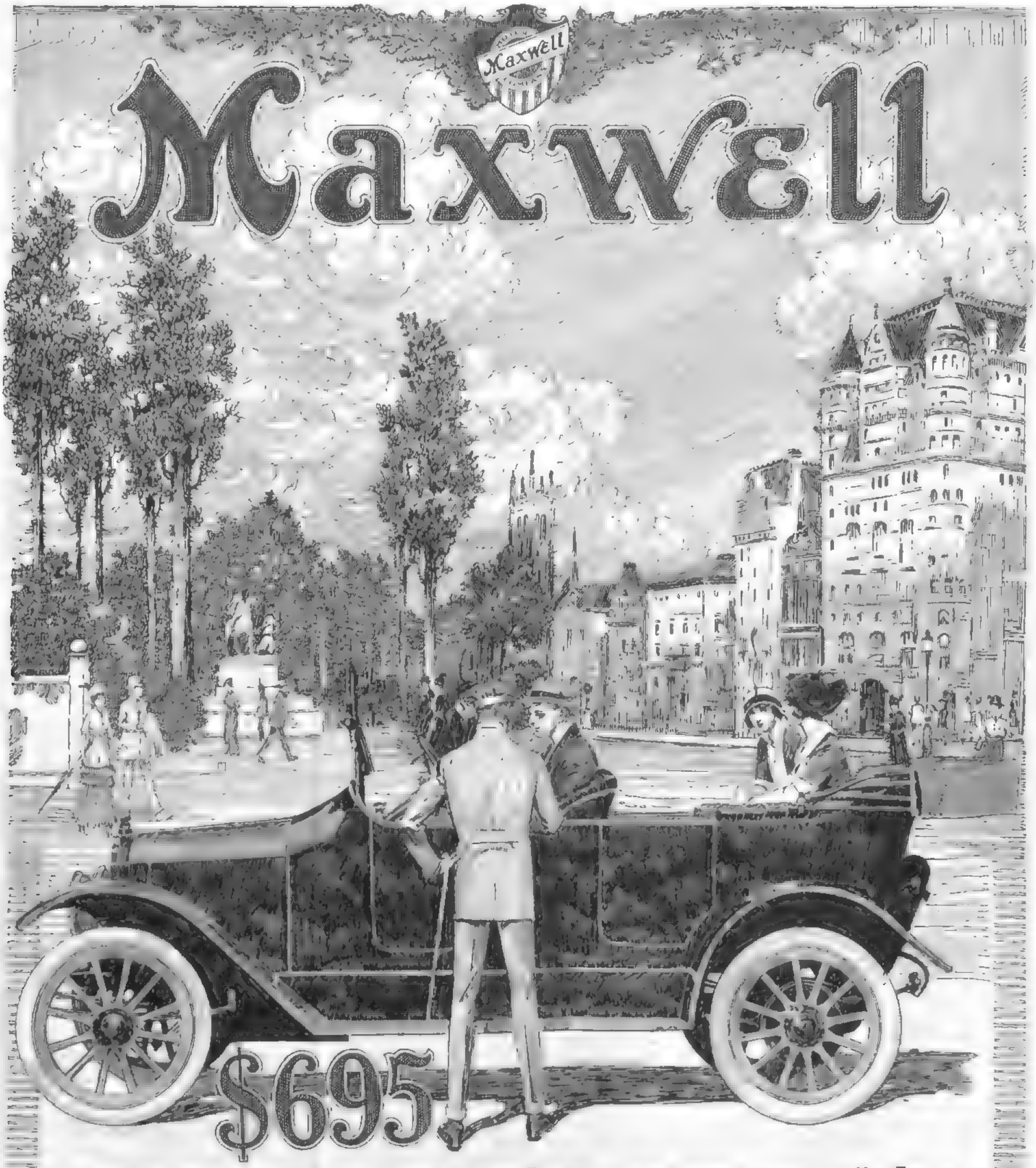


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If you have never driven an automobile the 1915 Maxwell is the car for you. If you have driven cars you know what precision in control means. This wonderful car is driven from the left side, and has but two pedals. The two levers are in the center. The electric starter has a heel rest. The spark and throttle control are under the steering wheel. The front seat is adjustable to your individual leg length.

The Maxwell has *real power*. The Maxwell is one of the greatest hill climbers in the world. It will throttle down to 4 miles an hour on high gear, and pick up to 50 miles an hour in a comparatively few yards. This means little gear shifting, with less wear on both car and driver. See this full five passenger, beautiful, graceful family car at the Maxwell dealer nearest you. Write for beautiful 1915 Maxwell Catalogue.

Dept. B MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, Inc., Detroit, Michigan

***With Electric Self-Starter and Electric Lights $55 Extra***

(Continued from Page 58)

strong dogs in good shape and traveling fast. The dogs here must have winded them after Latham shot the Eskimo, and they ran on this way. So he came after them. Then he fell and they came here."

"But"—Geoff stared down at the snow, weak and trembling as he thought of the possibility of relief coming from these sledges of men, strong and traveling fast—"what do these mean?"

"We can't tell yet; but we can soon find out. We've got enough in us to catch them, Geoff! We must! They can't have gone far and we can catch them when they camp. Come! Come on!"

About the Eskimo snow huts on the ice of the long bay the hunt for seals seemed going on that day as usual. Three of the Eskimo spearmen were missing from the blocks of snow where they had sat at watch for the seals; and three of the whites who also had sentineled the animals' breathing holes were gone.

The spearmen still at their work looked up often over the sea ice to the south and along the snow-covered shores; and the women came often out of the igloos to look for signs of the return of the men who had stolen the meat and of those who had gone after them. But the moon was beginning to sink in the sky before, far away, some one saw four men with a team of dogs and a sledge approaching. Then behind it appeared three men and another dog team and sledge; then three more men and another team.

At the sight of these alarm ran round the houses and spread to the spearmen on the ice. The Eskimos gathered before the village and, excited and watchful, waited for the sledges to draw near. Before these came close, two of the men with the first sledge ran out to one side and signaled, so that the Eskimos knew that those two were their tribesmen and that they were returning with strangers, all friendly. When a short distance off the sledges halted and four of the men came forward to meet four from the village.

Margaret stood beside McNeal and Koehler, watching the strangers approach for the parley. During the hours since the discovery that the seal meat had been stolen and Latham and an Eskimo were missing she had gone about confused, unable to imagine the consequences to her and to the rest of the party of what Latham had done. She could not know whether or not it might be better for Eric and her brother and the Eskimos who pursued with them to overtake Latham. During her long hours of suspense she had pictured every happening, every possible result of Latham's flight and his pursuit, except the correct one.

As the ten men came in sight she had not doubted that only four could be strangers; and of course these four must be Eskimos met by some chance. But now, as the strangers came nearer, the Eskimo standing beyond Koehler saw that two of the sledges and the manner of harnessing of two of the dog teams were strange. He uttered a cry which told the news to his tribesmen and which Koehler understood.

"That's a party of white men!" the doctor announced to Margaret and McNeal.

"White?"

The strangers came closer. "There are six strange men," Koehler made out from the manner of the garments. "I think they all are white!"

"Six!" the girl repeated.

She sensed that if this was so two of those who had left the village were not now returning. Where were these two men? Why had they not come back?

The four advance men from the approaching party came near enough to be better recognized. Two were strangers—white men apparently, as the Eskimo and Koehler had said; one of the other men was an Eskimo who had gone with Eric and Geoff; the fourth man was Eric.

Now Margaret saw too that her brother was with the six men who had remained behind. So Geoff and Eric both had come back with the Eskimos who went with them in pursuit of Latham. The parley with the four men from the village was short and satisfactory. Some one signaled for the rest of the strangers to approach; and Eric left the parley and came on to the group before the snow huts.

As she saw him come toward her Margaret had a strange feeling that brought back to her the dread and suspense of the moments on the Viborg off Mason Land as she saw the party returning from the cabin signal to the ship good news and then bad. There seemed in one instant relief and triumph in Eric's bearing, then depression or constraint.

"Koehler!" he called, addressing the man beside Margaret, though his eyes were on her, "those are men from the Kadiack! The ship moved farther east after I left it last fall. It's wintering a hundred miles south of here—not almost five hundred southwest! It's well supplied and all right!"

Slowly Margaret sensed the news as Eric told it. The Canadian exploration ship, having found ice conditions favorable after Eric had left the ship at the point where it had planned to winter, had moved four hundred miles farther east. Reports had reached the vessel of the desperate condition of the Eskimos, so a shore party, well supplied, was sent to search for starving people, to supply some and bring others for relief to the ship. This was the party which Eric and Geoff had met and brought with them. So every one was safe, that was certain. They could travel easily to the ship, which was large.

"What about Latham?" McNeal was asking. And as Margaret looked at Eric he gazed at her and still for an instant was silent.

"Then where's Latham?" McNeal insisted. "Has he gone on to the ship?"

"No," Eric shook his head. "No."

The men from the Kadiack now were coming up, and as Margaret saw them and heard their voices the realization that at last she and all the rest were safe came over her for the first time. With the sense of safety came also realization of what rescue and return home would require of her. She knew that until this moment she had held that always far before her, and during the last weeks it had seemed an outcome no longer to be feared, so unlikely had it appeared that they could return to where Latham could claim her. But now that possibility again confronted her; and for some hours Eric must have been realizing it. That was what took from the triumph of his return with his news of their rescue; that kept him dumb now as McNeal reminded him of Latham, and made him look at her, unable to meet her eyes.

"Then what about Latham, Eric?" Koehler persisted; and he too seemed now to understand.

"He's dead, doctor," Eric said quietly to him.

"Dead?" Koehler repeated.

Margaret, dazed, seemed not to have heard the word or not to have understood it. She stared at Eric, frightened, trembling. He turned to her.

"We have brought him—his body—back on one of the sledges," he said to her; then turned back to Koehler. Simply and quietly he related what he and Geoff and the Eskimos had found. Then he turned again to Margaret.

"He saved us, Margaret," he said to her. "Whatever he tried to do, he saved us. We must remember that whenever we remember anything else about him."

"Yes, yes," she repeated. "Yes."

"I have been thinking of what my father used to say, Margaret—you know he was a missionary. He said the greatest mistake in the world was to look for God always to select an angel to send on an errand. Of course Latham couldn't have known about the men coming from the Kadiack; but do you know if he hadn't gone just when he did, and drawn us after him, those men wouldn't have found us. They were turning inshore and going back another way, and they would have missed us by five miles but for him."

The girl gazed at him, dazed. She heard what he told her and made out the words; but after the fact of their safety only one other realization seemed to seize her.

"He's dead, you said," she repeated.

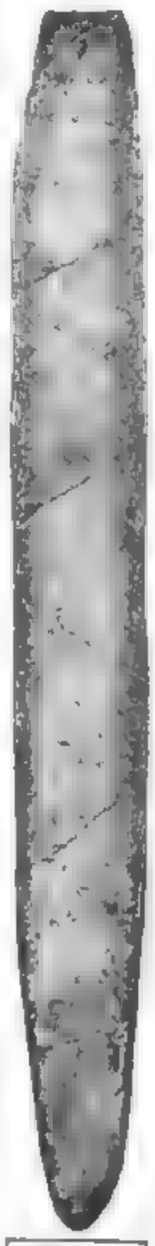
"Yes, Margaret; he's dead."

### XXI

AND concerning the dead, says the adage, let nothing unless good be spoken. The adage rules—and should rule—those who return from the Arctic if it rules no others. For in the Arctic men are tried as nowhere else, and under the strangest conditions. Therefore the deeds of the dead man, as told by his companions, were made to conform more closely to the requirements of decency and of honor than to the facts.

Accordingly it has been related in those records read by slippered people warm between their radiators and blazing log fires that Price Latham, the sportsman who led


# Here Is The Kind of Letter My Customers Write Me



CHAS. R. HAINES
Real Estate, Loans, Stocks, Bonds and Commercial Paper

Mr. H. D. Shivers, Philadelphia, Pa. Duluth, Minn., April 23, 1914

I have been smoking your Panatelas for the past ten years, also my son for about the same length of time. I have also tried your factory twice when I have been in Philadelphia, and think it is all you claim for it.

Now I will tell you of a little incident that happened several years since. I was spending a part of the winter in Daytona, Fla., and had ordered you to send my cigars to that place. I was sitting on the porch of the Hotel when the Express man came and delivered the cigars. I opened one of the boxes, and handed one to a gentleman who was sitting at my side. After smoking a short time, he asked me where I bought them and what I paid for them. Then he made the remark as follows: You do not know who I am, but I and my partner have made and sold millions of cigars. We had a factory in Havana for some years, but we had trouble with the Cubans, and moved to Key West. After a time the Trust came along and bought us out, and I am now out of business. But I ought to know something about cigars, and know that man can make that cigar and sell it for 5 cents gets away with me.

This man was a complete stranger to me, and I am sorry to say I have forgotten his name or address.

I will conclude by saying I am getting along in years, and do not smoke as much as when I was younger, but expect to smoke your Panatelas as long as I do smoke.

Yours truly, CHAS. R. HAINES

MY PANATELA which is referred to in this letter is the cigar at the left. It is a hand-made cigar of long Cuba-grown Havana filler and the wrapper is genuine Sumatra. Describe this kind of a cigar at any retail store and the man behind the counter will show you a brand at ten cents or three-for-a-quarter.

The cigar at the right is my Club Special cigar. It contains the same quantity of tobacco as my Panatela and the same quality of tobacco. It sells at the same price, $5.00 per hundred. It differs somewhat in taste due to the larger burning surface, *but* the real Havana bouquet is present in each. I can sell these cigars for $5.00 per hundred because I sell to you direct, by the box, from my factory.

Take your choice of the two shapes shown here, and try ten before you send me any money. If you like, smoke nine and cut the tenth cigar open. You will see that the filler is *long*.

**My offer is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas or fifty Shivers' Club Specials, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.**

If you desire, you may order fifty of each on the same terms.

I take all the risk of your not liking my cigars because I have been selling my cigars this way for twelve years and I know how small a risk it is.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer MILD, MEDIUM or STRONG cigars.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

Shivers' Club Special EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

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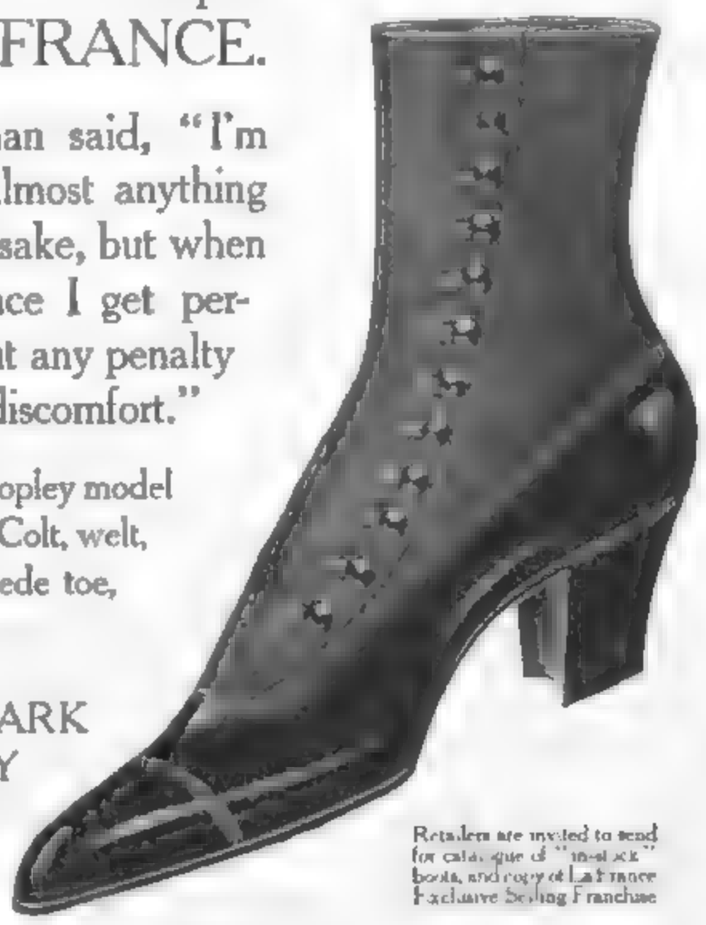

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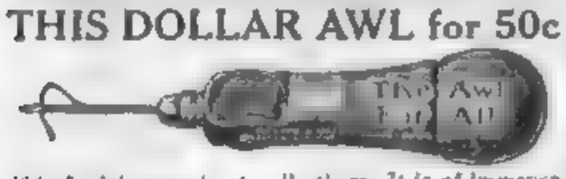


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the Viborg party into the North, gave his life in a desperate attempt to reach the Canadian exploration ship Kadiack to bring relief to his starving companions. He died of exposure and exhaustion after suffering an accident. It added to his honor, rather than detracted from it, that when he set out on his lonely journey he must have supposed the ship to be many hundreds of miles away.

The news of Price Latham's death and the safety of the rest of the Viborg party, together with the news of the death of Ian Thomas and the return of Hedon, were telegraphed from Alaska early in August, when the Kadiack, with Hedon and the seven from the Viborg, reached Nome, after having been freed from the ice below Victoria Island in June.

Before the end of August, therefore, Geoff and his sister and Eric Hedon reached home. On the day after Margaret had been married to Eric quietly and with few witnesses besides Koehler and McNeal and her brother, Geoff moved down to the club to his rooms there. The suite assigned him was the one which, till the year before, had been Price Latham's; and after moving in Geoff lay in the window seat thinking of himself as he was the last time he lounged there and as he was now.

The newspapers were brought to his door and idly he opened them. Margaret's marriage, of course, had given the papers opportunity to review the stories of the Aurora and the Viborg. Besides the large picture of Margaret there was a small sketch of Hedon and a list of his explorations and scientific achievements. Mention was also made of evidence found by him that descendants of the lost Greenland people still survived among the Eskimo tribes of the American Arctic, as other explorers had suggested.

However, he was entirely overshadowed on the page by reviews of the doings of Price Latham—his polo, motoring, golf and racket championships and records; his hunts after big game; finally his noble death under desperate conditions which daunted his companions long accustomed to the Arctic.

The tone of the newspapers was the same as the tone of the friends who had spoken to Geoff of his sister's wedding. It implied that Margaret could not have known her mind when, before going into the Arctic, she had preferred Hedon to Latham. Further it implied that Margaret must have found out her mistake too late, when there had been nothing for her to do but to marry Hedon.

Geoff crumpled up the papers and threw them on the floor. He looked at his watch and hurried out of the club and down to the railroad station. That afternoon Margaret and Eric were setting off for their honeymoon on Eric's assignment from the Smithsonian Institution to travel through China and Tibet.

Geoff found them and said his hearty good-bys to Eric; and then he took his sister aside.

"Meg," he said, "what I want you to tell me is this: How did you know the difference between Price and Eric before we went into the Arctic?"

"You'll know," his sister said, "when the time comes for you to decide between girls."

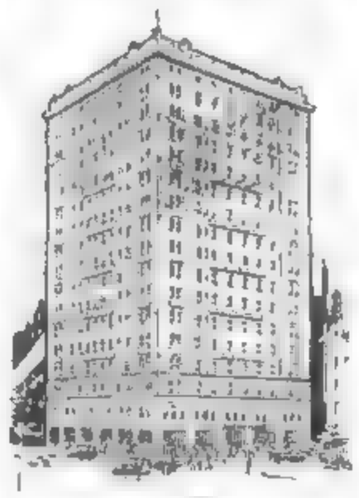
He bent and kissed her. "Tell you one thing. If I'm doubtful, I don't marry till the girl goes with me into the Arctic. Good-by, Meg! Good-by, Eric, old fellow! Good-by, both of you together!"

(THE END)

## Pulling Out Posts

THE trick of lifting oneself by one's bootstraps may appear somewhat difficult, but a machine has been built which does that. It is intended to pull out piles which have been driven in so firmly by a piledriver that they cannot be pulled up by ordinary means. The machine is clamped to the top of the pile, which it grips firmly and automatically. Steam is supplied through a hose. The steam lifts a heavy weight in the machine and lets it drop suddenly. By an arrangement of levers the force of the blow, instead of being downward on the top of the pile, is upward.

The main difficulty in pulling up a pile is to get it started, but a quick series of these blows soon starts the pile. The machine keeps knocking it up until it moves easily, when no more progress can be made and the pile must be lifted out with ropes.

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Complete continuity — not theoretical, but actual.

You can figure the effect of this overlapping of power impulses as well as we can describe it.

You can imagine it, that is,—from what you know of comparative or approximate continuity.

But your imagination will fall very far short of the facts.

You have never had a ride such as your first ride in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac will be.

You have doubtless discerned that different types of motors produce different sensations in riding.

But none of these differences are so pronounced as the difference which exists between this Eight-Cylinder motor and all other types.

When scientists and mathematicians cannot carry a calculation to a higher, or to a finer point, they say that it has reached the $n^{th}$ degree.

This Eight-Cylinder Cadillac carries the principle of continuous power to the $n^{th}$ degree.

It produces eight power impulses during each complete cycle; four power impulses during each revolution of the fly-wheel — one every quarter turn.

What follows is not merely a revelation — but actually a revolution in riding results.

It is infinitely more than a matter of simply furnishing greater power.

It is the velvety way in which that greater power is furnished by the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac which overturns all your previous conceptions of motoring.

We said in the caption that the impulses overlap so completely that one melts and merges into another.

That is literally true.

We said that this produces a steady flow of power.

That is also literally true.

But this is only a part of the truth — and a very small part.

The power ebbs and flows so flexibly that the car can be operated almost continuously under throttle control, without change of gear.

The steadiness of its application imparts a like steadiness to the car itself.

After your first ride in the Cadillac Eight you will revise your idea of what constitutes freedom from vibration.

You will revise your idea of efficiency at high speed; and of efficiency at low speed.

When you climb a hill you scarcely feel as though you were climbing a hill at all.

You will be more apt to feel, instead, that the hill has accommodatingly subsided into a level roadway.

The fluid flow of uninterrupted power gets better riding results out of all kinds of roads.

If the road be level, and good, the Cadillac Eight extracts from it a new and a superlative smoothness.

If it be rough and uneven, the steady, unbroken torque minimizes the jolts and jars.

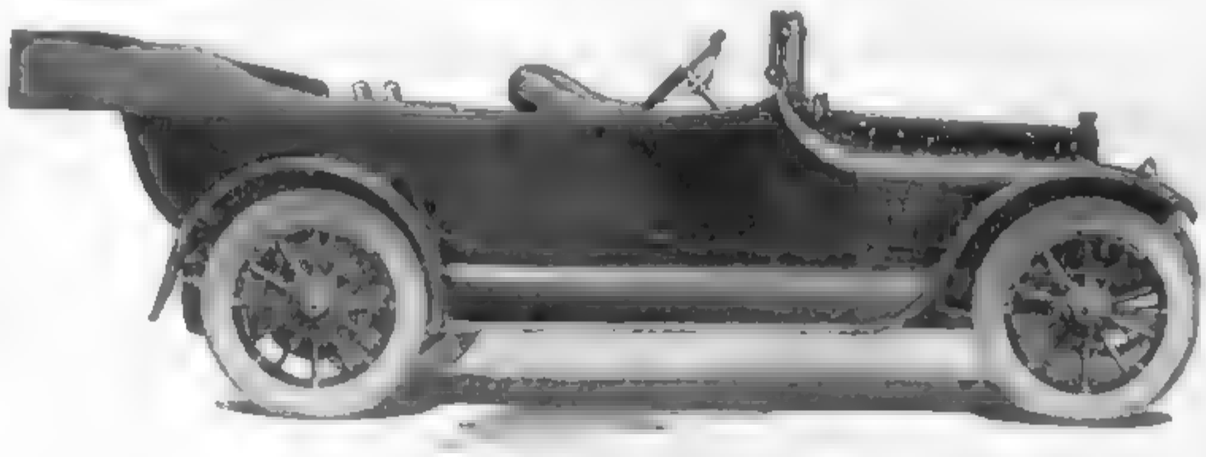
The motor does not seem to be driving the car, but rather to have given it wings.

It is difficult to treat the subject in calm and temperate terms in view of the impressive fact that this Eight-Cylinder Cadillac has created a new kind of motoring.

We can see nothing ahead but a demand so overwhelming that it will be impossible for the Cadillac Company, within a year, to satisfy that demand.

**Styles and Prices**

Standard Seven Passenger and Five passenger cars, Four passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975. Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Sedan $2800. Seven passenger Standard Limousine $3450. Berline type Limousine $3600. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.



Seven Passenger Touring Car (Illustrated) with Eight Cylinder V Type Engine.

Observe that the Power Plant does not demand a hood of abnormal proportions.

*Dealers will have demonstrating cars in the near future*

**Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.**

# One Price to All

YEARS ago, A. T. Stewart pioneered a new and startling idea in retail store keeping—to give every customer in his store the same price for the same article.

Before that, shopping was like "horse-trading." Goods were marked up to make allowance for "beating down." The timid and the tongue-tied paid the high price, and the clever hagglers got the benefit.

The "one-price" system ended all that. Today it is the accepted basis of American retailing. The public recognizes its great advantages.

But there is one link missing.

When you buy in a certain store, you can feel confident that you are buying just as cheaply as every other customer in that store.

But you cannot be sure that somewhere else, in another store just around the corner, some one else is not buying the same goods at a lower price—even though the article may have a standard, well-known price.

The national manufacturer establishes a price for his trade-marked goods—a price that is generally driven down to rock-bottom by his competition. He puts the price on his package. He shows it in his advertising. He then asks the retail store to sell to all customers for that price.

The average reputable merchant does so. Because the price has been advertised, he cannot sell any higher. And because the manufacturer, who wants large sales, has set the price just as low as stores can afford to handle it, the merchant does not want to sell it for any less.

But here and there a price-cutting store springs up. The price-cutter has to make profits just like any other store. But he tries to make an impression on the public by selling this well-known, advertised article very cheaply. He sacrifices his profits on a few dozen sales, charges it off as "store advertising," and makes up the loss somewhere else.

The steady-price stores which give customers a fair, all-the-year-round level of prices on all goods, cannot meet this kind of competition—they either give up carrying the cut-price lines altogether, or else take an undeserved reputation for being "high."

And then when the competition is gone, the cut-price is no longer effective, so prices go up again, and the consumer pays as much as before.

Thus unfair price-cutting injures the reliable merchant who is interested in the welfare of his community and who is honestly serving its best interests, and tends to draw patronage to stores which in the main are not so valuable to the buying public.

And the public suffers, as it always does when competition is killed.

Watch for "Why Do Stores Cut Prices?"

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

# WAITING FOR THE GERMANS

## By Samuel G. Blythe

THREE weeks after the general mobilization began I returned to Paris for a few days. At that time Paris had found herself somewhat, but Paris was a changed Paris—a manless Paris—a Paris that was not Parisian.

The most striking feature of it all was the continued bareness of the streets. Now one bus was running where in the old days there were hundreds. Not one-tenth of the taxicabs were in evidence. The old *voitures* had been brought out and were being dragged along by knock-kneed horses; and it was possible to cross a boulevard at any leisurely angle without danger of sudden death. Those who remember the usual crossing at the corner by the Café de la Paix, for example, will understand how Paris has been metamorphosed when I say that often for long intervals not a vehicle goes by that corner, either before or after dark, and that progress over the asphalt is now as unimpeded as progress along a country lane.

And the stores and shops and cafés! Scores, probably hundreds, of the shops and stores are shuttered and placarded with the laconic notice "*Fermé*," and most of those that stay open close for two or three hours at noon—from twelve to two or twelve to three. They were trying to get permission to keep the cafés open until eleven o'clock, but when I left for London the military authorities had not yet consented, and at nine o'clock all lights went out. Still, during the time I was there I saw a marked change. On Thursday, for example, of the third week of mobilization the streets were deserted by eight o'clock and had few people on them in the daytime, although along between six and seven of the evening there were a number of promenaders on the boulevards. On Friday the streets took on a livelier aspect. More people appeared, and more French sat in the chairs in front of the cafés that were allowed until night fell. On Saturday there was another appreciable addition to the crowds on the street. It became a sort of weak imitation of the old Paris, so far as the promenaders were concerned, but there was no increase in the business.

### *Paying the Price*

A few Americans, coming in wearily from Switzerland, hurriedly bought necessaries and as hurriedly pushed on to London. The biggest hotels in the city—the Grand and the Continental—were veritable tombs of darkness. At the dinner hour not a dozen persons were in the court of either, though in the ordinary tourist season each court would have been crowded. Parts of each of these hotels have been requisitioned for hospital purposes, as have many of the other big hotels, including the Ritz. Dozens of hotels are closed absolutely. They told me at the Continental that on the first day of mobilization fifty-two employees left the Continental for the front, and on each day after that until August twentieth others had gone, including the managers. And it is so everywhere.

Five hundred thousand men, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-seven, have been taken out of Paris—men of all positions and of all ranks. The best-known French war correspondent, Jules Hedeman, is carrying a gun in the first battle line. The editor of Gil Blas is running a motor bus. All the other employees of Gil Blas are at the front. I went into the Bon Marché. Not ten buyers were in that vast *magasin*. Every art gallery and museum is closed. At a favorite café of mine on the Boulevard St. Michel, where formerly four or five hundred meals were served in the middle of the day, the proprietor and his assistant, both too old to go to war, were themselves waiting on six tables. It is so in all the other restaurants. The Americans hurry through. They remain overnight and stick close to their hotels. While there is no disposition to make the stay of the visitor inconvenient, proper credentials are insisted upon, and each person who remains more than twenty-four hours must be provided with a certificate from his hotel to the effect that he is a *bona fide* guest of that hotel, with a *permis de séjour*, a *laisser passer*, and a permit from the British consulate to go to England. If one desires to go out into the country a safe conduct must be secured.

In London a casual observer, except for the marching of a few khaki-clad troops in the streets and the dispatches in the newspapers, would never know England is at war. In Paris even the most obtuse looker-on would instantly discover that the country is in the throes of a tremendous struggle. The war has reached in and gripped the vitals of Paris. Everything in that city is subordinated to the great necessity of the moment. There is not a person in France—not a man, woman or child—on whom the war has not laid its mailed hand. The effects of the mobilization and of the struggle are noticeable everywhere, and the tax is laid universally and impartially. Each person is paying—paying in blood, in labor or in the loss of it, in hunger, in inconvenience, in sorrow, in tears, in every possible tribute that can be laid against a people for the war that is now in progress. France has been taxed, almost beyond ability to pay and endurance to submit, in order to maintain the military establishment that is now trying to hold France entire against the Germans; and now, after the war is here, the war France has waited for for over forty years, the impost is increased tenfold. Whatever the outcome may be, France will stagger under this burden for years and years.

### *Gay Paris No Longer*

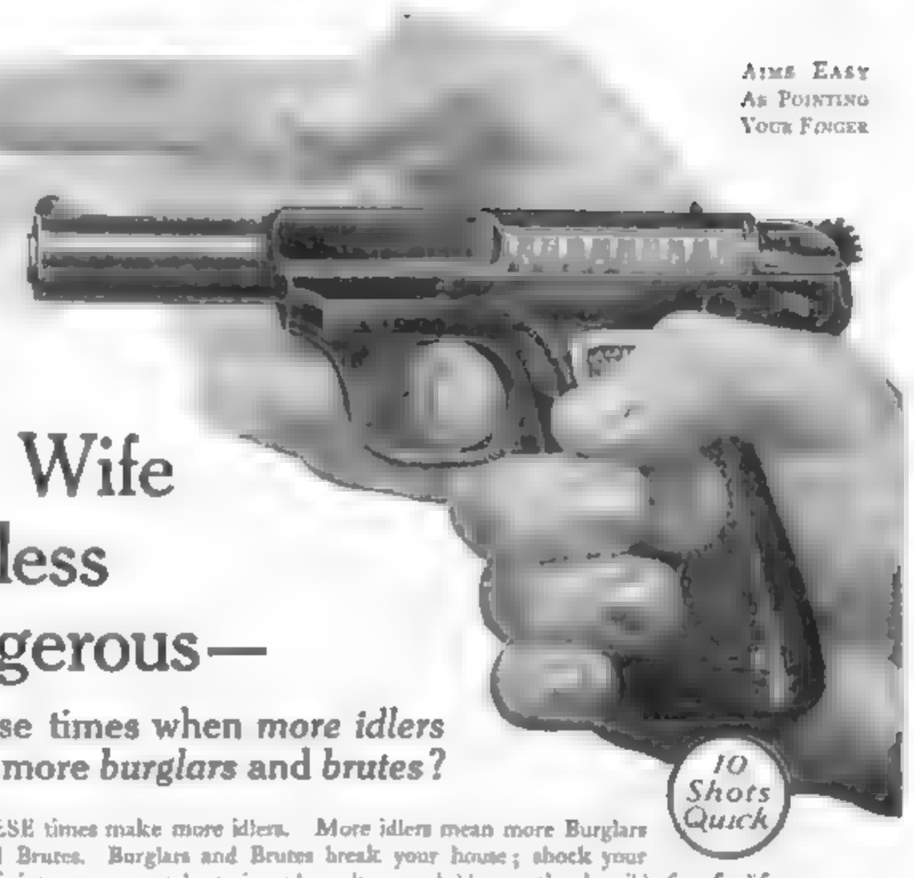
Factories are closed. Workmen who are incapable of military service have no work. Little money is to be had. Food is plentiful enough, but even at that the French have gone beyond their former frugal limit and are saving everywhere. Some places of amusement in Paris make a brave show of remaining open, but patrons are few. However, there were stories when I was there that the tea rooms and some of the cafés hurriedly closed would soon reopen.

Paris seems like a city stricken by a calamity—as it is—but for all that Paris was cheerful, and Paris was confident when I was last there. The spirit of the people was admirable. They know that this war is the last cast of the die. If they win they hold France. If they lose no one knows what may happen. They have given all they have—their men and their money. They have cheerfully accustomed themselves to the restrictions imposed on them. I heard no complaints, no whining. The long-expected war has come, and Paris, and all France, is awaiting the outcome, prepared to take victory exultantly or defeat stoically.

The saying that great emergencies develop new manners and new methods is trite enough. It seems to me that this never was so well illustrated as in Paris. The froth has been blown away. The French, even in the centers of frivolity, have become suddenly serious and non-emotional. There is nothing of the hysterical or the excitable about them. They are grave, impressed with the realities, and do not seek either to laugh or to weep them away. Paris and France have risen to the necessities, and by their calm, unquestioning obedience to the circumstances and their fervent and patriotic response to the demands made upon them challenge admiration.

I do not know—nor will anybody know until after the battle in progress as this is written—what sort of soldiers the present-day French soldiers are; but I am told that the first line of a million is the pick of the nation, and that the second line of a million more is almost as good. Whatever the outcome may be, after many talks with representative French people of all sorts, I am quite sure the French will reestablish their fighting reputation.

There is nothing about this French participation in this war that is Gallic in any phase. The preparations have been made with an attention to detail and a thoroughness that is as scientific and as sane as


Is Your Wife Helpless or Dangerous—

in these times when *more idlers* make more *burglars* and *brutes*?

THESE times make more idlers. More idlers mean more Burglars and Brutes. Burglars and Brutes break your house; shock your wife into permanent hysteria and mark your children with a horrible fear for life.

A ten shot, easy-to-aim Savage Automatic converts your helpless wife into a dangerous defender of her children—more dangerous to face than a mother grizzly bear.

Fathers, it is a serious duty in these times to arm your home by day and by night with a Savage Automatic—the one arm which every Brute and Burglar fears. They fear its 10 lightning shots, 2 to 4 more than others; they fear the novice's power to aim it as easy as pointing your finger. Therefore take pains that you get the Savage—the one the thugs fear.

As harmless as a cat around the house, because it is the only automatic that tells by glance or touch whether loaded or empty.

Take home a Savage *today*. Or at least send for free booklet, "If You Hear a Burglar," written by a famous detective.

**A Brand New Savage Rifle**

This .22 Tubular Repeater has all the original Savage features—hammerless trombone action, solid breech, solid top, side ejection, etc. Price $12.00. Send for circular.

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These Engineers, Conductors and Trainmen of Fast Limited Passenger Trains, and thousands more, carry the Hamilton Watch because of its accuracy.

**Railroad men agree on Hamilton Accuracy. Jewelers know how watches wear and they agree on Hamilton Durability.**

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**HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY**
**Dept. J Lancaster, Pennsylvania**


anything Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic possibly could be. The French were ready. Why, at every French port where English troops were to be landed there appeared on the docks overnight great signs in English: "Keep to the right!"

These were for the guidance of English teamsters, because in England drivers keep to the left. I mention that to show how detailed the preparation has been. If France cannot win this time, France never can; and the French know it, and are facing the future loyally, patiently; and they are prepared for whatever contingency may arise.

The fields are bare. The wheat was half harvested when the call came. Since that time women and girls and boys and old men have cut what could be cut. All the way from Boulogne to Paris, by an extremely circuitous route, I passed field after field of wheat and other grain, overripe almost, without a harvester in sight. A few old men stood at the railroad stations, and hundreds of women and children; but the young men are all gone. They are out supporting the tricolor, away yonder on the frontier.

The news this morning is that they are being driven back. There was bad news the day I came from Paris to London; but the women and the old men were not dismayed. Their calmness was almost fatalistic.

"We shall win," they said, "or we shall lose. It is all for France."

Money is hard to get. The banks are paying out little. Small change and fractional currency have almost disappeared. There are few coppers and fewer small coins in silver apparently. It is a task to get a five-franc note changed. And whenever a gold piece is produced the French hand into which it goes never lets loose the grip on it. The louis or that ten-franc bit is permanently retired from circulation.

My old friend, madame, who has presided for so many years at the cashier's desk in the restaurant in the Continental, showed me a slitted card and a louis of gold stuck into the slit.

"It is for my friend the lawyer," she said. "He has gone to the war. I am keeping it for him until he returns. He gave it to me on the day he left, when he ate his dinner here. It is gold, you see—gold!"

### *Days of Slow Waiting*

I asked several people what had become of the ten-centime coppers and the fifty centimes of silver, and all the other small coins.

"We gave them to the soldiers," they said. "You see, they were called suddenly to war; so we gave them all we had. They had no opportunity to get money themselves. We emptied our pockets for them."

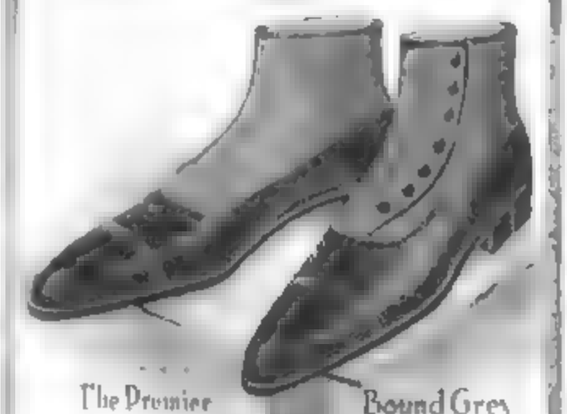
That explains it, and that explains the spirit of the French. When the call came they gathered together all the small coins they had and handed them over to the soldiers. They stripped Paris of fractional currency. I have no way of telling how much coin went out on the firing line because of this, but it must have been a great deal, for the government has been printing five-franc notes and coining silver and copper steadily since mobilization; and when I left there right afterward it was almost impossible to get any fractional currency.

Long rows of shop girls sit in the Magasin Lafayette and the Printemps and the Bon Marché and the other great stores, making bandages to be used by the nurses. The biggest haberdasher in Paris was open but he told me that every salesman he had was gone, and most of the women—all, indeed, save two old women who could sew shirts. He could make a shirt or so for a customer, but nothing more.

And that is the universal story. Paris is at a standstill as to all its usual activities and its usual pleasures and its usual trade. The government, at three o'clock of an afternoon, said to Paris: "Come! War is declared. We need you!" And in a few hours' time the pick of the men of Paris—the men who made her trade, her commerce, who catered to her pleasure and her appetites; who were there to look after the wants of the visitors—left their shops and their stores and their offices, and their employments of whatever nature, and marched away to the colors, singing the Marseillaise. And Paris is sitting, waiting for what may befall, bound by the innumerable restrictions of a military government, subordinated in every detail of life to the necessities of war—stopped, silenced, darkened and deserted.


FOR THE MAN — WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE



The Premier — Bound Grey Cloth Top

FLORSHEIM dealers are showing a very clever array of men's cloth top walking boots. You will be surprised when you see their aristocratic look—not the gaudy effect that goes with the first thought of a fancy top shoe but the finest imported box cloths made up in the latest shapes and worn by the most conservative of well-dressed men—proper for all occasions.

**$6 and $7 per pair**

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**Special Convincing Offer** Simply send us $5 00 for 100 Aromas, 5 inch cigars, clear Havana filler packed 50 in a box Positively best value on the market Unroll one—cut one open—smoke all you like Then, if you are not delighted, we'll refund your money.

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on approval and 30 DAYS' TRIAL. Write at once for beautifully illustrated catalog of our new 1915 model "Ranger" and particulars of the most marvelous offer ever made or a high grade bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

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Entrance to the Great [illegible]

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as our guest and take his parent with him, without the outlay of a cent. We will pay all expenses from his home to San Francisco and San Diego and return. [illegible]

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## Here is that new Boston Garter

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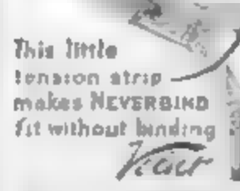
GEORGE FROST CO., Sole Makers, Boston, Mass. U.S.A.

**NEVERBIND Boston Garter**



This little tension strip makes NEVERBIND fit without binding *Hair*

There is no slipping or pinching No metal contacts *Grip*

**There is NO RUBBER in the Leg Band**
Always lifts on the Sock
Never drags on the Leg
Weighs less than half an ounce

If You Are Looking for Quality and Service in a Collar Button That Never Leaves a Spot on the Neck or in the Garment, See That the Back is Stamped

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There's a shape to suit every need of the most fastidious. Made in Rolled Gold Plate that wears a lifetime 25c. 10 K solid gold $1 00 14 K solid gold $1 50.

*At all first class dealers. Descriptive booklet on request.*

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Gasoline GMC Electric

GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS

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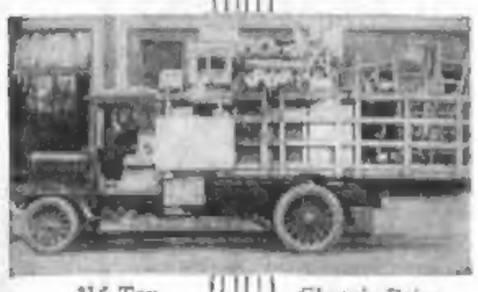
1500 lb. Gasoline Model — Chassis Price $1150

1½ Ton Gasoline Model — Chassis Price $1500

2 Ton Gasoline Model — Chassis Price $1900



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## A Truck to Fit Your Business

Your haulage or delivery has features all its own. To get the full advantage of motor transportation you must use a truck that fits your business. GMC Trucks are built in both gasoline and electric powers and in a wide range of capacities and sizes to fit **your** business and **your** needs.

## Most Complete Line of Electric and Gasoline Trucks

You can select, according to your service, gasoline trucks in all standard capacities from 1500 lbs. to 5 tons, and electric models in sizes from 1000 lbs. to 6 tons. You are sure to receive from General Motors Truck Company unprejudiced recommendations as to the type of equipment best suited to your needs, because, unlike any other manufacturer, we build both gasoline and electric trucks.

## Price Advantage of Great Production

Large buying power and big production, together with sound and economical business methods, have made it possible for us to reduce our prices to such a point that GMC Trucks can be used with profit by business men everywhere.

These prices are based on actual truck value. They bear no burden of extravagant or unwarranted trade practice, and you get the benefit of economies incident to volume production and low overhead cost per unit of manufacture.

## Service That Satisfies

Our service plan means actual co-operation with owners to the end that they may secure maximum results from their trucks.

We know it is only by making satisfied customers that our business has reached its present proportions and only by continuing to make satisfied customers can we hope to keep on growing.

## A Big Responsible Truck Maker With Which to Deal

A guarantee is strong only in proportion to the strength of the company behind it. General Motors Truck Company is one of the units of General Motors Company, the strongest organization of its kind in the world, having resources of over $60,000,000. This assures our interest in your GMC Truck investment now and years hence.

## Motor Trucks of Highest Grade

There are no better trucks built than those going from our factory every day. In their design and production the best in modern manufacturing practice and engineering skill is focussed. Cheap upkeep, low maintenance cost, simple operation and easy care, together with durability and unfailing performance are the natural results of GMC construction. By an investigation you can convince yourself that GMC Trucks will do your work with utmost economy—economy of **first** cost and, more important, economy in **ultimate** cost.

**With your co-operation we are able to supply through our branches and dealers the type of truck, gasoline or electric, that will give most satisfactory and profitable results in your business. If you outline in a letter the length and tonnage of your hauls, the nature of your roads and the character of your work, we will gladly give you the free and unprejudiced advice of our transportation engineers on the kind of equipment that will serve you best.**

*For the same reason that GMC Trucks are the most profitable for business men to buy, they are also most profitable for the dealer to sell—Let us tell you why.*

1000 lb. Electric Model — Chassis $1200 (less Battery)

2000 lb. Electric Model — Chassis $1300 (less Battery)

4000 lb. Electric Model — Chassis $1650 (less Battery)

8000 lb. Electric Model — Chassis $2100 (less Battery)

10,000 lb. Electric Model — Chassis $2350 (less Battery)

12,000 lb. Electric Model Chassis $2500 (less Battery)

One of the Units of General Motors Company

# GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

Pontiac, Michigan

Direct Factory Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City

*G M C Gasoline and Electric Trucks only are made in this factory. It is the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of motor trucks.*

*This great factory contains 369,074 square feet or 8.47 acres of floor space. On one floor this acreage would make a factory 70 feet wide and one mile long.*

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*With a—*

# REGAL

## *—and You Will Find that the Regal Excels in*

**Beauty** Regal's daring beauty came from a famous $5,000 foreign model. The radiator cap is hidden—it cannot damage the harmony of lines.

**Power** Regal's 39 horsepower has flattened out America's famous hill in high gear. We build our own motors—we build power, stamina and economy *into them.*

**Weight** Regal's power is not smothered by excess weight—they are balanced quantities. By use of stampings and forgings, the weight is 2450 lbs.

**Comfort** Flexible springs with long wheelbase velvet the bumps. You sink into Turkish upholstery with more comfort than into your easy chair at home.

**Roominess** You don't squeeze through Regal doors. You step through 23 inches of space. Room enough for three large persons in 48-inch rear seat.

**Go to the Nearest Regal Dealer—and actually make these comparisons —the results will decide your choice. Write for the new book today.**

**New 1915 Regal Features:**

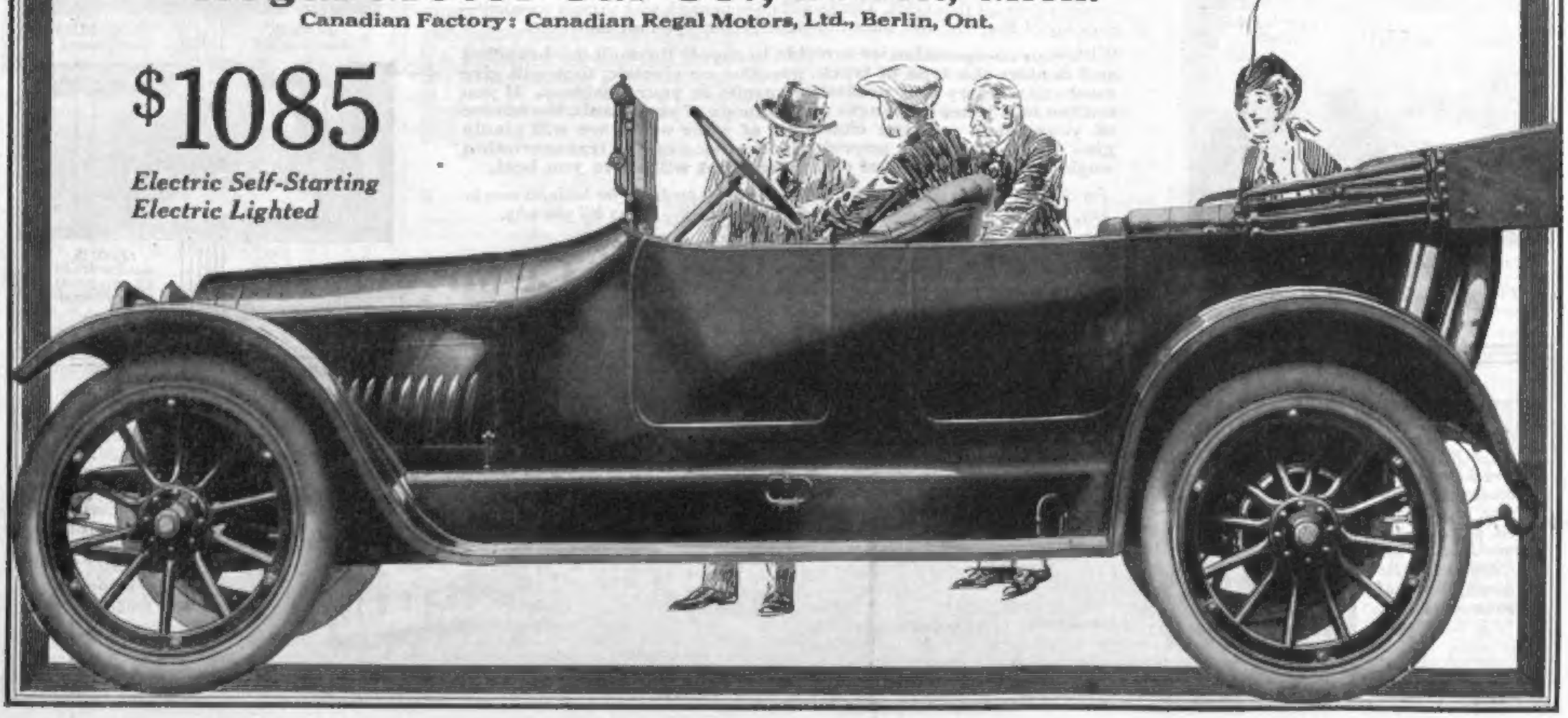
- Pure European stream-line body design.
- 39 horsepower for 2450 pounds of weight.
- 300 to 500 fewer pounds of weight.
- Electric self-cranking system, direct drive.
- Electric lights, with dimmer.
- Motor, 3¾-inch bore by 5-inch stroke. Removable head.
- Hidden radiator filler cap.
- Extra size (12-inch) brakes.
- Left drive, center control.
- 112-inch wheelbase.
- 23-inch doors.
- 48-inch rear seat.
- One-man top; inside curtains.
- Rain vision, ventilating windshield.

## Regal Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

**Canadian Factory: Canadian Regal Motors, Ltd., Berlin, Ont.**

**$1085**

***Electric Self-Starting***
***Electric Lighted***



The Juice from the

# First Crush

of the finest Concord Grapes is all that goes into Armour's Grape Juice. Nothing but the pure juice—unsweetened, undiluted and unfermented—of the best Concord Grapes, when they're at their best. Hence the superior goodness and flavor of

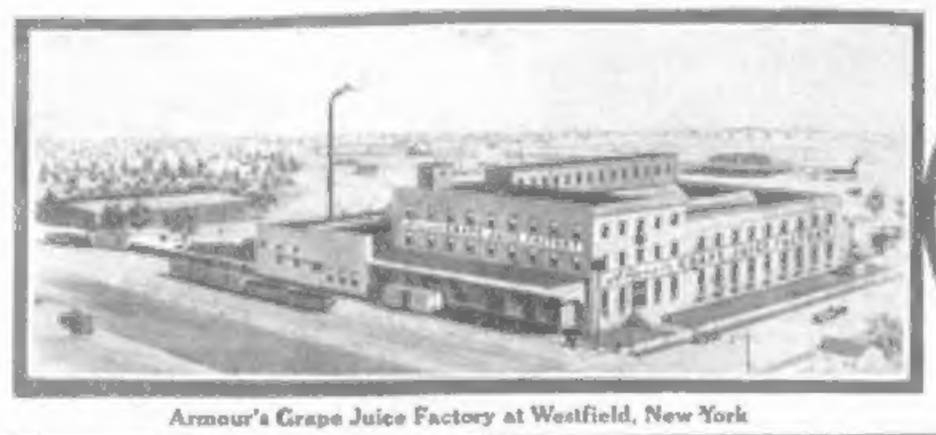
# *Armour's* GRAPE JUICE

***The Grape Juice with the Natural Flavor***

If your dealer cannot supply you we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3.00, or a dozen quarts for $5.50.

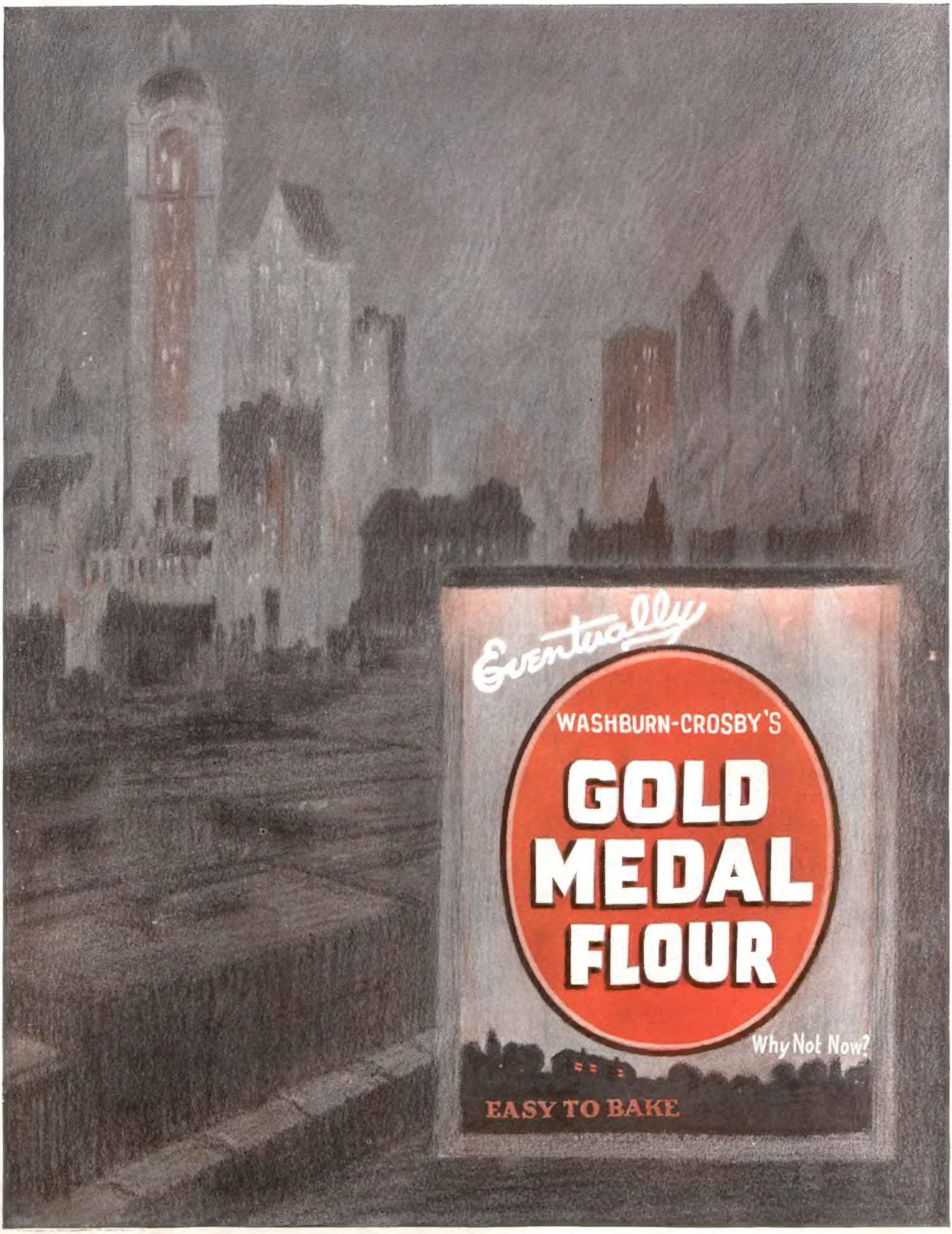
ARMOUR & COMPANY Dept. A-42 CHICAGO

## Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow



Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Westfield, New York

Armour's Grape Juice Factory at Mattawan, Michigan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Why Not Now?
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